

# Modern Screen

JANUARY 15 CENTS

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MAGAZINE



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IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA, Lily chooses this center-part upsweep to go with the jersey dress by Joel. "See how my back hair is combed up into shining rolls. Twist strands of pearls around velvet ribbon for the matching comb and choker." That polished-smooth look of Lily's hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.



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# "Finally got yourself a man, Honey?"

PN 1993  
M334



**CUPID:** What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! . . . Sis . . . don't you *ever* smile?

**GIRL:** Smile? Me? I—

**CUPID:** Marshmallow, don't you know that even plain girls get dates if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You—

**GIRL:** Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam . . . No. Not with my dull teeth. I brush 'em like clockwork, but they just won't gleam.

**CUPID:** Hmmm. Any "pink" on your tooth brush lately?



**GIRL:** But—

**CUPID:** "But," *nothing*, Baby! That "pink's" a sign you'd better see your dentist! And in a hurry!

**GIRL:** Dentist? I haven't got a toothache!

**CUPID:** Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that "pink's" a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

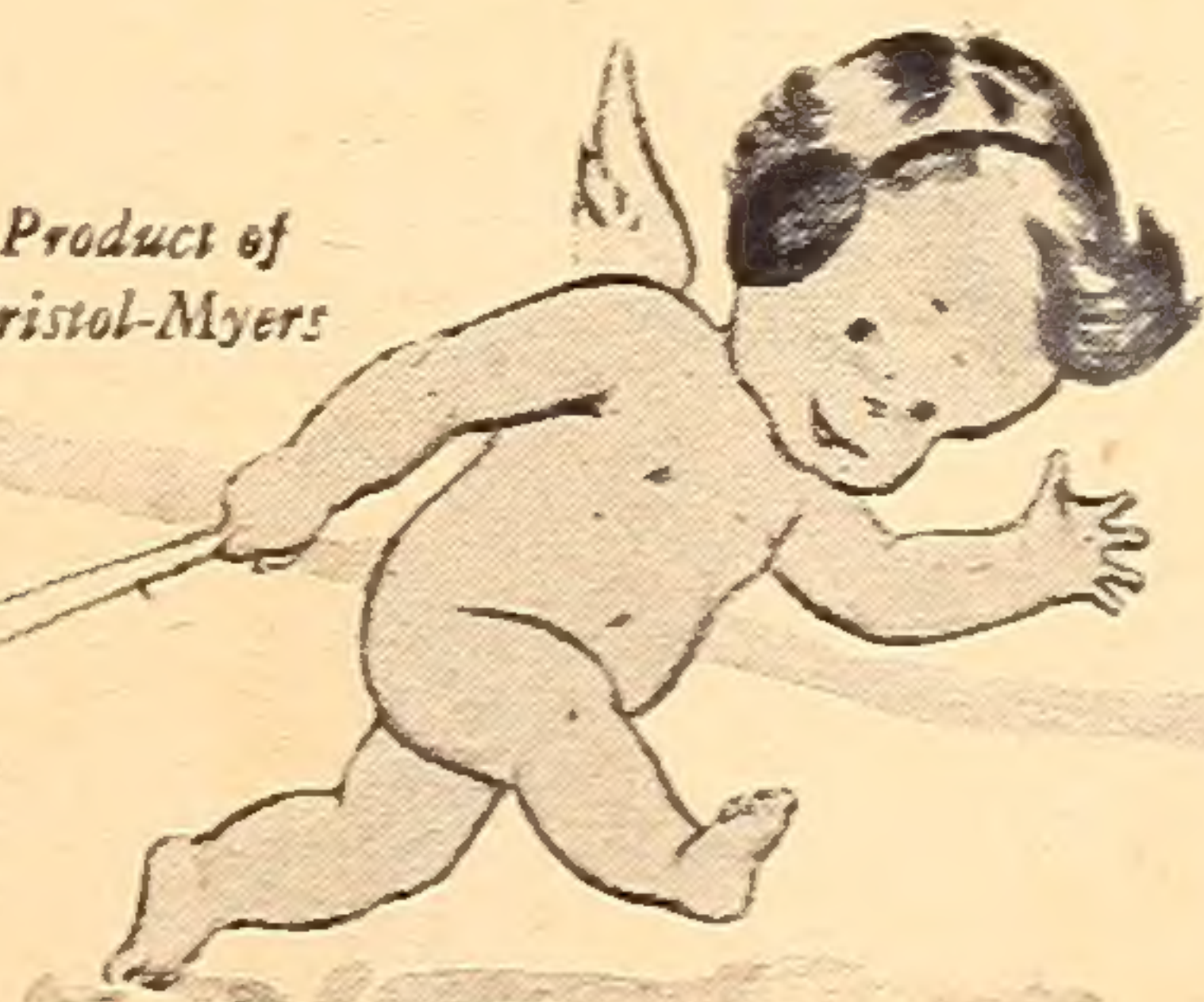


**GIRL:** But what about my *smile*?

**CUPID:** Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it's designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today.



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Bristol-Myers



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**IPANA AND MASSAGE**



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

We're embarrassed! Caught, as it were, with our paws down!

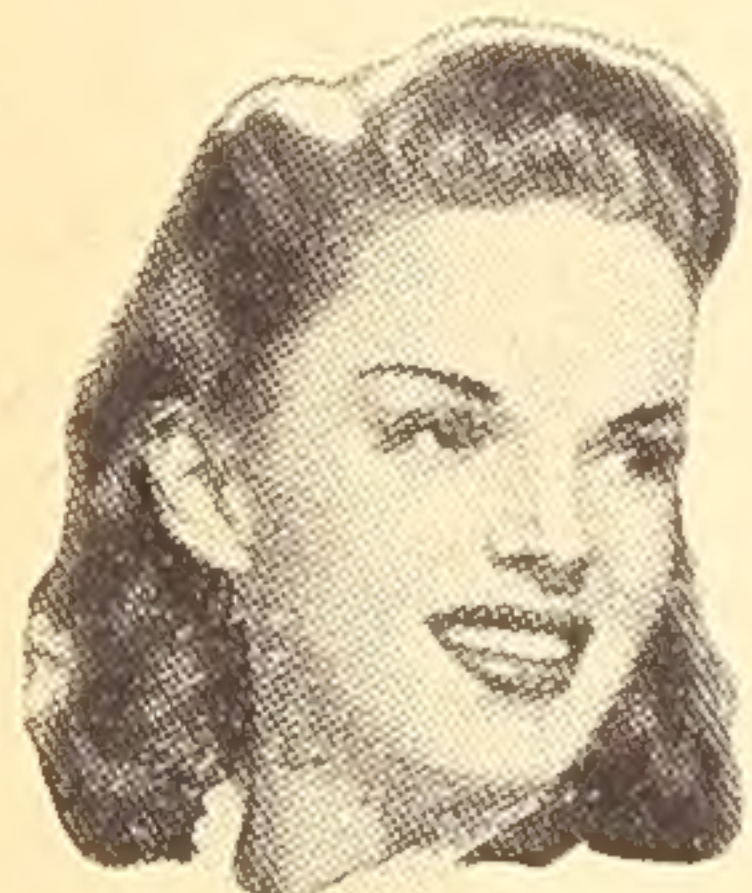
Just when our Dictionary of Superlatives has disappeared, along come not one—but two magnificent M-G-M musicals... "The Harvey Girls" (ahhhh!), and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhhh!).

"The Harvey Girls" is the romantic, wide, wild West—set to wonderful music—in Technicolor! And it stars our own honey-voiced, vivacious Judy Garland! It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

Besides lassoing our heart with her grand portrayal of one of the adventurous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the nation's top tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"!

Supporting our scintillating Judy G. (for Glamorous, for Gorgeous, for Garland) is a swell cast of favorites, headed by John (handsome he-man) Hodiak, Ray Bolger, and Angela Lansbury. You'll love 'em all!

Ten more top tunes, besides "Atchison", from the popular pens of Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, earn "The Harvey Girls" a double-E award—for Excellent Entertainment! That goes, too, for the direction of George Sidney ("Anchors Aweigh") and the production of Arthur Freed ("Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Ziegfeld Follies"—see below!)



Hold on to your heart...or you'll lose it to—"The Harvey Girls." As we did!

And speaking of Girls leads us, naturally enough, to ZIEGFELD FOLLIES, a huge, star-studded Technicolor spectacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could have directed, only Arthur Freed produced. And only M-G-M could have brought it to the screen.

Its roster of Stars reads like the Who's Who of Show Business from A to Ziegfeld: There's Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, Fanny Brice, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Iena Horne, Gene Kelly, James Melton, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams and William Powell! If it's true that "Names make News"—here's the Movie News of the Month!



Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of "Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

One of the biggest follies would be your failure to attend.

—Lea

Let's Finish The Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre

# modern screen

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of a bold and golden era in....  
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peka,  
and the  
Santa  
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HARVEY GIRLS"**

with

**JOHN HODIAK • RAY BOLGER • ANGELA LANSBURY**  
and **PRESTON FOSTER • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN • KENNY BAKER**  
**MARJORIE MAIN • CHILL WILLS**

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane, James O'Hanlon and Samson  
Raphaelson • Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper • Based on the Book by Samuel Hopkins  
Adams • Words and Music by JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY WARREN • Directed by  
George Sidney • Produced by Arthur Freed • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



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—and McKesson makes it



They're doctors, both of them, Constance Peterson (Ingrid Bergman) and the memory-clouded "J. B." (Gregory Peck). And they fall in love, desperately, but not before murder threatens. . . .

## Fannie Hurst SELECTS "SPELLBOUND"

■ "Spellbound," presented by David Selznick, produced by David Selznick, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is based on a novel by Francis Beeding. It is a picture that obviously takes itself quite seriously. It uses psychiatry and psychoanalysis as the background of the solution of a mystery story. This might be good, and good, but—well unfortunately, it isn't always well and good, although "Spellbound" is by no means to be dismissed facetiously.

The unwary spectator who finds himself relaxed in the restful darkness of motion picture theater, is going to be let in for shock. In its early footage the story gives no warning that psychoanalysis is going to get into its hair.

As a matter of fact, psychoanalysis has been relatively slow in creeping into motion picture literature. I can think of only "Lady in the Dark." Comparisons are odious.

From this point on, it may be just as well not to probe too closely into the scientific authenticity of the story. We have the assurance that Alfred Hitchcock worked with an eminent English psychoanalyst.

Be that as it may.

Ben Hecht then proceeded to build the screen play (Continued on page 7)



HERS  
WAS THE  
DEADLIEST  
OF THE  
SEVEN  
DEADLY  
SINS!



BEN AMES WILLIAMS'

# *Leave Her To Heaven*

in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

**GENE TIERNEY · CORNEL WILDE · JEANNE CRAIN**

WITH

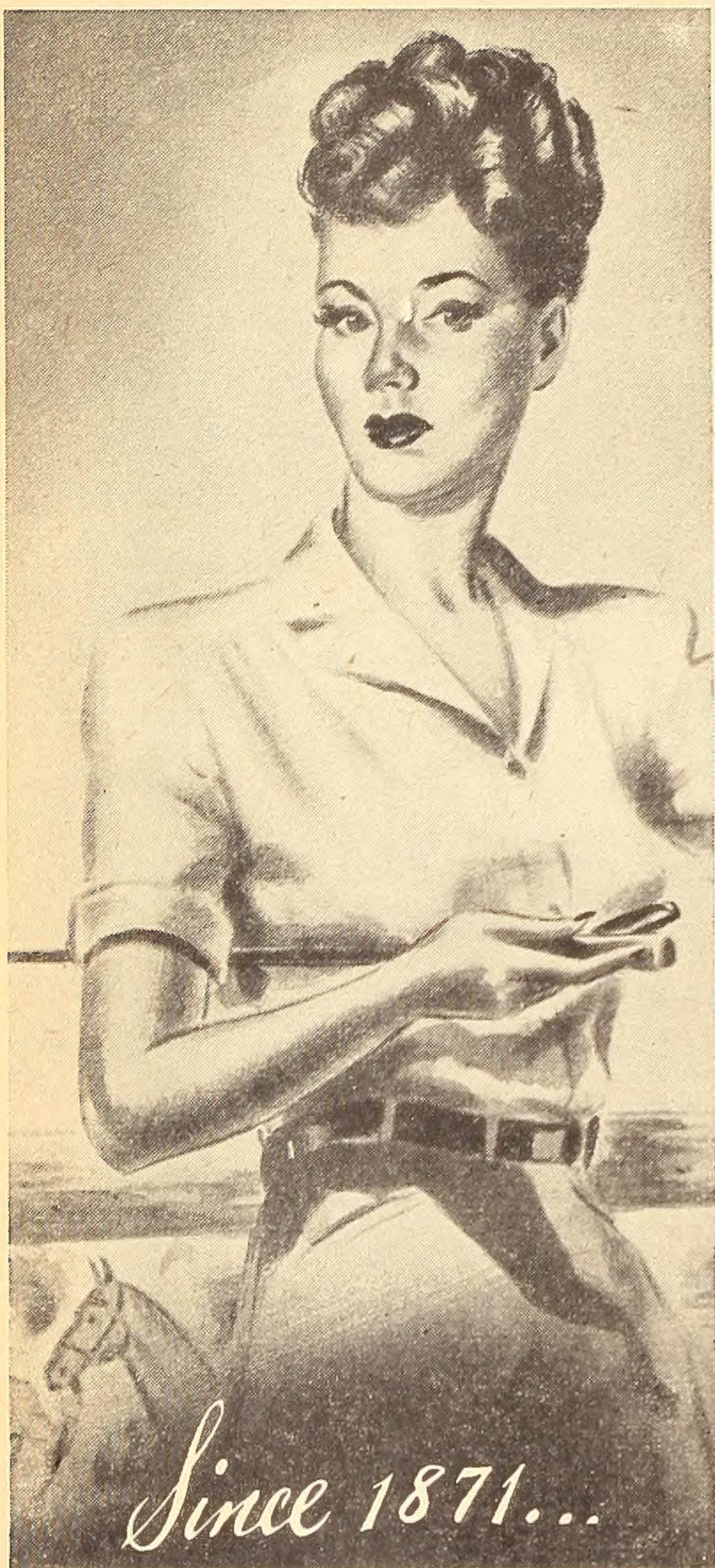
**VINCENT PRICE** · MARY PHILIPS · RAY COLLINS · GENE LOCKHART · REED HADLEY · DARRYL HICKMAN · CHILL WILLS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER · Screen Play by Jo Swerling · Based on the Novel by Ben Ames Williams

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE





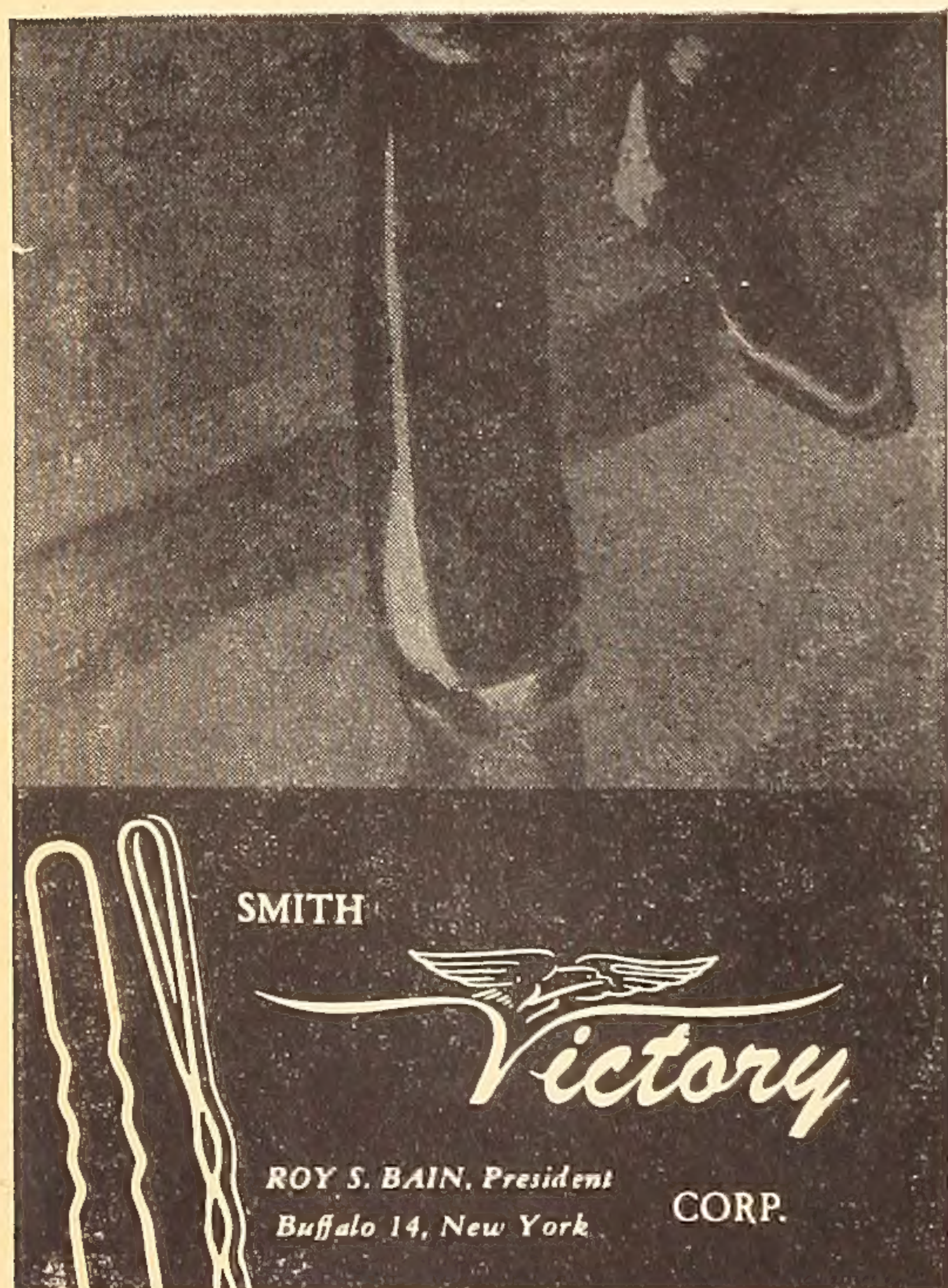


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active women

have set their  
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**Victory**  
HAIR AND BOBBIE PINS\*



SMITH

**Victory**

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Buffalo 14, New York

CORP.

VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 6)  
on the alleged psychiatric truths.

All this odor of Freud is rather subtly concealed as the story opens and for purposes of spectator enjoyment, I suppose it is none too fair to reveal the solution of the mystery.

The plot tells as spottily as it plays: The head of a psychiatric hospital, Dr. Murchison (Leo Carroll), is about to be replaced by a younger man, "J. B." (Gregory Peck). An expectant group, headed by Dr. Constance Peterson, awaits him. This latter role is played by a young lady sufficiently outstanding to save the rather preposterous climactic scene of the story.

Now is as good a moment as any to pause over Ingrid Bergman.

Here is an actress fairly new to Americans, but not so new that she could not have been caught in "the pattern." Miraculously, she has escaped it and goes on escaping it. Her calm beauty is unique, her talent a steady flame; her quality, chaste. She is a valuable and needed contribution to "Spellbound," and for that matter, to Hollywood.

Well, to get on with our story: No sooner does J. B. arrive on the scene, than we begin to sense rather uneasily, that stream-of-consciousness and stream-of-plot, are in for a tangle.

A brief while after the personable psychiatrist, Dr. Constance Peterson, lays beautiful eyes on J. B., they begin to widen in a kind of suspicion.

"Who are you?" she asks, in the key of saying: "You are something more than just the successor to Dr. Murchison."

From then on, J. B. (Gregory Peck), who it transpires, is suffering from amnesia, is suspected of crime, even murder.

By this time, Ingrid Bergman is in love with Peck. Then begins her struggle to save him from punishment for a crime she is desperately sure he has not committed. And now the murder mystery plot begins its tangle with stream-of-consciousness. The analysis of one of Peck's dreams is what ultimately leads to the solution.

It is not fair to a mystery story, which is none too fair to the spectator, to unfold it step-by-step. Rest content with the knowledge that the lovers waded through the impedimenta of plot and psychology in an effort to find one another.

Some of this complicated journey is made thoroughly delightful by the masterly performance of Michael Chekov in the role of Dr. Alex Rulov, also a psychiatrist. While his part in helping solve the mystery is more than a "bit," any single "bit" of his performance is sufficient reason for going to see "Spellbound."

The solution to J. B.'s amnesia comes to Ingrid as he whizzes down the flank of a snow-clad mountain. The spectator is to be forgiven if he feels that said young man is more concerned with keeping his balance than with apprehension as to what awaits him at the foot of the slide.

What awaits the audience, is the solution of the story.

It is to be hoped that the skiers did not find themselves as entangled, when they landed, as the plot finds itself entangled in neurosis, psychoanalysis, and a happy ending.

All of which is not to say that there are not various other happy aspects to this picture, besides the ending. Miss Ingrid is a happy aspect. Indeed, she is such a happy aspect, that she succeeds in making "Spellbound" a cinematic triumph.

## FREE OFFER!

Want to take a chance on a good thing? We're giving away 500 DELL mags absolutely FREE to 500 of you who fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us no later than December 20. And just to disprove that old saw about the early bird, the first 500 are NOT necessarily the winners. So take your time, read through MODERN SCREEN carefully, and base each answer on your considered judgment. Then we'll put all your names in our trusty gold fish bowl and pull out 500 at random. You'll be helping us out and testing your "lucky streak" at the same time.

### QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- |                                                                  |                          |                                                             |                          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>Orchids from Uncle Louis</i><br>(Van Johnson) .....           | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>A Boy's Best Pal</i> . . . (Gregory Peck) .....          | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>MODERN SCREEN Throws a Poll Party</i> .....                   | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>My Buddy (story on Tom Drake by his sister)</i> .....    | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Bob Walker's Life Story (Part I)</i> .....                    | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>A Christmas He'll Never Forget (Peter Lawford)</i> ..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Fairy Tale for June (June Allyson) by Joe Pasternak</i> ..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>That Man of Mine (Dana Andrews)</i> .....                | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>You Know Me, Al, by Alan Ladd</i> .....                       | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Watch Guy Madison, by Hedda Hopper</i> .....             | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"Sad Sack" (Frank Sinatra)</i> .....                          | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Good News by Louella Parsons</i> .....                   | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is .....

My address is.....City..... Zone..... State.....

I am..... years old.

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**Betty Hutton**

in a wonderful story about a blonde hat-check honey who burns up her boy-friend as she burns up her sugar daddy's dough!

WHERE EVERY NIGHT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE!

**Barry Fitzgerald**

part of the wonderful cast, as a hilarious millionaire bus-boy he lavishes luxuries on his Incendiary Cinderella!

**Don DeFore**

as Betty's boy-friend he can't give her anything but love...love...love!

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presents

**BETTY HUTTON**  
in  
**"THE STORK CLUB"**  
with  
**BARRY FITZGERALD**  
**DON DEFORE**

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Directed by HAL WALKER

and Introducing  
**ANDY**

**RUSSELL**

A Paramount Picture

**IT'S A WONDERFUL TIME!**

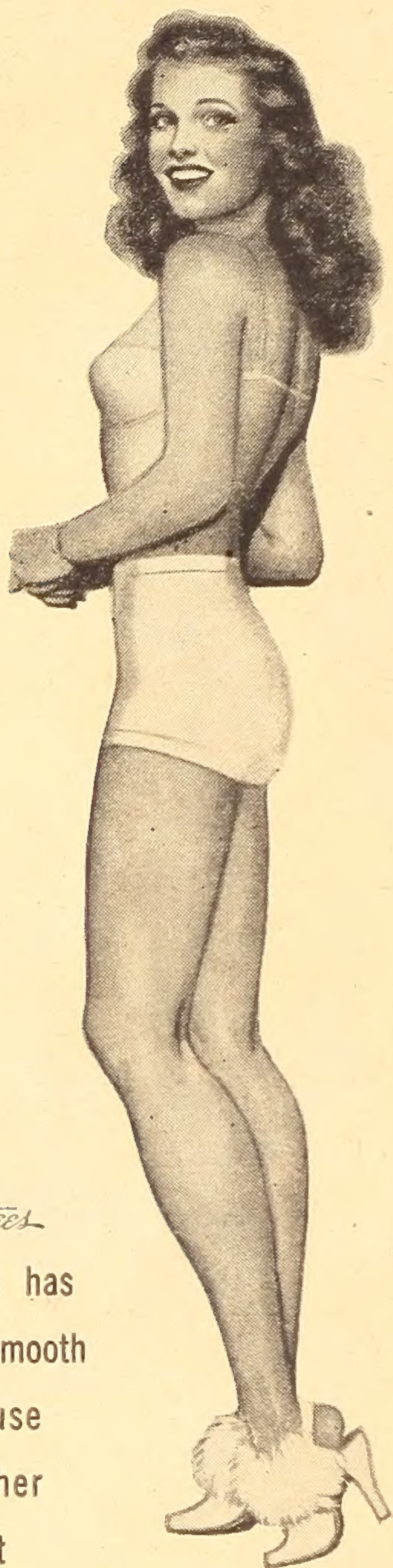
because it all happens in Society's smartest rendezvous... New York's Capitol of Glamour, Gaiety, Love, Laughter and Music!

**A HIT PARADE OF SONGS!**  
Some Sweet, Some Hot, All Wonderful  
"A Square In The Social Circle"  
"Doctor, Lawyer, Indian, Chief"  
"If I Had A Dozen Hearts"  
"Love Me"



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by Virginia Wilson

## MOVIE REVIEWS

*Bells of St. Mary's*

■ From the moment Bing Crosby walked on the screen as a priest in "Going My Way," it was inevitable that he would play the same role again. With Ingrid Bergman as his co-star, he has made a picture that has the same moving quality, the same delightful humor as its predecessor. There's one word that I think best describes "Bells Of St. Mary's." It's a *happy* picture.

Maybe you don't think of life in a Catholic school run by nuns as a very gay affair. But when you get a priest like Father O'Malley (Bing Crosby) and a Sister Superior like Sister Benedict (Ingrid Bergman) managing the school, things are bound to happen. The first day O'Malley arrives, he declares a holiday. Just like that, with no warning, no reason. The kids love it, but Sister Benedict shakes her head in distrust. That's no way to run a school. It doesn't make sense. Then O'Malley admits a girl to the school who has really no right to be there at all. She's a nice child, but her mother . . . well, O'Malley just shouldn't *do* the things he does! However, he keeps right on doing them.

The school is in a bad way, financially. It's overcrowded, and the building is so old it's falling apart. Right next door a fine new building is going up. It's owned by Homer Bogardus (Henry Travers), who would like to buy the school, tear it down, and use the space for a parking lot. Father O'Malley looks at the new building reflectively. "If we could only get the old sinner to present it to us," he muses. Sister Benedict tells him that she and the other nuns are saying special prayers for that every day. O'Malley is all for prayer, but he has a feeling that some concrete action (*Continued on page 15*)

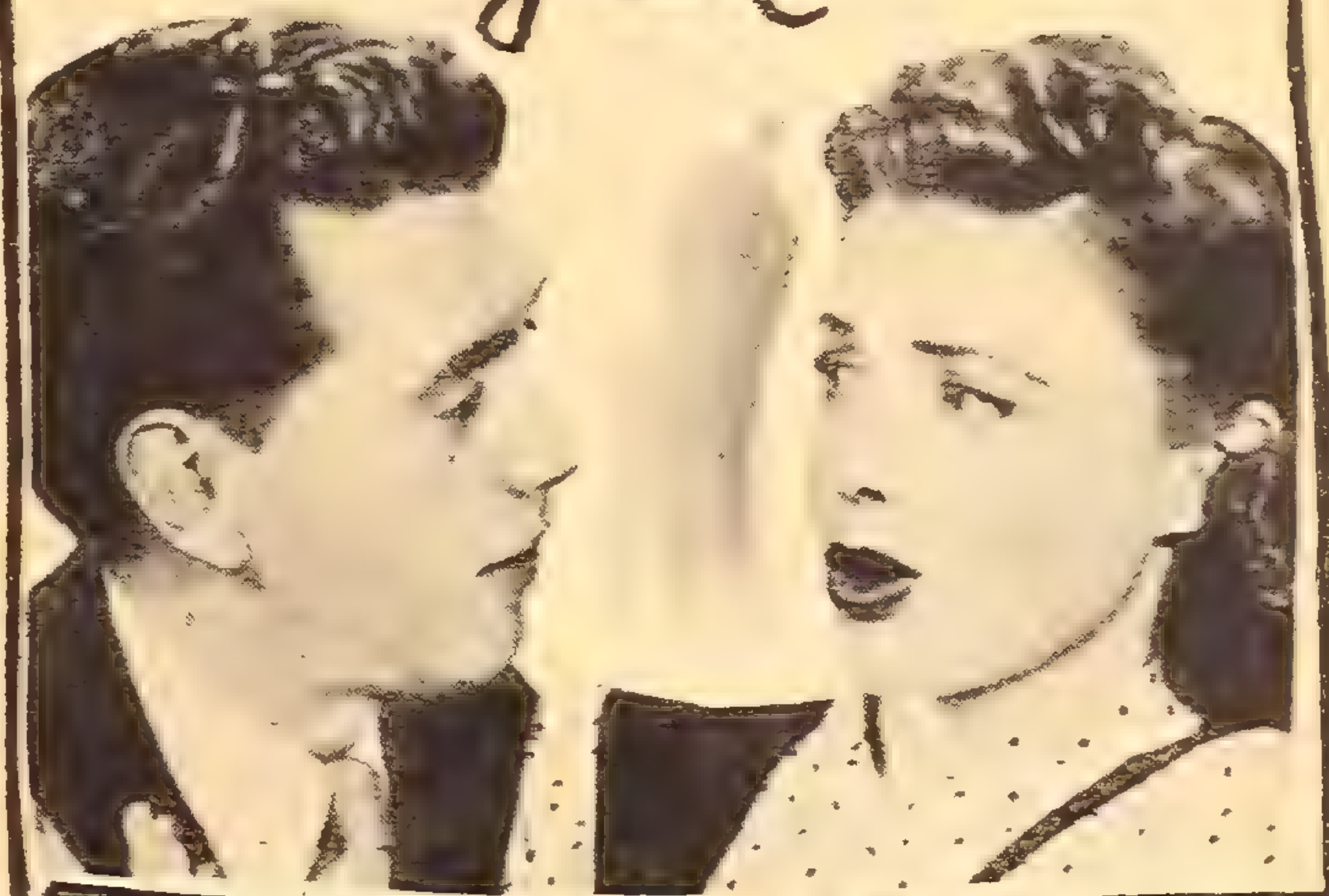


Sr. Benedict (I. Bergman) feels Fr. O'Malley (B. Crosby) is too easy on kids in their scho



WARNERS' ROMANTIC WOWER OF THE HOUR!

He's gonna love that gal



like she's never been loved before!!



*It's those 'Hollywood Canteen' honeys in  
a honey of a show from Warners!!*

JOAN LESLIE *and* ROBERT HUTTON

in

Too Young To Know

-TOO WONDERFUL TO MISS!

The picture with the  
"Paper Moon" song hit

DIRECTED BY  
FREDERICK de CORDOVA  
PRODUCED BY  
WILLIAM JACOBS  
with DOLORES MORAN • HARRY DAVENPORT • ROSEMARY DeCAMP  
SCREEN PLAY BY JO PAGANO • FROM A STORY BY HARLAN WARE



## BAND OF THE YEAR • WOODY HERMAN



Woody at 12, "The Boy Wonder of the Clarinet."



With Frances Wayne at their Sat. ABC air show.

■ Okay, okay, so the year isn't quite over as these words go to press. But d'you think there's any reasonable doubt that our choice—mine and yours—for the band of the year can be anyone but Woody Herman?

Guess you don't need me to tell you, with enough evidence all around to build up a waterproof case. Woody's Saturday evening radio show—commercial, no less. Woody's phenomenal Columbia record sales. Woody's habit of drawing five-block crowds to the theaters. And, most of all, Woody's band.

Woody is the Bandleader of the Year no matter which way you look at it. Me, I've always claimed that if a band plays the best hot jazz, it plays the best sweet music, too—look at Duke Ellington. So Woody, too, gets it both ways.

All this excitement about Woody, I thought to myself the other day, seems to call for more than just the occasional plugs I've been giving him by reviewing his records every month. So, with large quantities of blank paper carefully folded away (don't believe what Al Delacorte told you about my making notes on odd scraps!) I hopped a train for Youngstown, Ohio, where the band (*Continued on page 18*)



He's the Christmas treat at N. Y.'s Paramount.

BY  
LEONARD  
FEATHER



"If you're ever in trouble—  
just dial "O"—for O'Malley"



Bing—America's best beloved actor—is back again, as genial, lovable Father "Chuck" O'Malley—and right by his side, Incomparable Ingrid, the screen's finest actress—together in the kind of wonderful roles that top anything they've ever done for heart-appeal—for tears and laughter—for great and unforgettable story!—And when Bing and Bergman sing ... the world's in tune!



Rainbow Productions, Inc. Presents...  
ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS

**BING CROSBY ★ INGRID BERGMAN**

in **LEO McCAREY'S**

*"The Bells of St. Mary's"*

with **HENRY TRAVERS • WILLIAM GARGAN**

Produced and Directed by **LEO McCAREY**

Screen Play by **DUDLEY NICHOLS**

Story by **LEO McCAREY**

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## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

on the side is indicated, too. Only how would you go about making a hard-headed, hard-hearted business man give a nice, shiny new building to the Church? Most people would say it couldn't be done, but that's not Father O'Malley's way. He begins with a very indirect approach indeed. Eventually it gets a lot more direct. And comes Christmas—but go and see for yourself what happens, and hear the sweetest Christmas music you've ever heard.

Ingrid Bergman is superb as Sister Benedict. There's one wonderful scene where she teaches a small boy how to box, that's worth the price of admission all by itself.—RKO.

### SOME MUST WATCH

"Some Must Watch," adapted from the Ethel Lina White story, comes close to being the classic mystery. Mysteries are—or should be—founded primarily on suspense, and there is enough of it here to keep your heart bouncing around in your throat for a good two hours. Dorothy McGuire is deftly appealing as the frightened heroine. Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, Kent Smith and Elsa Lanchester are among those who *might* be the maniacal murderer.

This murderer has strangled two victims before the picture opens, and we see the body of the third being discovered. Terror has taken over the small Vermont town, which has withdrawn into a state of shadowy, silent waiting. Each victim has been a woman who has some physical defect. Who will be next? The logical candidate seems to be Helen (Dorothy McGuire), the young servant who works at the Warren place outside town. Helen has a defect—she lost the power of speech from shock when she was a child. And evidence points to the Warren household as the center of the crafty murderer's operations.

Helen is thinking of this as she walks home from the village. Her eyes scan the fields anxiously, as dusk creeps eerily across them. The trees by the road are wind-twisted into terrifying shapes, and there is a brooding uneasiness in the atmosphere. The murderer is, actually, waiting for her, but Helen doesn't know that, and by sheer chance escapes into the house without realizing how close she has been to death.

Inside, everything is normal enough. Mrs. Oate, the cook, is scheming the theft of a bottle of her favorite brandy. The professor (George Brent) is working in his study. His half-brother, Stephen, is making love, in casual fashion, to the professor's secretary. Upstairs, old Mrs. Warren (Ethel Barrymore) has just hurled a cup of mustard at her nurse's head, and is calling for Helen. The old lady is devoted to the shy, mute serving girl. When Helen appears, Mrs. Warren says firmly, "This house is dangerous for you, Helen. Get Dr. Parry to take you away from here. Tonight."

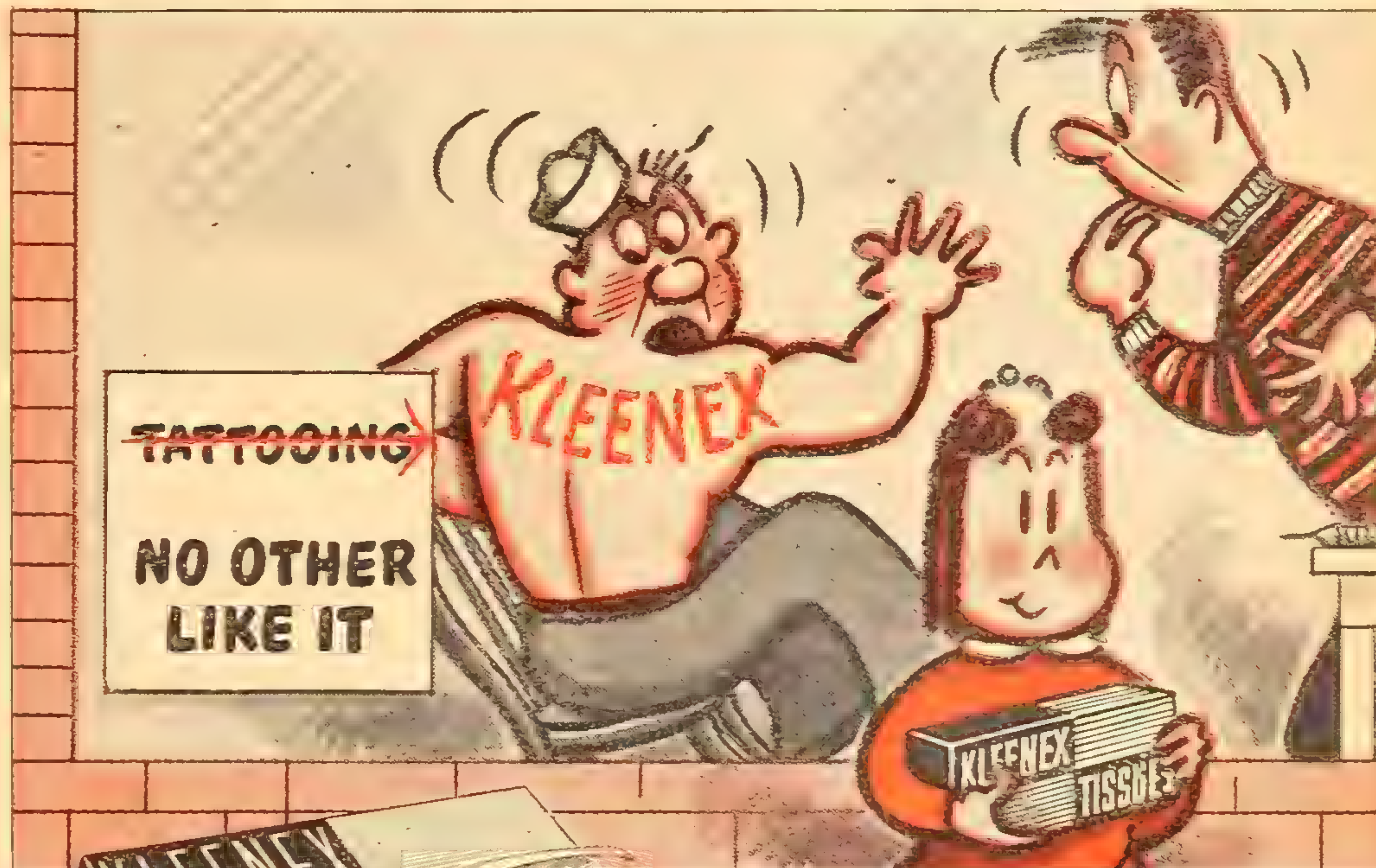
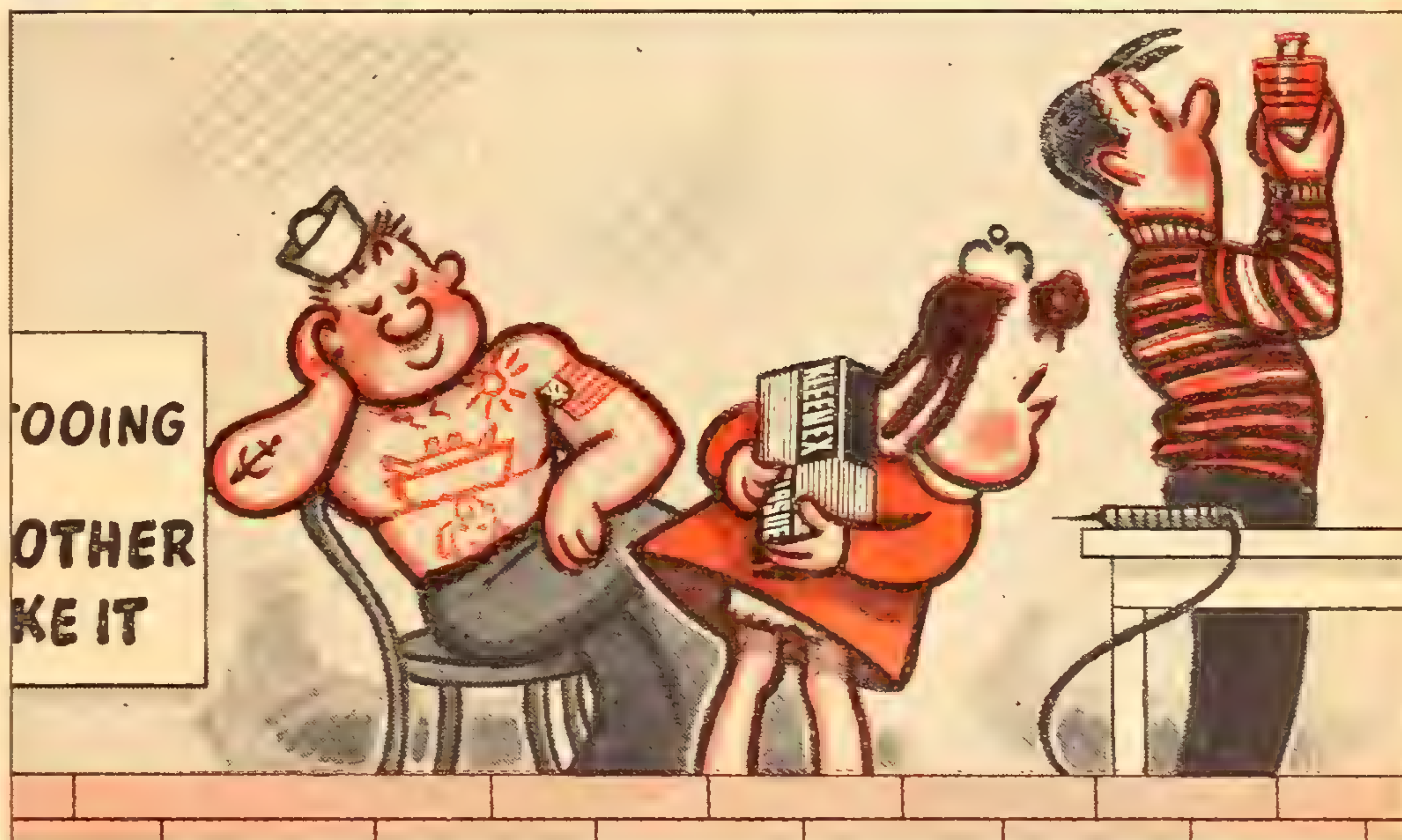
Helen thinks dreamily that it would be nice to be taken away by Dr. Parry (Kent Smith) who believes he can restore her power of speech. Maybe she *should* go, tonight. But there are forces at work to prevent her escaping the murderer's net, and tonight death will visit the Warren house.—RKO.

### KITTY

Horatio Alger probably didn't have Gainsborough's model, Kitty, in mind when he wrote "From Rags To Riches,"

## LITTLE LULU

By Marge



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would be an apt title for her spectacular career. Your first sight of Kitty (Paulette Goddard) in a filthy ragged gown, her face streaked with London grime, gives you no inkling of the famous beauty she is to become. Kitty lives in the slums and steals for a living, under the drunken instructions of old Meg (Sarah Allgood). One day she is caught in the act of swiping a pair of silver buckles from a portly gentleman. When his footmen haul the shivering, cursing girl into the house, she fully expects to be carted off to jail. But the portly gentleman turns out to be Thomas Gainsborough, and instead of turning her over to the police, he washes her face and paints her portrait.

The picture is incredibly beautiful. It is displayed at the Royal Academy, and every gay blade in London falls in love with the unknown Kitty, said by rumor to be an anonymous lady of quality. Sir Hugh Marcy (Ray Milland) stumbles on the secret of her identity. Hugh has neither money nor morals, and he decides to make some of the former by passing the Cockney wench off as a great lady. The Duke of Marminster has evinced interest in the painting, and Hugh thinks a match can be arranged. But first he must train Kitty to talk, act, and even feel like a lady. It's a lengthy process. So lengthy that Hugh is thrown into Debtors' Prison before it is quite finished.

Kitty is desperate. She adores Hugh, in spite of the contempt with which he treats her. In order to get money to save him, she marries a wealthy ironmonger who has been impressed by her beauty. Hugh is not as grateful as he might be when she gets him out of prison. He points out peevishly that he has trained her for much higher game than ironmongers. Fortunately for his plans, Kitty's husband is killed in a fight, and the elderly Duke of Marminster is soon bewitched by her charming, girlish widowhood. He marries her, and is entranced when she soon whispers shyly that she is to present him with an heir. She neglects to mention that the "heir" was fathered by the ironmonger. Kitty's career as the Duchess is fabulous beyond words, but it is her love for Marcy which is the guiding factor in her life.

Do go and see "Kitty." Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland are better than you've ever seen them.—*Par.*

### FALLEN ANGEL

Alice Faye's return to the screen is an important event. It is made more important because she has chosen a completely new kind of role, in a picture that will remind you of both "Laura" and "Double Indemnity." The rest of the line-up is impressive—Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell, Charles Bickford, Anne Revere and Bruce Cabot.

In the town of Walton, California, Pop's Diner has a popularity not due altogether to its hamburgers. Eric Stanton (Dana Andrews) finds the explanation when he sees the waitress, Stella (Linda Darnell). Stanton has met plenty of girls, but the sulky, sexy Stella has something pretty special. He goes on the make immediately, and gets nowhere. Stella tells him frankly that it's going to take a wedding ring, plus plenty of dough, to get her interested. Stanton has no money. He joins forces with a phony fortune teller, and in that way comes into contact with the Mills sisters, June (Alice Faye) and Clara (Anne Revere) who represent the town's better element. They also represent a fancy bank account, and that interests Stanton. If he can get his hands on that money, he can marry Stella.

With his mind on Stella's sultry beauty, he doggedly pursues June, flatters her, takes her everywhere. Clara suspects him, and tries to warn her younger sis-

ter. But you can't warn people who are in love. June knows Stanton is no angel, yet she loves him so much it doesn't seem to matter. She wants him at any price, just as he wants Stella. Eventually, Stanton and June elope. He hadn't intended to marry her, but if that's the only way he can get his hands on the money, that's the way it will have to be. Their wedding night is sheer tragedy for June. Stanton sends her up to bed, then walks out of the house in search of Stella. Just thinking about her, maybe out with another man, drives him crazy. He walks the town all night. When he comes back, June pretends to be asleep. The next morning, Stella is found murdered.

With a set-up like that, you've obviously got something. Something dramatic and exciting and unusual. Something worth going out of your way to see.—*20th-Fox.*

### SAN ANTONIO

That Flynn! Just when you get him typed as a night club cowboy, a Mocambo muscle-man, he comes along in something like "San Antonio" and you fall for him all over again. The Flynn smile has never been more fascinating, the Flynn finger never quicker on the trigger. The picture is in Technicolor, a saga of Texas in the days of the outlaws, and it's as noisy and colorful and exciting as the Fourth of July.

Alexis Smith, whose figure is even more luscious than usual in the costumes of the period, plays Jeanne Starr, a New York entertainer who lands slap in the middle of a Texas feud. Miss Starr has been warned that a dangerous character named Clay Hardin (Errol Flynn) is loose. Dangerous is right! One look at him when he rides alongside her stagecoach, and Jeanne's heart is his on a silver platter. Her manager, Bosic (S. Z. Sakall) protests, but Jeanne insists on letting Clay ride with them. She doesn't know that the betting odds in San Antonio are eight to one that Roy Stewart (Paul Kelly) will never let Clay cross the border alive.

A big crowd is on hand for Jeanne's arrival. Legare (Victor Francen) who has booked her into the music hall, and his partner, Roy Stewart, are waiting for her when she drives up. Jeanne steps out, the crowd roars approval, and then there is a sudden dead silence. For behind her appears Clay Hardin!

Clay has plenty of friends in San Antonio. They know that he's the only man who has a chance of cleaning the rustlers out. But Stewart has the town pretty well sewn up, and only a few of them dare to come out openly for Clay. One of these is Charley Bell (Harry Carey), and he pays for it with his life. Clay has evidence that Stewart is responsible for the rustling that's been going on, but when Bell is killed, he loses the evidence. He is determined to get it back, in spite of hell, high water, and all Stewart's gun-fighters. You'd better take some cotton to put in your ears for the last reels—they're plenty noisy, and plenty exciting.—*War.*

### DOLL FACE

You've heard about a certain striptease artist who turned writer and went over as big on the bookstands as she had on the runways. "Doll Face" takes that story and turns it into a romance of burlesque and Broadway and "culture."

"Culture" is what Doll Face Carroll (Vivian Blaine) needs to get into a Broadway show. She's been doing fine south of 14th Street, with the customers howling "Take it off!" But when she tries to make the cast of the new Hartman musical, she is told she lacks the cultured approach. Her manager, Mike Hannigan (Dennis O'Keefe) is as hazy as Doll Face

on just what this implies. He thinks, however, that it has something to do with books. By a pleasant coincidence, the next time he goes into a drugstore for a box of cigars, he is presented with a free copy of "The Stars Remain" by Frederick Gerard. Ah! a book!

It is obviously a very cultured book, since all the words in it run well over three syllables. Mike has a brainstorm. He will get this Gerard guy to write a book about burlesque and sign it with Doll Face's name. Gerard (Michael Dunne) unfortunately is indifferent to the lucrative possibilities of this idea. He doesn't want to write a book about burlesque. At least, he doesn't want to until he sees Doll Face. After that, he's so enthusiastic that Chichi (Carmen Miranda), Doll Face's best friend, predicts that nothing good will come of it.

In order to get material for the book, Gerard has to be with Doll Face constantly. Sooner or later, Mike is going to wake up to what's going on and there will be a mammoth explosion. He does, and there is, and it's a honey. If it weren't for Chichi, love's young dream would have ended there. As it is, considerable happens between the explosion and the end.—*20th-Fox.*

### BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST

I'll bet you didn't know Robin Hood had a son! I'll bet even Winchell didn't know it. But here he is, as handsome as his father and even handier with a bow and arrow. He is played by Cornel Wilde, who, along with Anita Louise and Sherwood Forest, is at his best in Technicolor.

Once more England's king is in danger. But this king is Henry the Third, a mere child, and the real power lies in the hands of the unscrupulous Regent (Henry Daniell). The Queen Mother escapes to Sherwood Forest in search of Robin Hood, the one man in England who will dare defy the Regent. She takes her lady-in-waiting, Catherine (Anita Louise), with her, and it is Catherine who attracts the eye of young Robert (Cornel Wilde), Robin Hood's son. Robert doesn't know who the two women are, but since Catharine is a pretty blonde, he agreeably escorts them to his father. Robin Hood, of course, recognizes the Queen at once. Robert is disconcerted to discover that the girl he has been carelessly flirting with is Lady Catharine Maitland. But relax—it doesn't bother him for long, however.

Robin Hood makes immediate plans for the rescue of the boy king. The trick is to gain entrance to the castle, and Robert suggests that the men disguise themselves as a band of nuns, led by the well-known Prioress of Buxton. He himself is quite willing to play the Prioress, but Catharine persuades them that she could do it better. The plan is put into execution, and the king is lowered on a rope from the tower into the arms of Robin Hood's waiting men. But the alarm is given before Robert, Catharine, and Allan-a-Dale can get away. They are locked up and sentenced to be hung.

Naturally Robin Hood isn't going to sit by while his only son is hanged. He dreams up another plan, which leads to more derring-do than has been seen on the screen since the days of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. It culminates in a duel which will knock your eye out.—*Col.*

### WHISTLE STOP

There's always drama in the girl who comes back to her old home town, all dressed up in a mink coat. Especially when she comes back because she's still in love with her girlhood sweetheart. That's about the situation in "Whistle Stop," which pairs sleek George Raft with oomphy Ava Gardner. The girl, Mary



Ava Gardner) has done all right in Chicago. The owner of a big department store wants to marry her, and if she had the brains of an undernourished flea, she would have taken him and forgotten all about the little town of Ashbury. Especially, she would have forgotten all about Kenny (George Raft) who was, everyone said, no good at all.

The point is, of course, that she loves Kenny and there's nothing she can do about it. As soon as she sees him, she knows he hasn't changed at all. He's still shooting pool instead of working, still gumming dollar bills from his mother so he can take out the local waitresses. He still hates Lew Lentz (Tom Conway) who runs the Flamingo Club, because Lew is in love with Mary. Mary goes out with Lew the first night she's back, just to prove to Kenny that he's welcome to his waitresses. And Gitlo (Victor McLaglen), Lew's bartender, gets an idea. He hates his boss, and he sees the look on Kenny's face when Mary comes in with him.

The plot Gitlo concocts is simple enough. Lew Lentz will take his profits from the club to his bank in Detroit the next week. Kenny's father is watchman at the railroad crossing. Suppose the old man gets drunk and can't show up for work. Suppose Kenny takes his place, as he has done plenty of times before. Then Lew could have an accident, and the money could disappear without anyone being the wiser.

Gitlo forgot about Mary, who is a hep babe and who wants to keep Kenny out of trouble. She prevents the plan from going through, but she can't prevent Lew's revenge when he finds out what almost happened.—U. A.

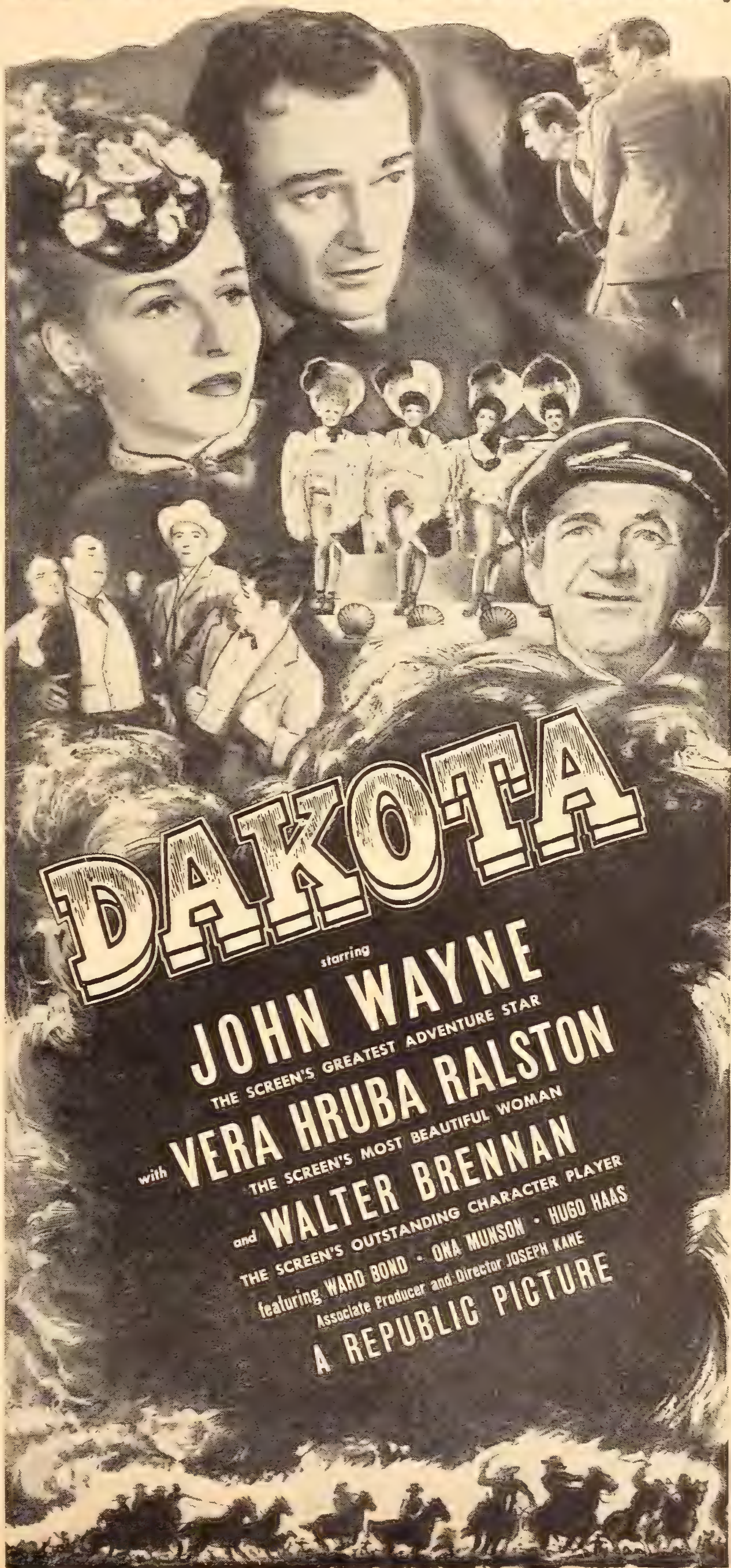
#### ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL

The minute that Roy Rogers, lean and spruce in cowboy attire, steps into a public place, he is mobbed by fans. There's a good reason for his popularity. Every one of his pictures keeps right up to standard, every one is packed with fast riding, trick shooting and some music thrown in. "Along The Navajo Trail" is a perfect example of the kind of thing that has made Roy famous. In it, he plays Deputy Marshal who masquerades as a cowboy in order to clear up some trouble at the Ladder A ranch which is owned by Alastair, whose charming daughter, Corry (Dale Evans) helps run it.

The Alastairs suspect the trouble originates with an unpleasant creature named Bentley. He has made several offers to buy the ranch, and since the offers have been refused, cattle have disappeared and cowhands have been mysteriously injured. But so far, no one has been able to figure out why Bentley wants the ranch. Corry doesn't know that the good looking cowboy camping on their range is a U. S. Marshal sent by the Cattlemen's Association. She tells Gabby Whitaker (Gabby Hayes) to run him off the range, but after he and Roy have been caught in a thunderstorm together and he has crooned "Along The Navajo Trail" into her shell-like ear, she hires him to work for them.

There is a band of gypsies camped near the ranch, and when Janza, their leader, isn't swindling Gabby in a horse deal, his on-up-type daughter, Narita (Estellita Rodriguez), is making eyes at Roy. Roy and Gabby and one of the gypsies discover arveyors at work in a canyon on the Ladder A. The men ride off when they see they are discovered, and there is considerable shooting. Roy decides to search Bentley's house and see if he can find any connection with the intruders. He has luck, for in a drawer is a letter that explains the whole situation. By then Alastair is in a spot, surrounded by Bentley's men taking potshots at him, Roy and the gypsies stage a thrilling ride to the rescue.—Rep.

## THE GREATEST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD!





## SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

happened to be playing a theater.

It was 1 p.m. when I got to town, and the band's first stage show at the Palace Theater wasn't on until 2:30, so most of the fellows were still in their hotel rooms or having breakfast.

Woody came downstairs and made it over to the theater just in time. I watched the stage show from the side—saw Chubby Jackson going through his comedy routine with the bass fiddle, got a load of the swell new drummer, Don Lamond, who'd replaced the great Dave Tough when Davie got sick. Caught Frances Wayne in a glowing mood, and learned from her afterwards that wedding bells would soon ring for her and the band's brilliant young trumpeter-arranger, Neal Hefti.

"This day started off all wrong," said Woody, tired but good-humored. "Some character calls me up long distance to plug his new tune. He's got such an important radio record program that he figures if I don't play his tune he won't plug my records. Ah, music business!"

"Okay," I said, "how about the story of you and the music business? Were you really the boy wonder of the clarinet?"

"Guess you might call it that," said Woody, as we foraged through some old press clippings. I picked one out: "Grand Theater. Wallace Beery and Ray Hatton in 'We're In The Navy Now.' Sunday—Florence Vidor in 'You Never Know Women.' ADDED—On the stage we will present WOODROW HERMAN, Wisconsin's only professional juvenile in songs, dances, and saxophone solos. After this engagement young Herman will play the entire Saxe circuit, after which he will play the Big Time circuits."

There was a big picture of a smiling kid holding a saxophone, hair slicked back, lips pursed in that typical Herman manner that's still typical of Woody.

"Which did you play first, sax or clarinet?" I asked.

"I bought a saxophone when I was nine—out of my own earnings! I'd started theater work a year before, singing and dancing. Show business ran in the family; Dad used to be one of a vocal quartet, the White City Four, before he changed one letter—from show business to shoe business. See these?" He pointed to a handsome pair of brown shoes. "Dad's design. He's been having them made specially for me as long as I can remember."

"I hated to go to piano lessons," Woody sighed. "Started when I was seven. First thing I ever did in public was speak a stage prologue to 'School Days' on the screen. I did a legit stage version of 'Daddy Long Legs' two years later."

Woody continued on the road until he was fourteen, accompanied by his mother and/or tutor, and a sax and/or clarinet. He was working with local bands during his Wisconsin High School days; then in 1933 came that big break. Tom Gerun, who had a real big band—all of ten pieces!—hired him as vocalist and saxman.

There was another fellow playing sax in that band who sang too, so a little friendly rivalry sprang up between them. The other fellow, whose name was Al Morris, played tenor and baritone saxes and had movie ambitions—big ones. He liked to imitate Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo.

The two Tom Gerun saxophonists haven't done badly. Al Morris got into movies—his name is now Tony Martin.

"Then after I'd been with the band a while," recalled Woody, "Tom let me take a vacation to see my girl, Charlotte, in Los Angeles, and told me while I was

there to look for a girl singer for the band. Well, a man at Warner Brothers helped me—but good! He lined up fifty girls to audition. Forty-nine of them looked great but sounded sad. The fiftieth was a good looker, a kid in her teens, and she sang in tune, too. I told her she was hired, so we had another name to add to the band's featured billing. 'Tom Gerun and his Orchestra, featuring Woodie Herman' (they spelled it with an "ie" then) 'Al Morris and Virginia Simms.'"

After a successful year, Woody joined Isham Jones' boys, doing hot tunes.

Then Isham Jones' band broke up in Tennessee. "We got back to New York," says Woody, "and people were nice to us. Gave us arrangements for nothing, sat in on rehearsals without pay, talked agents into listening to us. Most of the Jones boys were still in the band. They let us rehearse

in a room at the hotel we were living in, so that was for free, too. We had six weeks' rehearsal. Finally we made our debut at Brooklyn Roseland. We had a good theme number written for us by two fine arrangers, Gordon Jenkins and Joe Bishop—called it 'Blue Prelude.'"

"I was a bandleader now, and I figured it was okay for Charlotte to be a bandleader's wife, so it wasn't long before I had a wonderful wife, a struggling band—oh yes, and a Decca recording contract."

Over the years, the "Band That Played The Blues" made a name for itself but not too much money. Bookers thought Woody was ahead of his time, trying to play the kind of music the musicians themselves wanted to play instead of giving the public what it wanted. But somehow Woody managed to convince that stubborn character, Joe Public. He sang "River Bed Blues" and played "Woodchoppers' Ball" and "Blues Upstairs" and "Blues Downstairs" and pretty soon Decca had an album of Woody Herman blues specials.

"We used to get thrown out on four-week bookings after the first week! Once in Cincinnati we had to work for a manager who was strictly the Viennese waltz fan type. He'd just had Jimmy Dorsey in there, and the band had been too loud for him and the customers. Well, as soon as we walked in on the job the first night, he took one look at my five-piece brass section, saw me standing in front with a clarinet, and put his hand on his forehead. 'They did it to me again!' he said."

Around 1942 things began to change in the Herman band. You can trace the changes just by looking back over their movie assignments. Woody called out a list for me before he slipped out to play another show, and here it is:

"'What's Cooking' . . . our first movie Universal . . . I did a dance routine in a jitterbug scene . . . band played 'Woodchoppers' Ball' and 'Golden Wedding' and 'Amen.' 'Wintertime,' with Sonja Henie 20th-Fox—we just played the music written for the movie; nothing much of our own. 'Sensations of 1944,' United Artists . . . we did 'Chiapanecas' and a tune of Dizzy Gillespie's, 'Down Under.' 'Earl Carroll's Vanities,' Republic . . . that was a good one. We played 'Apple Honey' and 'Who Dat Up There?'"

Hollywood is fun, says Woody. Last spring when the whole band was tired most of the men disappeared eastwards but Woody and Charlotte hired themselves an apartment in the Garden of Allah. Woody's lovely redheaded wife and their four-year-old daughter, Ingrid, are the chief objects of his devotion.

Woody is probably better liked by his musicians than any other leader. That's why his personnel changes so little.

Woody never seems to change, personally. He's just the way he always was—the same even disposition, the light banter in his conversation. Sarcasm is his favorite verbal weapon, but he uses it with leavening of good humor.

We talked about the new radio program "What a relief," said Woody, "we actually found a sponsor who doesn't want comedians, a ninety-piece choir, eight guest stars and a ten-minute commercial. He just lets the band play!"

Woody's right—he is lucky, but he never have made it if the band hadn't rated it. But what I want to know is the Woody and his "Modern Screamer," I like to call 'em, are your band of the year, too. Drop me a line and let's talk over, shall we?

### RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

#### BEST POPULAR

- A DOOR WILL OPEN—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
- AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU?—Les Brown (Columbia)
- AUTUMN SERENADE—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Harry James (Columbia), Hal McIntyre (Victor)
- BUT I DID—Dinah Shore (Victor)
- COME TO BABY, DO—Jack Smith (Majestic), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
- GEE IT'S GOOD TO HOLD YOU—Woody Herman (Columbia)
- MY GUY'S COME BACK—Dinah Shore (Victor)
- SANTA CLAUS IS RIDIN' THE TRAIL—Dick Haymes (Decca)
- THAT FEELING IN THE MOONLIGHT—Gene Krupa (Columbia)
- WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO COME IN—Peggy Lee (Capitol), Louis Prima (Majestic), Dick Robertson-Johnny Long (Decca)

#### BEST HOT JAZZ

- LES BROWN—Leap Frog (Columbia)
- BENNY GOODMAN—I Got Rhythm (12-inch Columbia)
- LIONEL HAMPTON—Beulah's Boogie (Decca)
- BILL HARRIS—Mean To Me (Keynote)
- HERBIE HAYMER—I'll Never Be The Same (Sunset)
- WOODY HERMAN—Your Father's Moustache (Columbia)
- CHUBBY JACKSON—Crying Sands (Keynote)
- IKE QUEBEC—I.Q. Blues (Savoy)
- TIMMIE ROGERS—Fla-Ga-La-Pa (Excelsior)
- GERALD WILSON—Just Give Me A Man (Excelsior)

#### BEST ALBUMS

- BING CROSBY—Merry Christmas (Decca)
- BING CROSBY—Hit songs from Going My Way (Decca)
- XAVIER CUGAT—Favorite Rhumbas (Columbia)
- MORTON GOULD—South Of The Border tunes (Columbia)
- HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. II—The Golden Era (Capitol)
- FREDRIC MARCH—The Selfish Giant (Decca)
- VAUGHN MONROE—On The Moon-Beam (Victor)
- BASIL RATHBONE—Robin Hood (Columbia)
- ANDY RUSSELL—Favorite Songs (Capitol)
- LORETTA YOUNG—The Littlest Angel (Decca)



Great talent sparks the screen with  
**GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!**

"I love to sing!"

*Singing Star of  
"Oklahoma!"*

"I love to kiss!"

"I love to dance!"

"I love to laugh!"

"Me... I just  
love to love!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES  
presents

# Tars and Spars

starring

JANET BLAIR · ALFRED DRAKE

with MARC PLATT · JEFF DONNELL

and introducing SID CAESAR

Screenplay by John Jacoby, Sarett Tobias and Decla Dunning

Produced by MILTON H. BREN · Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

In Color - USCGA

THE  
COAST GUARD'S  
ROMANTIC  
MUSICAL  
FROLIC!

**HEAR:**  
"Love Is A Merry-Go-Round"  
"I'm Glad I Waited For You"  
and other great songs  
headed for top popularity!

COLUMBIA  
PICTURES





## “HAPPY NEW YEAR—I’M YOUR DAD!”

“What a way to start a new year  
 What a taste of future joy,  
 What a lucky break I’m getting  
 To be meeting you, my boy—  
*Happy New Year, I’m your Dad!*”

“How’d you ever get so husky?  
 Where’d you get that wrestler’s clutch?  
 Glad you’ve got your mother’s dimples,  
 And those eyes I love so much—  
*Happy New Year, I’m your Dad!*”

“Now I see you I know better  
 Why I’ve had to be away;  
 Dads like me want kids just like you  
 To grow up free, strong, and gay—  
*Happy New Year, I’m your Dad!”*

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

☆ This happy scene is being reenacted now in many ☆  
 ☆ thousands of American homes. Before long it will take ☆  
 ☆ place in many more. ☆

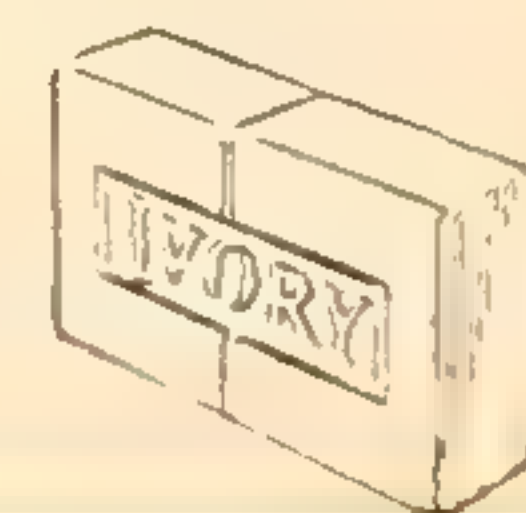
☆ We speak these thoughts not only as Americans ☆  
 ☆ but as a “friend of the family” as well. For 67 years ☆  
 ☆ now Ivory Soap has been one of the first and closest ☆  
 ☆ friends of ‘most every baby in the land. ☆

☆ You see, Ivory’s pure, mild lather has helped pro- ☆  
 ☆ tect babies’ angel skin for generations. Today the great ☆  
 ☆ grandchildren of Ivory’s first babies are being bathed ☆  
 ☆ with Ivory Soap—and they, too, chuckle when they ☆  
 ☆ discover that Ivory floats like a boat. ☆

☆ To every one of America’s brand new babies, Ivory ☆  
 ☆ says, “Welcome! We wish you a Happy New Year—and ☆  
 ☆ if your Dad’s away, we hope he’ll be home soon.” ☆

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆


99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



IT FLOATS



# to our readers...

 I guess this January issue is the happiest issue of our lives. It's all connected with Christmas, and we planned everything in our bare feet so as not to make a single sound. It was really supposed to be a surprise and not be opened before Christmas, but I can't wait to tell you all about it!

The essence of Christmas is give and take. The gift of you readers to MODERN SCREEN was a staggering 250,000 votes for your favorite stars, (see page 62) during the year 1945. The year's voting went like this: 1. Van Johnson. 2. Frank Sinatra. 3. June Allyson. 4. Alan Ladd. 5. Peter Lawford. 6. Bob Walker. 7. Dana Andrews. 8. Tom Drake. 9. Guy Madison. 10. Gregory Peck. There's a story on every one of these ten stars in this issue, and to show you the poll standing of each, we've dreamed up a cute little crown, like the one on this page, with a number on it. Watch for it!

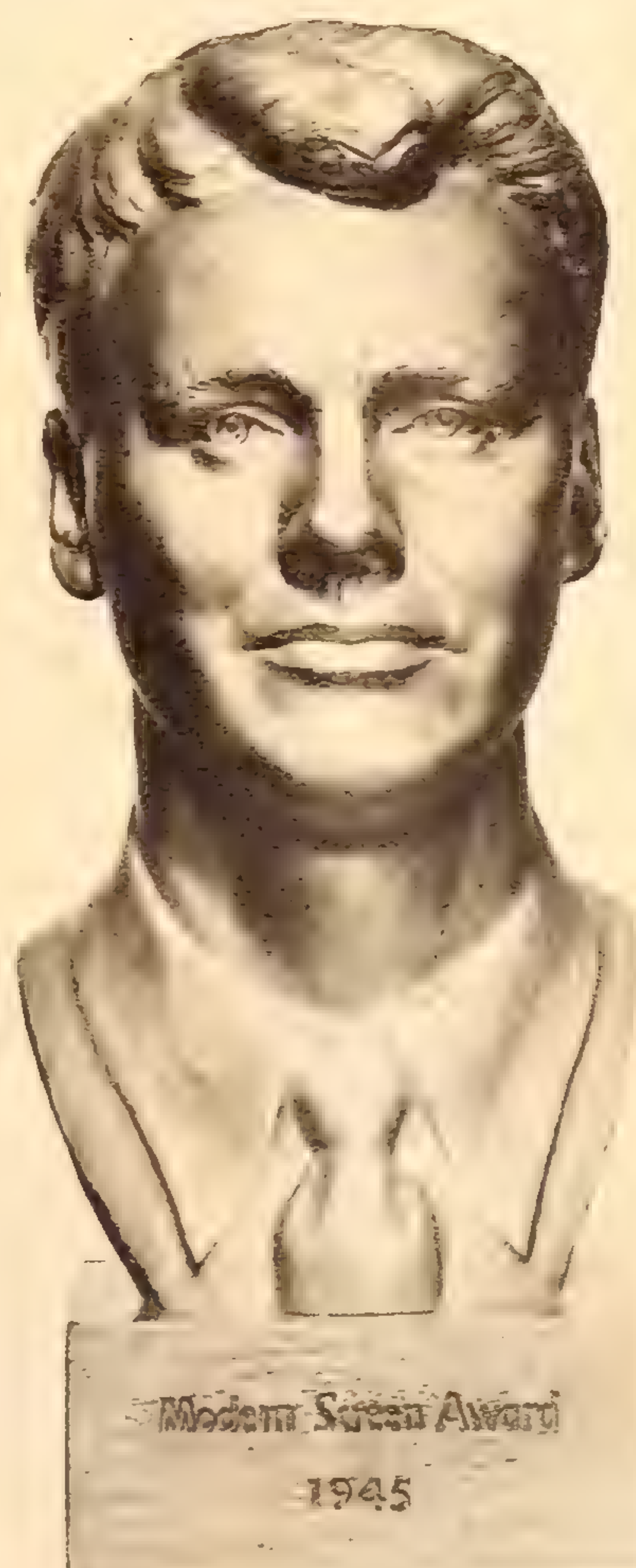
But here's the little surprise, the extra sentimental touch you didn't order. Since everyone wanted Van Johnson, and there just isn't enough of the poor boy to go around, we decided to go into production immediately. Donald de Lue, President of the American Sculptors' Society, spent months creating a gorgeous bronze bust of Van.

Trouble was neither Henry nor I knew particularly much about giving a man a bust. Emily Post's etiquette book gave us a bland stare. About the best advice we got was to be sure and pick a guy our size, which wasn't much help.

Louella (Heart-Of-Gold) Parsons saved the day, and incidentally, came up with the sweetest Christmas gift of all. For the real Van, for the bronze Van, and for all the other stars on MODERN SCREEN's 1945 poll (see page 24), she threw the biggest party in the world right in her own lovely home. That's the Good News about Louella, and you'll see it splashed all over the magazine.

Well, now you know how everything happened. With all our love, we dedicate this issue to Louella, to the stars who gave us so much of their time this year, and above all, to you readers who've been such grand partners in pushing MODERN SCREEN ahead this year. Merry Christmas!

*At Salce nbe*









**Now Van's boss has climbed the bandwagon. Only Mr. Mayer doesn't swoon—he beams and says, "Couldn't happen to a finer boy."**



## riches from Uncle Louis

♦♦♦♦♦ "It couldn't have happened to a finer boy," Mr. Mayer said, "and that pleases me doubly. You may think I'm putting the emphasis in the wrong place. You may say, his personal qualities have nothing to do with it—Van got this award because of his tremendous popularity on the screen. But here's my point. To become a star, you need a number of things. Looks of a sort—though Apollos went out with the silent films. Talent—though you'd be surprised how much can be built up from how little. Poise and authority—which come through experience. But there's one essential that no coach, no camera, no director can help you with. That's character. We've had boys on the lot as good looking and talented as Van—with more know-how when they started. You've never heard of them and you never will. Why? Because they lacked what Van has and to spare—purpose, integrity, heart, character—"

It had been our pleasure to tell Louis B. Mayer that Van Johnson had won MODERN SCREEN'S first award—a sculptured head of himself—as star of the year. We knew how Van felt about his boss, how grate- (Continued on page 98)

**by Nancy Winslow Squire**



Gins replaced words when MODERN SCREEN's publisher (George D. and Executive Editor Al) awarded Van a bust of himself at Louella Parsons' home for being "the actor who headed the M.S. poll for all of 1945."



Louis B. Mayer took time out from his big boss job at M-G-M to pose with Van and Pat Kirkwood on their "No Leave, No Love" set. And out N.Y. way, Jackie Dalya is refusing local dates with, "Uh-uh—I'm being true to Van."



# *Modern screen's poll party!*

With 50 guests of honor to share the glory, Van copped top place by being awarded a bust honoring his being "the actor who headed the M.S. poll through 1945." Sonja flew west between business dates just to see the party—and Van?



Guy Madison came in for a triple thrill: It was his last appearance in uniform, he'd just been nominated MODERN SCREEN's top discovery of the year, and Suzi Crandall was his, all his. . .



Bob Walker came stag, smiled at ex-dates Sonja and Suzi and promptly plopped down to discuss a Las Vegas vacation with crony Pete Lawford. He took time out, though, to congratulate Laraine Day on her two new adopted babies.



Who's comforting whom? Editor Al and H'wood Ed Sylvia Wallace had all they could do to soothe frantic poppa Glenn Ford, who raced to the phone every hour on the hour to check with Eleanor on the progress of baby's first painful tooth.



**Very gay it was. Louella**

**Parsons hosted, the**

**Delacortes beamed, and**

**people you made stars—made merry!**



British-born Peter Lawford's turned Yankee in such a big way, he's even gotten his titled parents, Sir Sidney and Lady May, *movie acting!* Mrs. Gary Cooper had her turn at raving as she described "Coop's" recent Idaho duck hunting trip.

■ Hollywood's still talking about it. The corner garage man and the beauty parlor girls and every grip and extra in town heard about those wonderful doings where the decorations were carved ice figures and Peter Lawford buttonholed perfect strangers to roll his eyes and sigh, "Imagine—I'm on the *poll!*" Where necks got stiff and sore trying *not* to crane when Van and Sonja Henie kept making bee-lines for secluded nooks and "Hi" Hodiak was seen ambling over to Annie Baxter's table, his poor heart pounding all over his sleeve. Like they say in the movies, there was romance, adventure, fun! But to George and Albert Delacorte, the father-son, publisher-editor combine of MODERN SCREEN who threw the party, and to tireless hostess Louella Parsons, it meant much more. It meant that you, the movie public, are the movie industry! It meant that those 50 people who were our guests of honor had become stars because you had spotted them, loved them and boosted them to top place with your month after month votes to our poll. S'wonderful feeling and God willing, we're going to have a poll party every single year of our life. But make no mistake—it'll be your party, too—you, our movie public, movie industry, star making readers! (Turn page for more pictures—and also see Louella Parsons' "Good News" on page 56 for some other party shots.)



# M

## odern screen's poll party!

When business tycoons get together—they sit back and enjoy it! Energetic George Delacorte settled down just once—to swap stories with hostess Parsons' radio boss, hand lotion king, A. Jergens.



Sue and Alan Ladd hosted Al Delacorte at Palm Springs—made him "one of the family" by bedding him on living room sofa! Sue's a night prowler, says she dreams of Xmas lists, Laddie's horseback riding spills.



Fans have been threatening to boycott June Storey if she dares make a pic without their beloved Gene. Mrs. Autry's just as pleased as hubby that his brother Don's signed up to do series of 10 hoss opy pix.



Vanity be blown—Dick Haymes wore his goggles all evening and wife Joanne couldn't have been more impressed. As to their rumored rift, the kids were inseparable, held hands all night and just *glowed*.





uch energy! Dane Clark arrived at the party before it was a party, grabbed sandwich, dashed off for a Canteen stint and sprinted back in time to join the Don Taylors and Albert D. in a last chorus of "Good Night, Ladies."

Rare partygoers, the practically parents Payne attended as a tribute to matchmaker Al D. John's the anxious type, supervises Gloria's food, rest and medicos. What a pop he'll make!



Dana had to call on Al for moral support. Seems the Andrews top knot has to be just so for his newest pic—with a daily curling the only solution. But wifie teases so, he's turning grey!



MORE PICTURES →





Poor Tom Drake! With Chris in Reno for a divorce and sis Claire keeping house for him, he selects a ring for Suzi Crandall—who ups and starts dating Guy Madison! Bev Tyler's the gal here, his new co-star.



Just over a 3-day feud, Ida and Helmut cooed and made up with a filagree silver brooch from Him to Her. Ida so busy—turned authoress with 2 scripts for Warner



Still ecstatic over her reception at the Chi. premiere of "Dolly Sisters," June Haver nipped the musician Jimmy Zito romance rumors by gadding with Frank Lattimore. F. insists he's set a record—spent a year in the Army, got discharged as a pfc!



Due to professional ethics, palmist won't divulge secrets she read in Van's. He. Could his heart line be leading to...Sc



# M

## odern screen's *pell party!*

Whatever it was, it must have been good, because it takes a rare wit to make George DeLoe and professional funsters like the Jack Bennys laugh. Claudette can't decide whether to go to Mexico to make new picture or remain in the U.S.A. in order to put through her plans for adopting a baby.



High spot of the party for Louella was when the palmist studied her hand, then pronounced: "You will become a successful woman!" It felt just like the old days when Jimmy Stewart, who was stiff and sore from a wedding session in the Hank Fordas garden, and Roz Russell posed together.



MORE →  
PICTURES





Maybe M-G-M boss Louis Mayer *did* beam at Miss P., but did he feel glum! Raved all night about his filly, "Busher," who next day strained a tendon and was removed from a big race.



Claudette Colbert felt so fine over hubby Dr. Pressman's first outing in civvies in 4 years, even bubble blowing couldn't let off enough steam. Day after party, Ben Lyons left for big Fox job in Eng. while wife Bebe Daniels stayed as Hal Roach producer.



Her first party dress, and look what Liz Taylor got! Bob Mitchum's new "Mister," is doing a pic with ex-gob Guy Madison. Dana Andrews was pooped spent whole a.m. Xmas shopping with Henie Van



With his divorce final, Bob Hutton rushes Cleatus Caldwell. Or regret is that he's moved to Malibu. Market near old home-us to shower him with goodies—thought he was Rita's brother.





Her Williams thanked Al D. for this chance for a final  
see before her 3-months trek to Mexico on location.  
prise! on her return, she'll become Mrs. Ben Gage.

## Modern screen's poll party!

The father and son Delacortes. George D. and A. got the joke, too.  
For while Don Tavor patiently awaits his discharge, wife Phyllis is  
off to N. Y. to do a play. With actors, it's first come first served.



Re Romanoff who dreamed up idea for decorative ice figures  
Aladdin and lamp, wowed the ladies. Called them 'dollink'  
and kissed their hands. And don't forget Ed. Sullivan noted...



Nothing's that tall!" grunted Mr. Tufts to ex-Follies gal Tony  
Janier. Next day, he threw a Calif. style barbecue for Al D., froze  
guests but refused to bring party indoors. Thermometer read 50°!



Part 1 in the life story of a

boy who couldn't be  
good until he learned how

to be happy. And how

Aunt Tenny and a  
stolen ticket machine and a

tramp steamer helped

show him the way



At 18 mos., Bob was tow-headed, fat-creased—"just another Walker" whose sturdy Scotch ancestors had helped make Mormon history.

Even as a teen-ager, girls shined up to Bob. He wasn't handsome, but wasn't he "cute." His hair was straight and taffy-colored, but they dubbed him "Red." And when he started sporting specs, heck, to Utah's femmes, he was prof and Dutch uncle and hell-raiser de luxe.





Back in "the old days" of 1941, when Bob and Jenny Jones were Mr. and Mrs. and breaking their hearts with those "Sorry, no casting today" woes, Bob threw himself into radio acting, had the lead in the CBS show, "Maudie's Diary."



"Bataan," with Lloyd Nolan, Lee Bowman, Bob Taylor and Desi Arnaz was Bob's first brush with fame. He played the part of the young, tragic gob so well he drew raves in Walter Winchell's column.

◆◆◆ That night the Big Fire swept Salt Lake City  
**6** like an avenging angel. Flames scourged the downtown streets, raced from roof to roof, spraying angry red embers high into the glowering black desert sky as far as the Wasatch Mountains which rimmed the city of Latter Day Saints.

Through the wide, western streets firewagons roared, sirens screamed and bells clanged frantic warnings. That night more than one good Mormon hurried from whatever he was doing to help stem the crackling, crimson tide of disaster.

Horace Walker changed his plans that night, very definitely. He was on his way to the hospital where his wife, Zella, awaited the arrival of her fourth child. But he had spun the wheels of his car around when the first firewagon careened by. Like the good newspaper man he was, Horace Walker headed for the city room of the Deseret News by instinct. He was the city editor.

It was smoky dawn before the phones on his desk stopped buzzing and he could get a call through to the hospital. When the fire extra was on the presses and he could lean back in his swivel chair and breathe again, he got the connection. His eyes, red-rimmed as Salt Lake's city blocks, crinkled with the good news and he turned wearily to his

bob  
 walker

by Kirtley Baskette





With the man shortage driving H'wood maidens ma-a-ad, Bob and Pete Lawford (who just made our poll) tour local clubs stag. Meanies!

bob  
walker



There's been a long line of gals on Bob's gadabout schedule since his divorce went into its final stage. Audrey Totter, here at Mocambo, is rumored to be head woman, but with Diana Lynn and Florence Pritchett in the running, well...



typewriter and tapped out the item himself:

"A seven pound son was born to Mrs. Horace Walker last night at Salt Lake Hospital." He dropped it on the copy desk, jammed on his hat and went across the street for some black coffee.

The birth of Robert Walker, on October 18, 1918, was not necessarily big news to Salt Lake City. Stacked up against the greatest conflagration in the city's history, it barely deserved the one line Bob's news-wise father gave it, buried back in the paper. Bob's dad, himself, would have smiled skeptically if anyone had told him that one day this Baby Bob would come back home as Robert Walker, the Hollywood star, and that his own paper, the Deseret News, would run headlines heralding that event.

No, there was nothing exactly world-shaking about the arrival of another Walker boy in Salt Lake City,

heavens knows. Three others already romped around the house on F Street where Horace and Zella Walker made their home.

Zella's Scotch McQuarry ancestors had started from the original settlement at Nauvoo, Illinois, to find a home free from the persecutions of religious bigots. Twelve of those sturdy McQuarry sons had hewn timber from the hills to build the tabernacle which still stood. Zella herself was from a family of eight. And Walkers—they were sprinkled all over Utah—their name a local symbol of fertility, solidity and success. Right in Salt Lake there was the big Walker Department Store and the Walker Bank. There were dozens of Walker and McQuarry cousins, aunts, uncles, "kissing kin" spread all over Utah by now. Another Walker kid—so what?

Another Walker kid. There (Continued on page 88)

Radio actress Loraine Tuttle's one of Bob's old pals, gave him a bear hug welcome when he popped up to do an air guest appearance with her.



With "blind as a bat" eyes tabbing him 4F, Bob's become so identified with GI roles that Pvt. Hargrove gets a return bout in "What Next, Cpl. Hargrove?" with Jean Porter and Keenan Wynn.





# Fairy tale for June

JOE PASTERNAK SAYS SHE'S  
THE GIRL EVERYBODY LIKES; SHE'S  
THE GIRL YOU WANT YOUR BROTHER  
TO MARRY; SHE'S JUNE ALLYSON

♦♦♦♦♦ If I try to think back to the  
**3** first time I saw June Allyson,  
there are really three first times.  
On the stage. On the screen. And when  
the girl herself knocked me over almost,  
in the M-G-M commissary.

In New York I went to see a show  
called "Best Foot Forward" and here  
comes a girl and sings some cute little  
song. The way she sang it, the way  
those lines came out—it made me smile  
and at the same time it was touching.  
I thought, here's a girl who can't sing  
but there's something that pulls you.  
For a minute it hit me, then I forgot  
about it.

Now I'm back at M-G-M. One day we  
were all asked to go in and see a test  
of some girl Arthur Freed signed in  
New York. I go in, I sit down, and here  
on the screen comes this same bad-  
singing, bad-dancing, bad-acting girl. I  
give you the exact impression I got, no  
use to cover it up. Still, this was only  
half an impression, and the less impor-  
tant half. Because when we discussed  
it, all I remem- (Continued on page 64)



Eatin', eatin', how Junie hates it! Weight went down from her normal 105 to 93 after marriage. To encourage her, husband Dick Powell stuffs himself. She says he eats everything but the furniture! (J.'s latest is "Two Sisters From Boston.")





While singing in B'way's "Best Foot Forward," where Joe Pasternak (above) found her, Junie kept up school work, graduated with 97% average!

After moving into new apartment, Powells took out bar, installed Dick's Capehart. They're extravagant about records, and Junie felt she *must* economize. So, since she's already lost three gold cigaret holders, her fourth one is chained to coat lapel!



by JOE PASTERNAK





Two minds with but a single thought: Alan Ladd and your editor. A. D. ... Alan's new beatnik-type house.



A father himself, Al took a paternal interest in Alana Ladd's breakfast menu. He told her stories about *his* child, Peter, born a few weeks before Alana and bragged how much Pete ate. But Alana thought girls should be daintier.



HERE'S THE REAL LOWDOWN ON AL

DELACORTE, THE GUY WHO WRITES YOU THOSE FRIENDLY

LETTERS FROM MODERN SCREEN—BY ANOTHER

SWELL GUY, WHO KNOWS HIM LIKE A BROTHER!

# YOU KNOW ME, AL



Life with Sue and baby keeps Alan happy, in spite of mishaps at studio. Last one had silver lining: Alan broke Don Costello's toe while making "The Blue Dahlia," so director had incident written into script, continued shooting!

♦♦♦♦ I was plenty mad at Al Delacorte the first time I didn't meet him—and believe me, that's not double-talk, either.

Now, just a minute, Al—don't lean on that blue pencil! We made a deal—didn't we? You said you'd open the pages of MODERN SCREEN so I could grab my little typewriter and take you and your magazine gang apart—just like you've been taking me apart for all these months. Okay. You said I could just make it the "simple reverse." Well, I'm not a writer, Al, so it will probably be just simple—period. But you asked me for it and it's a chance a Hollywood actor doesn't get very often, so I'm going to tell the truth and nothing but the truth—let the chips fall where they may.

And that's how it was. I was mad and I was hurt. For a long time whenever anybody said the name, "Delacorte" to me I gritted my teeth and what I thought wasn't fit for print. Here's why:

I was in New York on my very first trip to the Big City. I was staying at the Waldorf in a fancy deluxe suite. It had been a long, tough haul for me from nowhere to somewhere and one of the thrills that was rippling clear down to my toes was meeting all (Continued on page 76)

BY ALAN LADD



# "Sad Sack"



At Command Performance, the Trumpet King (H. James) and the Swoon King brag about their daughters. F. calls Nancy "Little Miss Moonbeam."

On tour, Frankie's one hand holds Fay McKenzie; other hides spry tie. Mrs. S. eyed pattern of Frankie's flop-eared favorites; made others from dress goods remnants.



By **GEORGE BENJAMIN**

Phil Silvers (at left) has an armful of Fay, while Frankie clutches his pipe and Betty Yeaton, acrobatic dancer. Phil was amazed at F.'s stamina; years of band-traveling trained him to keep night owl hours. See F. in "Till The Clouds Roll By."





There were no bobbysoxers overseas, but Frank was mobbed by tough GIs and officers with requests to sign "short snorters" till pen ran dry.

# WHO SAYS SINATRA'S A "SAD SACK?" THEY SURE LOVED HIM OVERSEAS—AND 150,000 GIs CAN'T BE WRONG!

♦♦♦♦♦ One sunny day last summer a big C-54 Army  
**2** litter ship bearing shot-up Yanks from Europe swooped gently down to Santa Maria Airport in the Azores. A few hours before, a C-47, heading East out of America, had sat down on the same landing strip. It carried a load of Hollywood stars bound for Italy to entertain the lucky all-in-one-piece GIs finishing off the victory job these wounded guys had put across. Anyone could recognize one of Hollywood's funniest clowns, Phil Silvers, two of its dreamiest song-and-dance cuties, Fay McKenzie and Betty Yeaton—and

a skinny, bright-eyed, bony-faced guy, who sings a little now and then, named Frank Sinatra.

In a few minutes, the invalided heroes were lined up in rows of stretchers on the concrete strip, grabbing fresh air, coffee and a cigarette to ease their miseries. And walking up and down the aisles to hand out a first welcome-home were the Hollywood star bunch: knocking themselves out to make it a good, old-fashioned, impromptu American clambake.

For Phil Silvers that was easy. He had a gag for every occasion—a million of (*Continued on page 84*)





Introducing Gregory Peck, Sr., the block that Gregory Jr.'s a chip off of. After bowling in same league for 25 years, Pop won watch he's wearing for pin-hitting.



The friend at the left seems rather worn out, and no wonder—he's been keeping up with the athletic Pecks all day! Junior, in the middle, hugs the beach ball as Pop rests up. Pop's customers at his drug store in San Francisco call him "Doc," have great faith in his advice.

# A boy's best pal...

**Gregory Peck's dad drove six hundred miles to  
thrill at Greg's first movie—  
and he'd wanted his son to be a doctor!**

♦♦♦♦♦ The San Diego High School principal tapped  
**10** his pencil thoughtfully on the desk top and  
looked at the earnest man across from him.  
"I'm not recommending Greg for college," he said,  
"because I don't think he's ready for it. He's just  
passed his studies by the skin of his teeth. He's not  
prepared. Another year in high school—"

The man squared his athletic shoulders. He'd ex-  
pected this but he'd prepared to battle when his boy

dragged into the house the night before and said.  
"Dad, I'm in trouble. The principal won't sign my  
credits for State College. Guess maybe I'll quit school  
and go to work."

"I'd better go down and have a talk, hadn't I?" he'd  
said right away, urgency in his voice.

"Well—"

So there he was, sitting tense and worried and the  
principal was politely saying, "Sorry." Now it was his



by Jack Wade



Pop tried to teach Greg dancing, but times changed and Pop's technique didn't. So off to A. Murray's!





# A boy's best pal...

turn. It was up to him.

"It's just a passing phase with Greg," he argued. "My boy's as smart as anyone. Maybe he hasn't worked too hard. But he'll snap out of it. Why, he's grown four inches in the past year and that's a strain. He's coming into manhood. The world's opening up. He's confused and restless. There are girls, and parties, and maybe too much sport. But, Mr. Principal—he's just got to go on!"

The principal stared briefly into the intense, sincere face. He reached for his pen and signed the credits. "There," he smiled. "Mr. Peck, I'll take a chance on your team!"

The man who told me that the other day was Gregory Peck, Senior—that is, Gregory Peck's dad. He finished the story by saying that Greg promptly stacked up nothing but A's on his San Diego State College report card to back up his dad's pledge and he never backslid once after that. But what got me was the way Dad Peck explained that crisis.

"It was the turning point for *me*," he said. "It meant Greg either went on to college or he quit for keeps. Some of his pals were taking jobs. Greg toyed with the easy out. But I couldn't let him quit on me. I knew that deep in his heart he wanted more out of life. So I had to save his future. I had to put it across."

Today, Gregory Peck, Senior, is the best pal, firmest fan and biggest backer-upper of Greg's—just as he always has been, even though there were times when he wasn't sure his boy was on the right track of life. His front room is starting to overflow with the scrap books and clippings he keeps of every move in Greg's bright and booming career. He's seen "Keys of the Kingdom" ten times, "Valley of Decision" eight and "Days of Glory" a half dozen. He's visited all Greg's Hollywood sets. He gets a report every week, by phone, mail or in person on everything Greg does and he still hands out advice when he thinks it's due.

Greg's dad has been by his side on every milestone of Greg's (Continued on page 79)



Greg was an independent youngster," says Mr. Peck. "Carried on his own business without asking questions, never wore his heart on his sleeve, and nobody around our place ever bostered him. Made him self-reliant."







Greg spent his first summer in New York as a barker at the World's Fair, later got job as guide at Radio City. His dad and stepmother visited him, got special guided tour.



Before baby was born, the Pecks had different name picked out each week. Tried them out on the dog to see which he'd bark at! Baby arrived in Jonathan Week; if he'd been born a week later, he'd have been called Barnaby, after pixie comedy strip character.

Sunday morning finds Greg playing baseball on the corner lot. Keeps in trim with weird breakfast, consisting of sherry and raw egg! Favorite food is steak—rare, and plenty! He and wife Greta like simple clothes, simple life.







by *Claire Kennedy*

**Tom Drake skipped meals to  
feed his dog; Sister Claire cried when the car got  
old . . . but they're not sentimental—not much!**

# My Buddy



Claire Kennedy holds Casey, and other daughter Chris snuggles up against the Santa Claus, Uncle Tom Drake. The Kennedys have moved in with Tom because of a housing shortage, and Claire's wondering how she'll ever "unspoil" his nieces.

♦♦♦♦♦  
**8** I suppose I'm the swooniest fan Tom Drake has or ever will have. If you ask me, I think he's wonderful. But, of course, I'm a little prejudiced. I'm his sister, his only sister. Tom's my only brother.

We're about as close, too, as a brother and sister can be—without being twins. I've known Tom, you see, ever since I was one year old. I was born in April of one year and Buddy (he's always been "Buddy" to me) came along the next August. From the day he was born I've been crazy about him. I still am. I think I always shall be.

Maybe that's the way every sister feels about her only brother. But maybe, too, in the case of Buddy and me, there's a special understanding; we've always been a team.

Buddy took me to my first dance. He taught me how to ride my first pony, how to drive my first car, how to sail, how to swim, how to pitch a baseball straight, how to glide down a mountain-side on skis, how to whistle through my teeth—yes—and how to smoke a cigarette, out behind the garage.

Buddy introduced me to my husband and he gave me away when I married. When I had my first baby, Christopher, he flew East from Hollywood and out-paced Chris's own father at the hospital, until the nurse demanded, "Say, whose baby is this, anyway?" His best girl borrowed my baby's name for her stage name and called her little girl Christopher, too, after mine. Then Buddy married Chris Dunne, and the first person they phoned the (Continued on page 67)









*At 16, Christmas should be  
all tinsel and holly. But Peter Lawford  
was looking for a job . . .*



# A CHRISTMAS HE'LL NEVER FORGET



Peter closed the door of his room and looked at his watch. Ten o'clock. He'd have a while to wait. Mother and Dad were still up. What a strange Christmas Eve! No parties, no friends, no gaiety. Just the three of them round the fire, listening to carols on the radio and to scraps of war news. The *phony* war, they were calling it that year . . .

The Lawfords had spent Christmas in many strange places—on boats and trains—in lands far away from home. But wherever it had found them, Christmas had always been merry, in the traditional spirit of old England. Tonight Peter's father and mother weren't feeling festive. Not that they made any to-do about it. All Mother had said was: "Let's just celebrate by going to church on Christmas Day as usual—" But Peter didn't have to be told that their thoughts were with friends and kinfolk in England—with boys they'd known as babies who were flying now with the RAF.

So he'd made his own plans. Alone in his room, he checked off his purchases. Under the bed, a bowl of goldfish for Mother. In the top dresser drawer, a tie for Dad. In the closet, a tiny tree from the dime store, tinsel and snow, a few glittering balls, the chains of colored paper he'd been pasting together for weeks, a wreath for the front door. Adding up—he hoped—to a little holiday cheer for Mother and Dad.

He undressed, got into pajamas, set robe and slippers handy, and lay down to wait.

It was Christmas of '39. Peter was (Continued on page 73)

*By Abigail Putnam*





••••• Christmas, 1945, will find a  
**7** huge, tinsel-draped, light-  
 strung tree in the newly-  
 decorated Dana Andrews house. It will  
 find David, Kathy, and Stephen Todd  
 hanging up stockings beside (maybe)  
 Mary's nylons, and Dana's Argyle  
 plaids. It will find friends dropping in  
 to exclaim over stacks of gifts, to warm  
 themselves by quaffing a Christmas  
 bowl and sharing the Yuletide mistle-  
 toe. There will be the scent of ever-  
 green and of turkey in the kitchen;  
 there will be laughter and song, and  
 jubilation over the peaceful world and  
 the hopeful sky.

And at the end of the blissful day,  
 Dana will slide his arm around Mary's  
 shoulder, and—grinning down at her  
 —he will say, "Some difference from  
 our nine dollar Christmas, huh?"

The nine dollar Christmas was the  
 second since Dana and Mary's mar-  
 riage, and it was a meager affair; Dana  
 was under contract, and working in a  
 picture, but his salary was moderate  
 and he was saving every possible  
 penny to pay back those who had be-  
 lieved in him and backed him during  
 his building years.

During the first week in December,  
 he said across the breakfast table to  
 Mary, "Look, darling, let's be sensible  
 about this. You and I want, most of  
 all, to be out of debt. That would be  
 the swellest Christmas gift two people  
 like us could have. So, let's hang on  
 to our dough—let's agree on a price  
 that each of us (Continued on page 99)

by **Fredda Dudley**



Now that son Stephen is an "old man" of almost one year, Mary was able to leave him and accompany Dana on location for "Canyon Passage." Busy D. was borrowed by Universal from Sam Goldwyn, whose turn it is to have him next.

## THAT MAN OF MINE

"With all my  
 love, Dana," reads the in-  
 scription on Mary  
 Andrews' bracelet from  
 that man of hers . . .







# date dresses



Adorable and practical is this smooth two-piecer. Wear it with a black sweater for grown-up glamor. Add gold bracelets.



For New Year's Eve with The Guy, wear a dream of a white dress. Give it ballet slippers, sweet black velvet bows at your throat, on your wrist.

Merry Xmas  
from Jean Kinkaid  
and Tessie Pines



for teenagers...



A devastating little number with Lines is the short party dress. Keep it simple, that's its charm, and wear your prettiest necklace.

CHRISTMAS TIME, 1945!

PARTIES ARE DRESS-UP AGAIN—

AND HERE ARE DREAM

DRESSES, DESIGNED

FOR YOU PARTY GOING TEEN

AGERS BY EMILY WILKENS

■ Snow on your eyelashes and a funny sort of catch in your throat. Christmastime, 1945 — and this year when they say “Peace on Earth” they mean it! A gal’s cup runneth over. The boys are home and turkeys are back, and whee! parties are dress-up again.

Parties are dress-up again . . . gee, what beautiful words. And because it’s the first peacetime Christmas in four years, because maybe it’s your first grown-up Christmas *ever*, we’re dedicating this month’s sparkling fashion pages to you, all you cunning teen-aged ones. Ever see such spectacular stuff? Know why? Each of these honeys was designed by that very cute, very young Emily Wilkens, the teen queen’s Schiaparelli. She won the 1945 Coty Fashion award and the Neiman-Marcus Fashion award, which means she designs like crazy, and that we can see.

Member, when practically all sub-deb formals were pink taffeta with an indefinable never-been-kissed look about them? Emily’s fixed all that, viz. these irresistibles. Obviously, they’re not to be had for a song, but considering the (Continued on page 93)







# WATCH GUY MADISON!

♦♦♦♦♦ (We feel that this second in Hedda Hopper's monthly series on "The young actor most likely to become a star" has an extra-added significance. Because, this issue, Guy Madison is receiving one of Miss Hopper's handsome Gruen Watch Awards not only for being the outstanding new star of the month—but of the year! Quite a thing. And don't forget to watch for the next ten monthly awards, when Miss Hopper comes up with some really top-notch surprise choices.—The Editors.)

Two scenes in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away"—and you kids started cheering for Madison, the screen find.

Two remarks at the Brown Derby—and I started cheering for Madison, the guy.

We'd ordered lunch. The young man wasn't very hungry, so he thought he'd just have a bowl of chicken soup, veal cutlets with rice, a large green salad and a glass of milk. (I'd enjoy watching him eat when he is hungry.) Then he looked around—

"This is the second time I've been to the Derby—"

I liked the matter-of-fact way he said it. Some boys would have tried to play the sophisticate, some would have been impressed by this hangout of the stars. This quiet-voiced kid wasn't impressed, but he *was* interested, and it never entered his head to pretend otherwise. Aha, thought Diogenes Hopper, an honest man!

Just then Donald Crisp came along and engaged me in a little (Continued on page 94)

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Hedda names your Guy

"most promising newcomer of 1945" with

a big cheer for his talent—and a

twinkle in her eye 'cause he's cute



Proud moment for Guy Madison, satisfying one for Hedda Hopper. Mister M. (the Navy's loss is our gain) received his elegant Gruen Watch Award for being H. H.'s choice as "most promising star of 1945."



Here's our straight-from-the-hostess'-mouth report on the poll party—including romance talk on Van J.

# LOUELLA PARSONS'

## Good News

With Maria Montez' expected baby no longer a secret, the Aumonts spent hours discussing its sex. Pierre wants a son, but Maria (who's still movie making) just wants a *baby*.



Hostess Parsons was slightly amazed, but thrilled at Gary Cooper's news that he's grooming his 76-year old mother for a bit part in the new movie, "Breakfast in Hollywood."

■ Maybe I should change the title of this department to "Party News" this month. We've just had a big time out here welcoming Ye Ed Albert Delacorte and his father, George Delacorte, the publisher of MODERN SCREEN, and whether a hostess should talk about her own party or not, I wouldn't know—but, anyway, that's our subject for today.

In addition to the two guests of honor, our dinner dance also feted the top winners on the magazine's popularity poll who were all on hand with victory smiles on their faces—plus about 300 other top movie people.

Van Johnson was an extra-special guest—for Van had won MODERN SCREEN'S yearly popularity poll. I helped Albert present the fair-haired boy with a handsome bust of himself, done by Donald De Lue, president of the American Sculptors' Society. De Lue has achieved a marvelous likeness of Van, and I saw a tear in Van's eye when Al made the presentation saying, "The bust will last a lifetime—just as will the affection and friendship of the Van Johnson fans." He's a nice boy who deserves all the good things coming his way—and he was frankly delighted over this tribute paid him by his fans and the readers of MODERN SCREEN. (Continued on page 58)



"Hi" Hodiak table-hopped over to ex-fiancée Anne Baxter (she'd just been babbling fluent French with the Aumonts), kept the 3-cornered talk with Al going with rave references to his own jive disc collection.



*TEMPTING...yet Deadly!*

ALLURING... yet  
too anxious to  
help him forget  
his beloved wife  
... and his search  
for her murderer  
... the man he'd  
trailed down to  
Buenos Aires!

DICK POWELL  
in  
**"Cornered"**

with  
**WALTER SLEZAK**  
MICHELINE CHEIREL · NINA VALE  
MORRIS CARNOVSKY · EDGAR BARRIER  
LUTHER ADLER

*The NEW DICK POWELL... tougher  
tougher than in "Murder, My Sweet"*



Produced by  
ADRIAN SCOTT  
Directed by  
EDWARD DMYTRYK  
Screen Play by  
JOHN PAXTON



## INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet

Hi:

The best way to pick up that exclusive info you want is, of course, from the stars themselves. And though I can't get to Hollywood every day, celebrities do come to New York. Ran into TOMMY DIX at Cafe Zanzibar where most of the stars go, and he confided that he left M-G-M, and is devoting his time to stage and radio and record making. A visit from Peggy, ELLIOT REID'S lovely sister, brings the news that he is still in the Navy, but can be reached at Para. Via long distance phone comes word from DON TAYLOR that he is sitting tight waiting for his discharge, and will resume pic making at M-G-M then. The postman brings a special delivery from ROSS HUNTER with data 'bout his latest, "Secret Story," with LOREN TINDELL (the Lt. in "Over 21"). He sure welcomes your super letters. How I can go on!! But it's your turn now, so give with the questions, sent to: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16... together with a stamped, self-addressed (with zone number) envelope.

Stuff and stuff—

Bev.

Savage Di L., N. J. . . . MAY I HAVE THE WORDS TO THE POEMS IN THE FOLLOWING PIX?

### "YOU CAME ALONG"

He giveth you your wings to fly,  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And careth for you everywhere,  
Who for yourself, so little care. . . .  
Longfellow

### "THRILL OF A ROMANCE"

I arise from dreams of thee,  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And the spirit in my feet,  
Hath led me from who knows how  
To thy chamber window, sweet.  
Shelley's "Indian Serenade"

Milton Stiffel, Queens . . . WHO PLAYED THE FOLLOWING PARTS IN "PRIDE OF THE MARINES?" Irish was Don McQuire; Johnny, Tom D'Andrea; Doctor, Rory Mallinson, Boy on Crutches, Warren Douglas. All at Warners. Young lawyer was Mark Stevens at 20th-Fox.

Kerry Klein, B'klyn SOME INFO PLEASE ABOUT JOHN HEATH, WHO STOOD OUT AS THE YOUNG CRIPPLED VET IN "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY" . . . AND THE NAME OF THE YOUNG AIR CADET IN THE "I BEGGED HER" SCENE OF "ANCHORS AWEIGH." John Heath, a coming star of tomorrow, was born in Seattle, Wash., March 28, 1918. He is 6 ft., 168 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes and is wonderfully single. Most recent pix — "Tonight and Every Night," "Thirty Seconds," etc. Scored on B'way in "Boy Who Lived Twice" and "The Would Be Gentleman." Likes "The Robe," works of Edgar Allen Poe, Laurence Olivier, Bette Davis. Write to him at the Wm. Morris Agency, 1270 Ave. of Americas, N. Y. for a pic. David Holt was the cadet. He's 18 now. Write him c/o M. Gertz, 8979 Sunset, Los Angeles, California.

It was a helluva party, and I'm going to say so right out loud in print. But being a woman, and the hostess, I want to take you behind the scenes and tell you a bit of what went on beforehand.

My house in Beverly Hills is pretty big, but not big enough for 300 (what home is?). So I had the idea of covering my garden with a tent top which would have cellophane sides, then putting down a floor for dancing with about 100 white tables with matching chairs surrounding the dance floor. My own flower beds are very pretty, but still, I thought it would be extra exotic to have long stemmed American Beauties planted outside for the evening—they would look so lovely through the cellophane curtains. A blue spotlight (supposedly moonlight) would illuminate the exterior—just in case there wasn't a real moon.

Guess that's what I got for asking for the moon—for two days before the big night it clouded up and looked as though it were going to rain like thunder.

So I'll let you in on a little secret. For three mornings the first thing I did was to stick my head out the window to see how the fates were treating me. Came the day of the party—came the regular morning clouds. I looked at the beautiful tent and almost dampened it with a couple of tears of my own.

But either the Delacortes, the poll winners or Yours Truly must live right—because at noon—out came Old Sol, and while we never rated a real moon—the blue spotlights did their shining just as well.

By six p. m. the small army of caterers was on hand, the musicians in blue jackets were ready to strike up "California, Here I Come," the long buffet table was adorned with ice figures standing guard over the foods. We were ready to go—and we did!

The first guests were my honor guests, Al and George, and I don't feel a bit apologetic about calling Al's father George, because he is so young looking. Al, I have known for a long time, and I think I have told you before how much I admire this young editor who has made a howling success of his magazine because he chats with his readers. But I'm thinking seriously of kidnapping his father and keeping him right here in California.

George Delacorte is a charming man who will always be young because he thinks young. With these two men, father and son, behind the scenes—no wonder MODERN SCREEN has concentrated on the young players of the screen and has catered to the readers who want to know about them.

So it was appropriate that one of the first guests to arrive was very young Elizabeth Taylor, age thirteen, making her party debut in a black velvet dress bought especially for the occasion. She is a lovely child with a face like a flower and her young mother is pretty enough to be in the movies herself.

Another early arrival was the idol of American boyhood, Gene Autry, just out of uniform. Of course, Gene was with his pretty wife who looked especially well in an Adrian dress I had admired and thought I would like to own until I remembered the income tax installment just around the corner.

And then they started coming so thick and

fast that I had to hear all the "ahhhhs" from the women and the "Welcome home" shouts from his pals before I could see that it was Hollywood's pride and joy, war hero Colonel Jimmy Stewart, struggling through the crowd. Jimmy was staying with Frances and Henry Fonda, and he came with them.

What a reunion it was when he saw Rosalind Russell! It was his first meeting with her since he returned home, and you remember how many movies they made together at M-G-M? It has been years since they have seen each other and these very good friends got over in a corner to talk over all the things that have happened in the meanwhile.

Jimmy is very thin, more mature and grayer than when you saw him last. You can't go through what that boy has gone through without it showing on you. "But I am getting so much sleep at the Fonda's," he laughed. "I think I put on a pound every time the alarm clock goes off."

"Why an alarm clock now you are out?" gasped Roz.

"Just habit," grinned Jimmy with that same rare old charm of his. He was delighted with the way Roz looked because he had heard of her long illness and the time she had spent in the hospital. Roz does sparkle these days—she is so happy to feel like herself again.

I was very amused to see young Don Taylor, the boy who played in "Winged Victory," and who is under contract to M-G-M, walk up to boss Louis B. Mayer and say: "I work for you but I bet you can't tell who I am. This uniform is the real thing." He was in his Air Corps garb and believe me, he is a handsome lad. For a split second, Mayer smiled and said, "Of course, you are Don Taylor. When are you coming back to work?" I'll say this for L. B.—he's marvelous at a party. He can rhumba with the best of them and never misses a dance.

Being a reporter as well as a hostess, I watched Van Johnson and Sonja Henie with special interest. Van doesn't often show as marked a preference for any girl as he has seemed to for Sonja. I can't say they were left with much privacy. Everytime they started to move toward a table for two, or a quiet spot, someone hailed one or the other.

Among the players who have captured the interest of this magazine and who was also a guest, was Dane Clark who, 'tis said, will be given all the John Garfield roles at Warners'. I must admit he is one of the newcomers I do not know very well—but we had a nice talk and I noticed none of the cockiness and brashness of which he has been accused.

Hurd Hatfield brought Pat Kirkwood, the British actress, and I understand this is a real romance.

Anne Baxter, with her hand all done up in a black satin bandage with sequins, of all things, was escorted by Dick Dickstein, a Hollywood agent. I quickly looked to see whom John Hodiak brought—but Anne's former love was all by his lonesome. Talk is that he is still in love with Anne.

Bill Eythe, who carried the torch for this Baxter girl for so long, was all devotion to Margaret Whiting at the party. I shouldn't be

(Continued on page 62)



FOR A THRILLING DATE WITH BEAUTY

Give Yourself  
a Lovely

# ENCHANTRESS

## COLD WAVE PERMANENT

**THE TIME:** Only 2 to 3 Hours

**THE PLACE:** In Your Own Home  
at YOUR Convenience

**THE GIRL . . .** With the Pretty Curl  
Is YOU . . . at your loveliest

Enchanting is as ENCHANTRESS does . . . so if you want your hair to be at its enchanting best—give yourself a lovely ENCHANTRESS Cold Wave at home . . . at your convenience. It's so amazingly simple and easy . . . so quick—only 2 to 3 hours . . . and ever so flatteringly natural! Why, all you do is put your hair up in ENCHANTRESS curlers, dab each curl with ENCHANTRESS Quick-Cold-Wave solution, then simply go about tidying up your home or doing other household chores—and in no time at all, the enchantment of lovely, natural looking curls and waves is yours to enjoy for months to come! And when your friends exclaim, "How exquisitely lovely! Is that a \$20 permanent?" you can say with real pride, "I did it myself!"

★

Pure, mild ingredients enable Enchantress to provide waves and curls suited to safeguard the youthful softness of your little girl's hair.



**Enchantress Home Wave Kit Includes Everything You Need from Start to Finish**

*all for* \$ **1.98**  
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Your ENCHANTRESS Home Wave Kit is in a class by itself! It's a truly professional-type home-kit . . . the only one which includes every cleansing and beautifying aid important to perfection in hair grooming . . . from shampoo to wave set in addition to Cold Wave Permanent ingredients identical to those used by better beauty shops and cosmeticians for expensive Cold Waves.



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If I am not delighted and thrilled with results my money will be refunded. I understand price already includes tax which you pay.

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# neither hail nor sleet

... WINTER WEATHER CAN'T COARS

YOUR COMPLEXION IF IT'S PRO

TECTED WITH CREAMS AND LOTIONS. HERE'S

AN ARTICLE THAT BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD NEWS OF FROST-TIME

SKIN CARE. • BY CAROL CARTER

■ If Jack Frost has been doing harsh things to your complexion, take lessons from the movie stars who know how to make the gruff old fellow sit up and purr. The film darlings know that a cracked, dry or chapped face doesn't look glamorous in a movie close-up. So, in Hollywood, face creams and lotions are as popular as Academy Oscars.

A creamy lotion is grand for quick clean-up jobs. Doused on cotton, it skims off soil and faded makeup in less time than it takes to describe. Good news for working lassies. The other soil chasers are the two kinds of cleansing cream—liquefying and the cold cream type. Liquefying cream melts on the skin and the dirt slides off with a flick of a tissue. It's best for average or oily skinned girls. And, children, it's intended solely for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or powder base. Cold cream keeps its solid consistency, and picks up the dust and makeup somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks.

Emollient or night creams are designed for but one purpose . . . to make your skin smooth as Sinatra's crooning. They're especially welcome for complexions that are rough and red, or tender and super-sensitive.

And if your one-time peaches and cream complexion has turned muddy and just generally discouraged looking, you'll be happy to learn about bleach creams. They *(Continued on page 83)*

Face winter with a daisy-fresh complexion.  
Joan Leslie's in "Too Young To Know," but she  
knows the importance of skin care!







Hold this moment softly in your hands...this moment so dear, so near to heaven.

And be glad your hands are such an endearing part of you—kept lovely by Trushay.

Creamy, flower-scented Trushay is different from other hand lotions.

Use it to give your hands a fragrant

softness. But use Trushay, too, in a special way...the "beforehand" way. Before you wash a dish, before you tub a garment, smooth on Trushay. It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

Remember always to use Trushay... whenever, wherever you need it.

# TRUSHAY

The  
"Beforehand"  
Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



# poll winners

## 1945!

■ It's really very simple how we work it, our MODERN SCREEN Poll. See, no strings, no wires, just you, our readers, licking a three-cent stamp and making stars out of people. As you've noticed, each month we run a little box in the magazine headed "FREE OFFER!" where we ask you, pretty please, to list the names of stars you'd like to read about in future issues. And that's all there is to it. But after you've done your stint, well, that's where the tough job begins—tabulating your thousands of votes. Because after all returns are assembled (and with over 1,500,000 readers, that's quite a job) results go to eds Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen, who mull over the durned thing for frenzied weeks and then calmly hand out assignments to our Hollywood writers on the very people you fans have shown you want to read about.

What could be neater? You spot an actor, wing the info on to us and we go about our business of satisfying your curiosity on when, where and especially, *who*. Which explains how come MODERN SCREEN was the first magazine to spot Van Johnson and June Allyson and Pete Lawford when they were only gleams in Metro's casting department's eye.

As you've read in Al Delacorte's editorial on page 21, we threw a very gala, very big party for our top 50 poll stars at Louella Parson's home, with all the inside dope—and pictures, 8 pages of 'em—reported to you on pages 24 to 31 in this issue. We hope you like the pictures, we know you love the stars. And just to give you a clear-cut idea of exactly who is leading the poll and who our honored guests were, here is a list of the 50 top people on the MODERN SCREEN poll for 1945.

- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1—Van Johnson      | 26—Clark Gable      |
| 2—Frank Sinatra    | 27—Jeanne Crain     |
| 3—June Allyson     | 28—Dick Haymes      |
| 4—Alan Ladd        | 29—Roy Rogers       |
| 5—Peter Lawford    | 30—Margaret O'Brien |
| 6—Robert Walker    | 31—Ronald Reagan    |
| 7—Dana Andrews     | 32—Gene Kelly       |
| 8—Tom Drake        | 33—Judy Garland     |
| 9—Guy Madison      | 34—Bob Hutton       |
| 10—Gregory Peck    | 35—Ingrid Bergman   |
| 11—Cornel Wilde    | 36—Diana Lynn       |
| 12—Dennis Morgan   | 37—Elizabeth Taylor |
| 13—Lon McCallister | 38—Roddy MacDowall  |
| 14—Dane Clark      | 39—John Hodiak      |
| 15—Lana Turner     | 40—Kurt Kreuger     |
| 16—Lauren Bacall   | 41—Joseph Cotten    |
| 17—Shirley Temple  | 42—William Eythe    |
| 18—Betty Grable    | 43—Gloria DeHaven   |
| 19—Bing Crosby     | 44—Sonny Tufts      |
| 20—John Payne      | 45—Tommy Dix        |
| 21—Turhan Bey      | 46—Jerome Courtland |
| 22—Helmut Dantine  | 47—Hurd Hatfield    |
| 23—Bob Mitchum     | 48—Mark Daniels     |
| 24—Esther Williams | 49—Richard Jaeckel  |
| 25—Don Taylor      | 50—Richard Crane    |

## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

at all surprised if this isn't a marriage—proving that falling in love with Anne isn't fatal—even if John Hodiak does think so.

Peter Lawford, who is crowding every poll for top honors, sat with Keenan and Evie Wynn. Lawford seems to occupy the place in the Wynns' friendship once held by Van Johnson. Van spoke to his former pals cordially enough, but they did not sit together at dinner.

An eyeful, believe me, was Jeanne Crain, who had on one of the brightest green dresses I have ever seen—and one of the smartest. Only a gal with Jeanne's perfect coloring, clear skin and reddish hair, would have dared to have worn such a color—but on her it looked terrific. She was with Rory Calhoun—and if you ask me—he's the boy to watch in the Crain romantic sweepstakes.

Claudette Colbert started tests for her new picture, "Thanks God, I'll Take It From Here" the next day, so she and Dr. Joel Pressman, who is just out of uniform, didn't stay very long. Claudette told me that as soon as she finishes this movie she'll go to New York for a three months' vacation with her husband. Brother, does she hate the title of the movie—and I'm betting it will be changed.

I'll let you in on something: A part has been written for me in Claudette's movie and by the time this appears in print, I'll probably be emoting before the cameras!

But right now, the blue feather on Ann Sothorn's chapeau was claiming more of my attention than my approaching screen career. Annie was dead tired, having come straight from her radio show with her good looking husband, Robert Sterling. Yep, he's another one of our good actors just out of uniform and ready to report back to M-G-M.

Betty Hutton, in a stunning black dress and still radiant with happiness, arrived late with her bridegroom, Ted Briskin. "This is the first party we've been invited to as Mr. and Mrs.," Betty whispered, "and I'm so glad it's a big affair!" Betty is still showing Ted off and admits without a blush she thinks he is the handsomest man she ever saw.

Another very handsome gent, Dana Andrews, was nice enough to tell me that my party looked like fairyland after the bitter cold he and the "Canyon Passage" unit had gone through up in Oregon. "Everybody kidded the socks off me playing the big outdoor type when my blood is so thin I really needed long red underwear," Dana laughed.

Young Guy Madison who, that day, had been given his discharge from the Navy and who has a contract with David Selznick coming up, couldn't keep the big smile off his face. Guy made only one film, "Since You Went Away," before he went into the service—but what a hit he was.

"Rockie" Cooper, Gary's stunning wife, who is easily one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, kept looking for Gary, who was constantly being dragged away to be photographed. Gary, good natured as always, left

his dinner time after time and posed with the guests—among them Andrew Jergens, head of the Woodbury Company (plug) and the man who pays my radio salary.

In the (by this time) throng, I saw Robert Walker just briefly. He doesn't look very happy and I don't believe he stayed very long. Ida Lupino and Helmut Dantine came together and stuck like glue. Yes, he has buried the torch he carried so long for his former wife, Gwen Anderson, and now seems madly in love with Ida.

When I finally spotted cute little Diana Lynn with Henry Willson, I felt like asking her to play the piano—but by this time people were sitting on the piano.

Maria Montez, breathless as usual, kept saying over and over to everyone she spoke to, "I am very busy these days. I'm having a baby and starting a picture." Well, that's enough to keep anybody occupied!

The Dick Haymes' are certainly the quietest guests I ever had under my roof—or should I say, my tent? Since their reconciliation, they seem more devoted than ever and sat at a table near the dance floor holding hands most of the evening. Dick pulled a very funny crack. Someone asked him if he resented being asked to sing at social affairs. "Nope," retorted Dick, "but sometimes the guests do!"

The Robert Youngs, who were expecting their fourth child any minute, startled everyone by saying that Mrs. Young would probably drive straight from the party to the hospital! They were kidding, of course, because the little girl came a week later.

One of the most distinguished and interesting guests of them all was Major Thatch who came with Commander and Mrs. Milton Bren. He was on the battleship Missouri with General MacArthur when the Japanese signed the peace terms, and his description of the defeated warriors held us spellbound. Darryl and Virginia Zanuck and Elsa Maxwell hung on to his every word. In fact, Elsa later described it all on her radio show.

The Nicholas Schencks came with Joseph Schenck which meant that the big boss of M-G-M and the big boss of 20th Century-Fox were present and having a happy evening. So were Sam Goldwyn and his charming wife, Walter Wanger, Mervyn LeRoy and Jack Benny with his Mary.

David Selznick, who never fails to arrive late, came just as the orchestra was playing "Home Sweet Home." Well, maybe Anita Colby, the glamor girl who is fashion director for David, told him about the party. She came with Noel Busch, magazine writer.

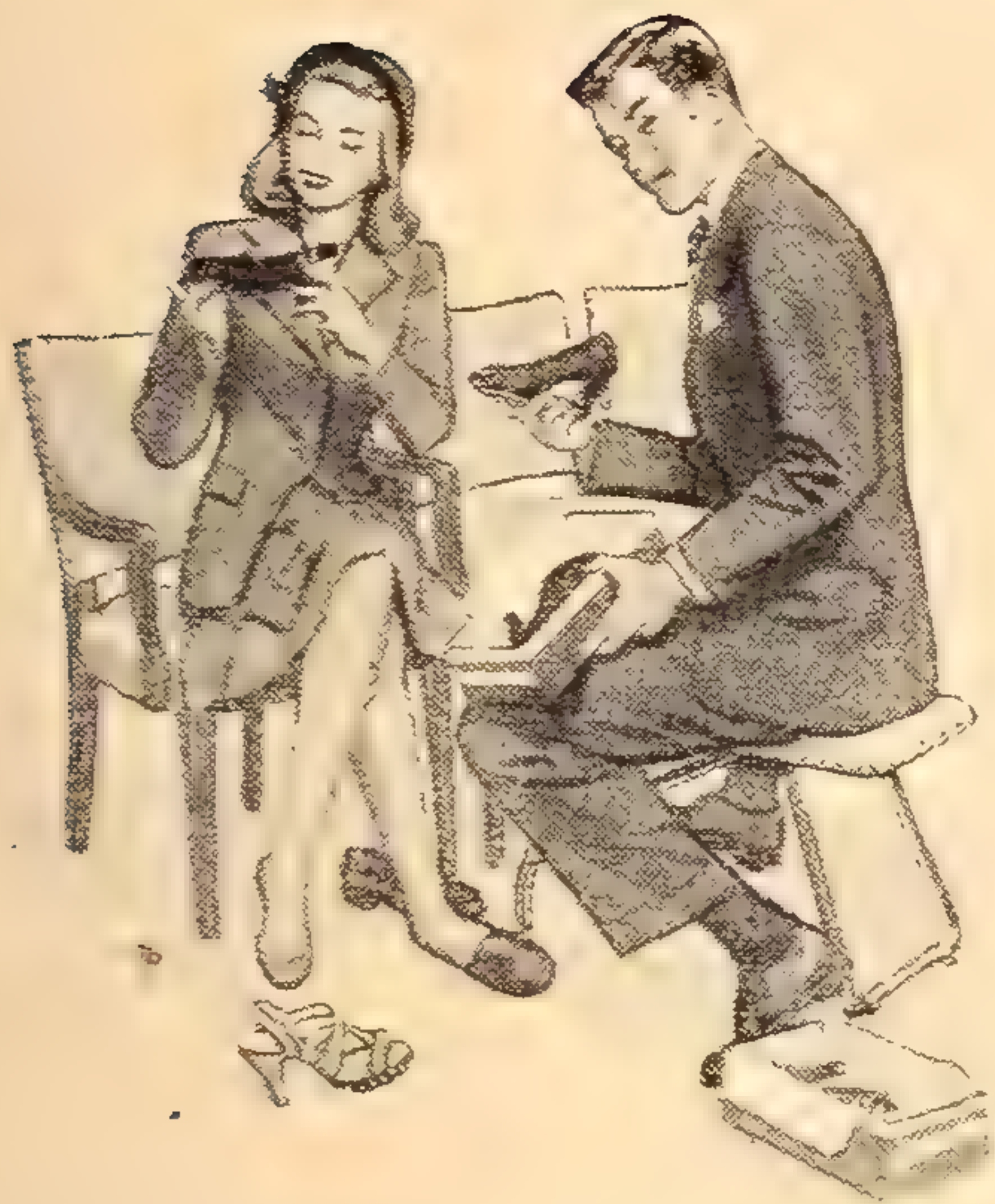
At two o'clock in the morning, when the crowd had begun to thin out, I was a tired but pleased gal.

Hollywood had just said a big "Hello" to the Delacortes and all their poll-winning stars in a way that made me very happy. Wish you all could have been with us.

But, anyway, please continue to write me letters. I love to hear from you.



# Are you in the know?



## How to belittle a too-big foot?

- ☐ Wear shoes with instep interest
- ☐ Choose cut-out toes
- ☐ Shun fussy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those special *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!



## Is this the technique for a—

- ☐ Water wave
- ☐ Pin curl wave
- ☐ Finger wave

*You, too*, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut... wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. *Now, Kotex contains a deodorant.* Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.



## Do you think she's carrying a—

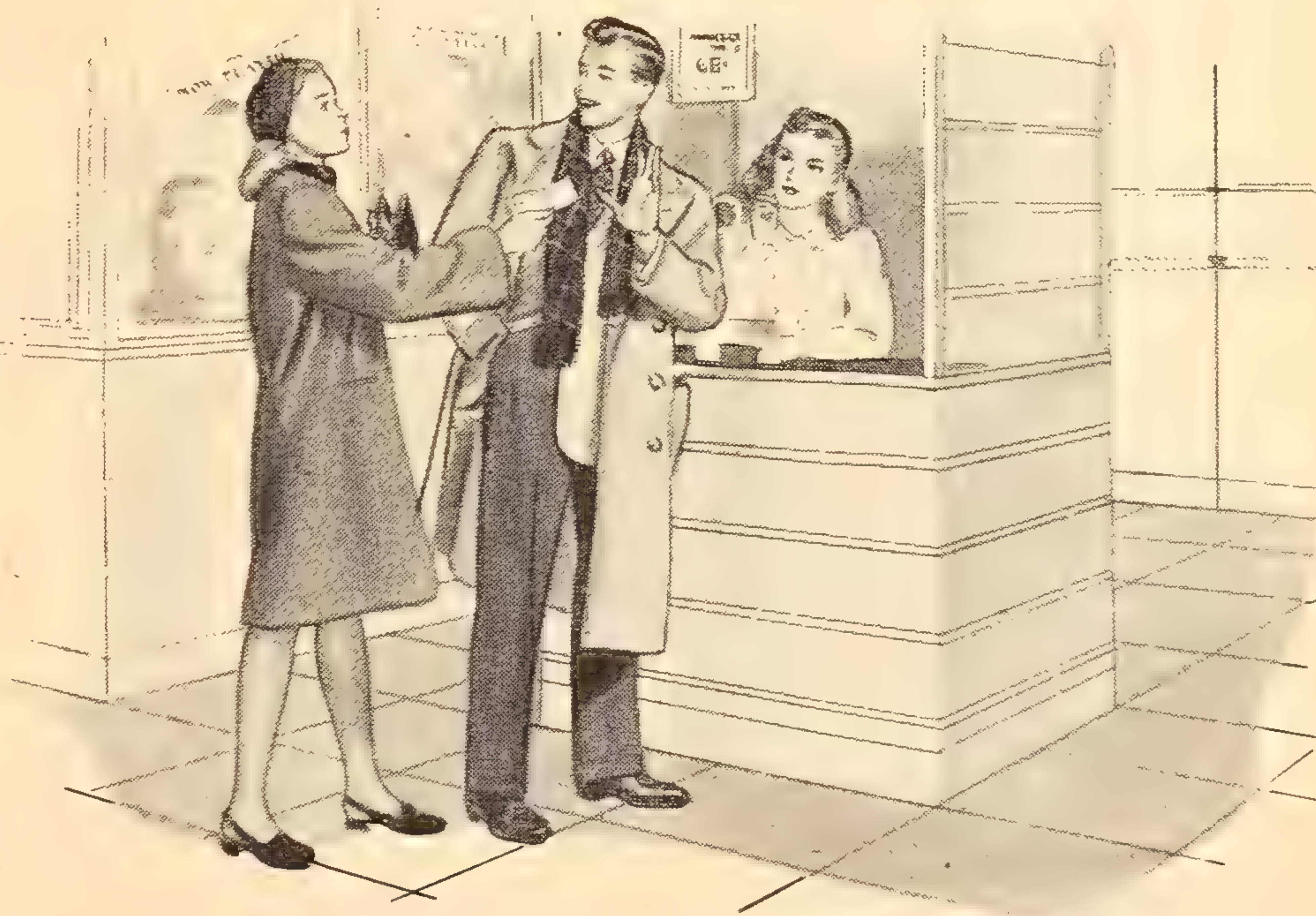
- ☐ Ditty bag
- ☐ Knitting bag
- ☐ Bicycle bag

Grand carry-all for those umteen gadgets you're always cramming in your purse. A large charge—the bicycle bag! No need to wait for cycling weather. You can tote this high-wide-and-handsome job practically anywhere, right now. And *any day*, you can be carefree, confident—when you have the *plus* protection of Kotex. You're confident for you know Kotex has a special *safety center* that won't betray you. It keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. You're assured because you're safe—with this exclusive Kotex feature.

## Should you let him pay your way if—

- ☐ It's a pre-arranged date
- ☐ You meet unexpectedly
- ☐ You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—*unless* it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. And you're free from bunching... roping!



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National Chairman  
Sister Elizabeth Kenny  
1945 Appeal

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Enclosed is \$..... for the Sister Elizabeth  
Kenny Foundation 1945 Appeal.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

17

## FAIRY TALE FOR JUNE

(Continued from page 37)

bered were those smiling, pathetic eyes. "Don't ask me what it is, I don't know myself," I said. "But the girl has something—"

So after that many months went by, and the whole girl slipped my mind. There was no reason for her to stay there. Nobody talked about her, certainly nobody raved about her. Many little girls come on the lot and go quietly away, and you don't even know if they came or went. Only with June, God put His finger in. And it could be that Junie helped Him a little—

Now I have to interrupt myself to tell you something I believe. You hear it said, this producer discovered that one or the other. A producer never discovered anybody. It's God who pushes you.

Well, we started to work on a script called "Two Girls and a Sailor" for Judy Garland and Kathryn Grayson. My writers kept asking: "What happens if Garland and Grayson are busy?" Writers worry, you know—maybe still more than producers—

I said: "Don't worry. God never miscast a picture yet—"

"Then who miscasts them?"

"Producers," I told them. So all right, they were very nice about it, they probably thought Pasternak's a little screwy or he makes a joke, and we go ahead.

At the same time I was doing "As Thousands Cheer," with an all-star cast. I remember we wanted to use Bob Crosby's band, and I said to George Sidney, my director: "If only we could get a couple of young kids to sing with the band—"

And George said: "Yes, it would be nice—"

As I walked out of the commissary that day, somebody bumped into me, but so hard that I had to hold myself from falling over. All I heard behind me was this little out-of-breath voice—"Oh, I'm so sorry—" and I turned around and there she stood, and I remembered her from New York and I remembered the test. But already she looked different. In the test she was a little girl with flat-heeled shoes, frightened to death. Now her hair was different, her smile was different, and she wasn't so frightened any more, even when she said excuse me—

I thought to myself, "Well, wait a minute—" And then who came walking over? Gloria De Haven. And they looked awfully cute together—

I said, "You kids are in 'Best Foot Forward?'"

They said, "Yes, we are—" like a chorus, and I said thanks very much and found George and told him we had two girls.

found: two sisters . . .

Then we come to the day when they're shooting the scene, and all of a sudden it flashes through my head—there they are! If we have any trouble casting the other picture, here are my two sisters! I rushed up quick and brought my writers down. I said, "Look!" and they looked—

"Aha!" they said. "We knew it all the time. You never intended to use Garland and Grayson—"

"Wait. Don't say I never intended. I only say, if we have any trouble, here are the sisters—"

So of course we had trouble. Judy and Grayson went into other pictures, and I'm left with my idea. Maybe you'll ask, how can he take a girl whom he knows only from a bad test and put her in a big production? But, well, call it a hunch—

And this is where Louis B. Mayer comes in. I went to him, I said: "Here's my idea, and I think we should take a chance—"

And he not only approved, he appreciated. How many others would do the same?

All right, I have the green light from Mr. Mayer, but I also have a policy. I don't like to tell people something before I'm absolutely sure. Because too many heads are broken by rash statements, which later you have to cancel—maybe even for their own good. So I brought my problem to a lady on this lot who deserves a lot of credit—Lillian Burns.

Lillian coaches our young talent, and is kind enough to act for us as a sounding board. "Let me read the script with them," she said. "I'll tell them it's just for practice or something—"

which part for June . . .

I wait and wait, and finally she calls me. "They're both good. I don't think you can go wrong with them. Would you like to have them read for you?"

I said, "No, I'm afraid they'll be nervous. We'll go ahead with the tests—"

So she tells the girls, and now the suspense is on. The studio thinks the dramatic part should go to Gloria. I don't agree. I feel Gloria is the more flirty-girly type and June is more quiet.

Meantime, Lillian works on both parts with both girls, and she agrees with me. And every time June meets me on the lot it's always the same question. "Which part am I going to play?"

"All I can tell you is, you'll be in the picture. Isn't that enough?"

"Yes, it's enough," she kept on saying but I knew it wasn't.

Anyhow, we made the tests the way the studio wanted. Strangely enough, Gloria was very good as Patsy too, but June was not very good in the flirty part. Which convinced me that I was right in the first place. And being 100 percent convinced I was able to get the parts reversed.

The privilege of telling June I gave to Miss Burns, because I thought she deserved it. Her office is a mile away, but knowing the time June was supposed to go in, I could almost hear her yelling. Maybe I imagined it. When she came to me, she was still laughing and crying that she didn't believe it. . . .

"All right," I said. "Now I want to ask you two questions. In the commissary that day—did you bump into me on purpose or was it an accident?"

To that, I didn't get an answer. But the second question, "Was there anything wrong with playing the other part?" she answered very clearly.

"Nothing wrong. Only my heart was set on Patsy, and I couldn't concentrate—"

"But now you're happy, right? Then you have to do something for me. Remember this, June. You're playing a very warm part, and my whole picture depends on you. If you're good, I'm a good producer. If you're bad, I'm a bad producer and not even a genius. So you have stop talking through your nose—"

This she didn't expect. But when she looked at me with her serious little face and said, "Oh, I will," I didn't worry any more.

How she played the part, I don't have to tell you, because you told us. And now that we pleased you once, our problem was to go on pleasing you—to find for June other parts where the public will like her. About this I can tell you a story, which shows again how God does things, and how we do them. . . .

I was preparing a picture called "Music for Millions." The director was my old friend, Bobby Koster, who came over to work for M-G-M, thank God. Bobby was



Susan Peters, I want Susan Peters, everybody wants Susan Peters. Junie hears about the story, but she doesn't know who's going to play it. Maybe June Allyson?

I said: "Look, that's for Susan Peters, that's not for you. For you I'm preparing something else—"

She made a sad face. "All right, you'll be sorry." But June is very honest, even when sad, and right away she took it back. "No, you won't, Joe. Susan's a thousand times better."

Then all of a sudden it looked as if Susan couldn't finish another picture in time. I went upstairs and tried to postpone our picture, but it was impossible because too many things didn't co-ordinate. So Susan was out and we had to find somebody else, and finally we came to Donna Reed. Donna's just the girl—sweet, sympathetic, a good little actress, we'll make some tests. But a certain director finds he can't finish with *her* for a certain length of time, and the dickering goes back and forth, and before we know it, Donna's out, too.

romance or realism? . . .

Again Miss Allyson starts woofing with a faraway noise, again I tell her no. But now I'm not so sure, I feel something's haunting this picture. It wasn't, you understand, a question of June's ability, but only should we put her so soon in a dramatic part? When you decide to let Bing Crosby play a priest, you don't decide in a minute, you pray over it. Well, here's a gay little girl who made a hit in a gay little story, and maybe the public won't like her in a piece of realism.

Well, just because who knows what can happen, I asked Mr. Koster to take a look at June. And the minute he looked, the minute he saw those eyes, that face, he said: "That's the girl, that's the girl, that's the girl." Not once—three times. "Let me call her right away—"

I said: "Don't call her and don't tell her, because once you tell her and nothing happens and she doesn't get the part, I don't want to send any flowers to a funeral. Because that's how serious she takes it—"

So I'm running around, trying to find June Allyson, and I hear she's sick, she's home with a cold. I go in to Koster. "You're still sure you want Junie?" He's still sure. "Now you want to see something? Come into my office—" We go in, I pick up the phone, thinking I'm going to tell June something very new—

"Hello, June, how are you?"

She can hardly talk, she croaks. But she doesn't even answer me how she is—not I'm fine or I'm sick or how are you?—no—"Am I going to play the part?"

I put Bobby on the phone and let him tell her, but I listened, too. Comes a silence for I don't know how long, then a whisper: "Thank you, oh thank you—I'll be good—you'll see—"

The doctor told her she should stay in bed yet a week. I ask her when she thinks she can come in. "Tomorrow," she says.

Well, tomorrow I wouldn't let her come, but on Saturday she was in, sniffing and trying on her clothes.

Sometimes people ask me, what is it about June? They feel it, the same as I felt it that time on the stage and with the bad test, and now I think I put my finger on it.

Every ten years or so a personality comes up like Janet Gaynor came up—always a simple, sweet American girl, who could be Mrs. Maloney's girl or Mrs. Nelson's or Mrs. Greenberg's. Not too beautiful, so she's not being envied like some women, she's being loved for what she is. I think the average American girl feels she can look like June, be like her and get the things she's getting. And the average good American boy would be very happy



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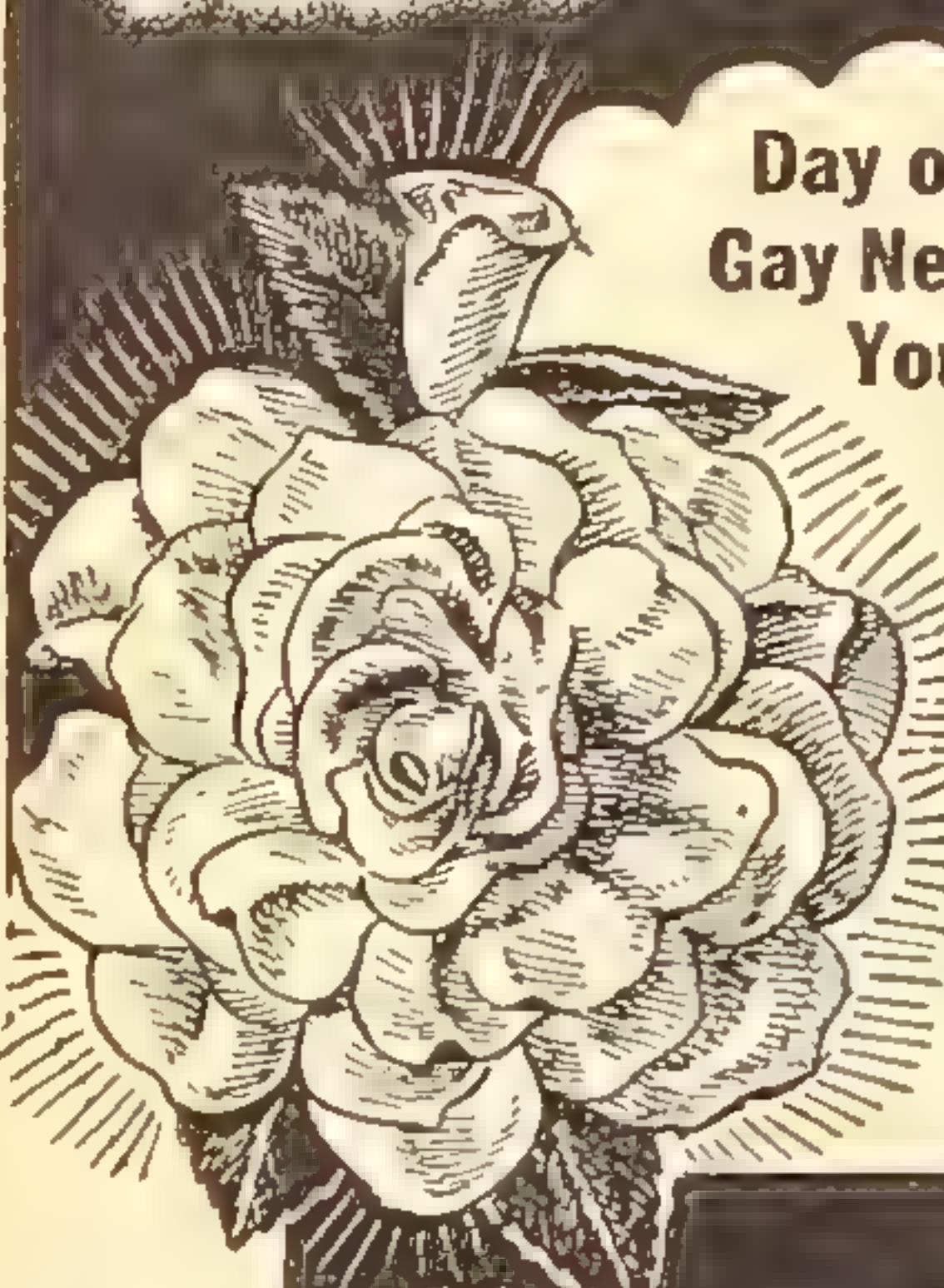
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to find a sweetheart like her. And every American mother and father would be satisfied to have such a girl, or that their boy should bring home such a wife. Which Dick Powell did, God bless him.

For me, she represents a certain idea which is very close to my heart. I love America. I believe our way of life is a wholesome and a clean one. When we made the Durbin pictures, I tried to put across this very same idea. With June, I feel I can express the same idea through her warmth and honesty and courage—which is the spirit of the average American girl.

You know that June was crippled for four years, and the doctors said she'd never walk again. Due to her own courage, she walked again and danced and became a movie star. That's what gave me the thought of "Her Highness and the Bell-boy." That, and a fan letter which I received about "Thrill of a Romance." To me, fan letters are very important. They come from people who see my pictures, and without these people I'd have to stop making pictures. And from some of them come very sweet and sincere thoughts...

love on a budget...

As with this girl, for instance, who wrote—maybe I don't tell it in the exact words, because my English I didn't learn in American schools—but this was the idea: "Can't you make once a picture that a girl and a boy on thirty dollars a week could be happy, too? Not always big hotels and all the glamorous way to live. Because I am very much in love with a boy who makes thirty a week, and I know we are going to be happy—"

So we made a fairy tale, which is also real, and I'll tell you why. Because life is full of fairy tales. Our sophisticated people—which we have so few, thank God—don't believe it. But in the majority we do, otherwise we couldn't exist. Isn't June Allyson's life a fairy tale? Or General Wainwright's story?—with a very dark chapter but also the strength and heart to live through to a happy ending. Didn't they think MacArthur was crazy when he said, "I'll be back—" I'm sure Mr. Henry Kaiser didn't come in the world with a Liberty ship in his mouth, and God had to show Roosevelt the hard way to be president. If I believe nothing else, I believe this—there is always faith and hope. And if you can inject them through the medium at your disposal, then it's your duty and privilege to do so...

Now I brought the train off the track a little, so we'll blow the whistle and go back to June. If you ask me what kind of girl she is, she's the same kind of girl as in pictures. In the head, she's a little older than her age, with great judgment for what she wants from life—more so than a lot of people with more experience. She is one of the most conscientious girls where money is concerned. For others, she is generous. But to spend on herself, she first has to think twice.

One day she came to me. "Joe, all my life I dreamed of one luxury—a mink coat. Do you think I should buy it?"

I said: "Why not?"

"Well, I don't want to be a glamor girl—"

"Don't worry," I said, "you'll never be one—"

"And it costs so much—" She took a paper and pencil and began to figure that in New York she would have to work 36 weeks or something to save that much.

"You're not in New York," I said, "and you didn't take the money from someone, you worked for it hard. If your dream is a mink coat, my opinion is that you earned the right to your dream—"

She bought the coat, and the newspapers spoiled her pleasure by saying Dick gave it to her. This happened last Christmas

and June got so mad that she gave the coat back. Now Dick bought her one for a wedding present, which is better. Because she loves it three times as much—once for the coat, and twice for Dick.

Another thing. Junie is small, and she looks as if you have to protect her. But she's also wise. If she never proved it before, she proved it by her actions when she fell in love with Dick Powell.

All of us who knew her had to be dumb or blind not to realize that she's in love. We asked no questions, and Junie gave no answers.

Then she was ready, and then she told me. Notice, she told—not asked an opinion. It was her business and Dick's business—nobody else's. I was happy that she didn't ask. But if Junie had asked, I would have said: "Do whatever you feel in your heart to do—" And this she was wise enough to know, without asking somebody.

People ask, are movie stars always changed by success? The answer is no. As many as it spoils, just as many it leaves unspoiled. In June, I see only one change. She's so much prettier than she used to be, she's lighted up with a light that doesn't come from any marquee, but from the happiness of loving and being loved.

Soon I hope to do another picture with her, but the name is a secret. Because with June I discovered one very important thing. Though in certain ways she is so mature, in other ways she is like a child, and to a child you must never be careless with words or break a promise. She will take this story and probably not believe any of the nice things I told about her, but the name of the picture she'll believe as a word of honor.

One promise I made her, and it was a pleasure to keep it. Whenever we're starting a picture, before the first shot we take a long table, fill it up with glasses, and everyone drinks to the picture in a glass of champagne. Then I break my glass, as they used to do in old Europe, when they drank to the king.

Well, on "Two Girls from Boston," June didn't work the first day, so I promised to break a glass with her at the end of the picture. On the last day, she worked only with Peter Lawford. I brought the champagne and poured it into three glasses—

June said: "To the picture—"

But Peter and I had at once the same idea. We lifted our glasses and said: "To Mrs. Richard Powell—" and after we drank, I broke the glass.

You remember I once told June Allyson she'll never be a glamor girl. But in that moment, no glamor girl ever looked more beautiful than Dick Powell's wife.

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was a rainy evening in July, when my friends and I were walking along Fifty-Second Street. We passed a restaurant and a short, stocky gent wearing a straw hat came out. He walked over to us and said, "Don't mind the big

stiff that's following me, he's drunk." When he walked away a tall, thin man wearing the same type of clothes came over to us and said "Hi girls, nice night," while we walked on. Later, when we passed the Winter Garden Theater, we saw those two self-same men peering out at us from a poster, captioned "Olsen and Johnson in 'Laughing Room Only.'"

Estelle Feldman  
New York, N. Y.



## MY BUDDY

(Continued from page 47)

good news to, clear across the whole continent, was me.

That's the way it's been with Buddy and me, always and all along. That's why I know him and love him like I do and always will. We've spent the happiest hours of our lives together—and our saddest ones, too.

I'll never forget the day our Mother died. Bud and I were learning to act at Reginald Goode's summer stock company in Clinton Hollow, New York. I'd tagged along when Buddy decided to be an actor. As usual, what he wanted to do became my dearest wish, too. We were just kids then, I was 18 and Buddy 17, living with a bunch of other stage-dizzy kids like ourselves in a boarding-house.

### double heartbreak . . .

I was home alone that afternoon when the phone call came. Buddy was at afternoon rehearsal. The news stunned me. Mother hadn't even been ill. First came the awful thought, "Now Buddy and I are orphans," because our father had died only shortly before. Then the second pang struck me, more for Buddy than myself. How he would miss her! How much there was of her in Buddy. How close they'd been. I couldn't tell him news like this over a telephone. Still, I knew we would have to leave that night for New Rochelle. That might upset Mr. Goode's plans. I called him.

"Please don't tell Buddy," I begged him. "Just let him go on as if nothing had happened." He promised.

By the time Buddy rolled up in the bus, I had had my tears. I wasn't crying. I thought there was nothing to betray my anguish. I planned to break the news softly. I was even smiling.

Buddy bounced up the stairs, laughing. But the minute his eyes met mine he stopped dead, as if he'd been shot. His face froze and turned white. "Something terrible has happened," he said. "Mother has died." I burst into new tears. "Come on, Claire," he said quietly, "let's go home."

I still hadn't said a word. But words between Buddy and me have never been necessary.

That's why I've always thought the greatest performance Buddy ever gave was the time our father left us. I suppose Buddy felt about me with Daddy as I'd felt about him and Mother. He knew how close we'd been, how I worshipped the ground he walked on. I knew he was ill, in the hospital. But they didn't tell me when he died and Buddy was determined that I should be spared the prolonged grief.

There were two whole days until the funeral. All that time Buddy knew and I didn't. That's a pretty long performance—forty-eight hours—but Buddy never faltered. I never saw him so merry and gay, so much fun to be with. It was a wonderful act, because underneath his heart was in pieces.

Buddy's act was a triumph, because I never even suspected anything was wrong until an hour before the funeral, when Mother told me to get dressed.

That was how Buddy and I became orphans, tragically early in our lives. And perhaps that's why, like the Babes in the Wood, we huddled together instinctively.

After Mother died, a relative was appointed our guardian and there was a family meeting. When Buddy and I arrived, the plans were made. Our guardian explained them. I was to go north to Syracuse and live with my aunt. And there would be a job for Buddy with Bethlehem Steel Company in Pennsylvania.

# Pond's

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My heart dropped to my toes and tears welled up in my eyes. But Buddy wasn't even looking at me. His jaw tightened and he said, "No."

Legally, he hadn't a leg to stand on. We were both minors and we could have been forced to obey the plans of our appointed guardian. But while Buddy's voice was low, it was absolutely firm.

"I'm going back to the stock company," Buddy said, "and Claire's going with me." We drove back to Clinton Hollow that night—and from that minute until I married, Buddy and I were never apart.

Because we were a team then, too, in everything we did, right from the start. We shared the same nursery at the big Dutch Colonial house on Elk Street in New Rochelle and the same Finnish nurse, Mary, who had both of us speaking Finnish before we could make sense in English.

animal kingdom . . .

And I remember, when we were just moppets, we developed a mutual craze for cats. Dogs were welcome at home—both Mother and Daddy loved them—and the names "Jeff," "Missy," "Annie," "Stony" and "Laddie" can always bring mixed memories of laughs and heartaches to both Tom and me. But an old orange alley cat we'd dragged home and ecstatically hugged gave Buddy the worst case of impetigo the neighborhood had known and Mother put her foot down.

That, of course, didn't change our deep feelings on the subject, and one day at a church bazaar, Mother turned us loose very unwisely with a dime spending money apiece. The first thing Buddy and I spied on our rounds was an auction. And up under the hammer was the cutest inky black kitten in the whole world. We stared and then looked at each other. "Let's buy that kitty," said Tom. I nodded. "Yes, let's." I always did think he had the most wonderful ideas.

We stepped up to the booth. "One penny," said Buddy. There was a roar from the crowd. Somebody bid "two cents" with a laugh, and I chirped right up,

"Three pennies!"

"Four cents."

"Five pennies—a whole nickel," cried Buddy.

"Six!"

I shouted, "Seven pennies!" recklessly. It went on up.

"Two nickels," cried Buddy and the hammer went down. "Sold to the young man for two whole nickels, one dime," laughed the auctioneer. When Mother saw our prize, she almost swooned, but we got to keep the cat.

There was the time Bud saw a wonderful pedigreed puppy dog, a great Dane, which has always been his favorite breed of dog. The price was \$75, so immediately he started denying himself candy, ice cream and other luxuries. But it took a long, long time, because \$75 to us was a huge sum. By the time Christmas came along Buddy had \$30 saved up for his dog. But he saw a quilted satin bathrobe in a store window that he knew Mother would love. That was the end of the dog dream. But Mother's tears of joy were worth it.

I was always certain that Buddy would grow up and become a millionaire some day—some day maybe he will. Our Dad was a pretty successful business man and even as a kid Buddy started right out as a chip off the block. We had a wooden wagon—as what kids don't—and one day when he was just a little boy, Buddy loaded it up with everything salable he could find in our house—toothpaste, canned goods, soap, potatoes—he practically cleaned out the place. Then he started selling this load around the neighborhood.

Of course, the raid was discovered that night, and while poor Daddy had to make

the rounds of the neighbors, and repair the damage as well as stock up the house again, the incident tickled him.

"If you really want to sell things, Buddy," he told him, "I'll set you up in a real business." He got in touch with the office of a national magazine in New York and arranged for Buddy to sell subscriptions in New Rochelle. And in two years Buddy sold so many subscriptions that the magazine which then had the greatest circulation in America sent a man up to New Rochelle to meet this high-pressure salesman and offer him a job. In two years, Buddy had sold more new subscriptions than any of their salesmen in the U.S.A.! The man almost fainted when he discovered that the unknown whirlwind was a kid less than 12 years old.

In the end Daddy made Bud give all his profits to the Salvation Army because, after all, he felt Buddy had put pressure on our friends. But he was always proud of the way his son came through.

Both our parents always wanted Buddy and me to do things, keep active, enjoy every minute of every day, and with them if possible. Perhaps, because when we were just tiny kids—Tom was five and was six—our sixteen-year-old sister, Monona, died. Monona lives now in Buddy's and my memory as a fragile, lovely and almost unreal princess. She was ill a long time, gradually weakened, and died in the flower of her youth and beauty. Monona was named after the northern lake where Daddy and Mother had spent their honeymoon. To both Buddy and me there is still magic in her memory. I remember when her collie, Laddie, died—after Monona did—Buddy and I and Mother and Daddy buried him reverently in a special pet cemetery up in Connecticut, with a satin-lined coffin and all. Laddie was the last love of Monona's life.

keeping up with brother . . .

I think this shocking loss helped knit our family affections closer than most. We did everything together. The trips up Long Island Sound on excursion boats stand out in my memory and the wonderful days at Saltair, near Fire Island, in the summer. Daddy caught most of the fish, of course, but he'd let Buddy brag when we got back and never expose his fish stories. That's where Buddy learned to swim. Daddy taught him when he was only three years old. He was a regular fish, right from the start, and he still is. I tried to keep up with Buddy in the water, but it just wasn't any use. He was too good. I tried to tag along with Buddy, his other great passion, horseback riding, too, but again I failed. We were galloping along a road one afternoon, when my saddle girth broke. I clutched my horse around the neck desperately, my legs dangling, which only made him bolt all the faster. I was slipping off dangerously close to his flying hooves when Buddy sensed something wrong, looked back and wheeled to my rescue. He stopped the pony just as I slid sobbing to the ground. Then he picked me up and we walked back home. There were no secrets in our family, we told Mother and from then on Buddy rode alone. As we'd always thought the Monona's illness came from a riding fall I never blamed Mother and Daddy for keeping me off horses from then on.

But that was the only family ban. Buddy and I always trotted along with Daddy and Frank, our nurse Mary's Finnish husband, to the baseball games in New York every Saturday afternoon. We'd come home, round up the neighborhood kids and play ball in the yard until the lightning bugs came out. Buddy would be Babe Ruth and I'd be Carl Hubbell, and I was furious because I couldn't grow up, as Buddy swore he was going to, and be a big league



king of swat. I should have taken a lesson from Mother. She never let her sex stop her from doing anything for a minute.

Once, I remember, we went up into the Adirondacks for a Christmas vacation. Buddy and I could ski a little and Daddy was pretty good. Mother determined to learn if it killed her—and it almost did. She tumbled head over heels on the icy snow, slammed into trees and tangled her legs in every possible obstacle on the mountains. She was middle-aged then and not physically rugged at all. But she got up every time, grinning and swearing. "I'll beat this yet." Finally she did, too—although she was black and blue for days.

Buddy inherited his spunk and determination to win out from her. As a boy he was undersized, actually tiny. Today Bud's a six-footer, but he didn't start to grow until very late and even at 17 I was as tall as he was, a fact which was very mortifying to Buddy. One of the few times he really looked as if he'd love to beat me to a pulp was the time, when he was 13, that I caught him smoking a cigarette.

"Oh, oh," I heckled, "you oughtn't do that, Buddy. You'll stunt your growth."

"I'm bigger than you are!" he cried, his face turning dark with anger.

I teased. "Prove it."

He couldn't prove it, of course, and that made him madder. And it made him drag away all the more recklessly. I ended up making him let me smoke one, too. Pretty soon both of us were too dizzy to be very mad.

They'd call Buddy "shrimp" or "tiny" or "dink" at school and whenever they did it was a fight. Poor Buddy was always showing up back home with black eyes and a claret stained nose. Because, while most of his school mates towered above him, they didn't scare him one bit.

spunky shrimp . . .

But the very spunk that messed up his face most of the time made Buddy a popular kid at school. His size was a challenge to excel, so he knocked himself out at baseball, handball, football—and he was good. Not as good as in the water, but good enough to win the respect of his pals—and the girls, too. Buddy always had a gallery of females.

Buddy went to Iona, a Catholic boys' school, and I attended a convent in New Rochelle. We weren't of Catholic faith, but our parents respected the brothers and sisters as teachers. Half the time I was hanging around Iona with some smitten little neighborhood chick, breathlessly watching Buddy play handball or hockey. We gazed devotedly at every move he made and did the sub-deb version of a swoon. That made him knock himself out all the more, because even then, Buddy liked an audience.

I always thought Buddy was the handsomest boy in New Rochelle, and I certainly wasn't the only one. He had a mop of chestnut hair that was always curling down over his eyes, which were a sparkling brown, with those sweeping lashes that always seem to be wasted on boys. Like all of us, his eyes tilted up at the corners, "Vanderbilt eyes" people called them.

I can always tell when Buddy is mad, even today, by his eyes. The corners draw back and the skin goes white.

He carried himself straight as a stick, and even though he was small, he had a wiry, athletic figure. And I never knew a boy to take such pride in his clothes. I think the time he was most pleased with himself was the day of his "wedding" to pretty Jimmy Eastman.

Come to think of it, that must have been Buddy's first acting part. He wasn't really married, of course—he was only twelve then. But Jimmy was one of his first

(Continued on page 72)



### ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Think of the improvements that are helping modern mothers raise healthier babies. For instance, wider knowledge of infant nutrition, strict care in sterilizing babies' utensils, and — not the least — the introduction of prepared baby foods.

*Mrs. Ivan Gerber*



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The Vine Street Brown Derby, made famous by film stars who come here for food and fun!



On the walls are gaily done caricatures of your favorite movie stars up to the time military service called favorite artists.

# Dinner at the Derby

■ How would you like to trip over celebrities? To see Frank Sinatra turn the menu this way and that and finally order what he wanted all along anyway—Spaghetti Derby? To watch the Silver and Lux Theater casts—one and all, hero, heroine and villain—troop in on Mondays for refills after rehearsals? To listen to the banter between Bing Crosby and his favorite waiter as waiter Benny tosses a delicious Cobb Salad for him?

You'll find a regular Big Dipper full of stars at any of the three Brown Derbys in Hollywood, especially the Vine Street Restaurant. The other two are on Wilshire, one across from the Ambassador, the other across from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The Vine Street Derby is almost never without somebody exciting. NBC and CBS studios are within easy walking distance so that you get the sound-effects of mobs of radio personalities deciding between Corned Beef Hash and Mexican Tamales. Bing comes here with his guest stars on Thursday nights; Frankie is sure to pop in on Wednesday! After the fights at the Hollywood Stadium, the place is jammed with Turkey Derby fans until guess-what o'clock. Most fun is Sunday at brunch time when the place is like a college town snack shop with movie stars taking the place of sophomores; everyone is relaxed and informal, wearing peasant dresses, slacks, shorts and sport shirts, enjoying Derby specialties.



y Nancy Wood

There is, of course, a reason. The food is glamorized American cooking—home style with added dashes of sherry and clever spicing.

When we asked the Brown Derby, pretty-please to let us have recipes for some of their most popular dishes, they very graciously gave us the following. Since chefs are experts in the pot-and-pan department, they are likely to take it for granted that all of us know just how long certain pie should bake or how much of what is needed to "season to taste." In testing these recipes we took the liberty of suggesting approximate amounts (in those rare cases where not given) and found the resulting dishes delightful.

### COBB SALAD

1 medium size head romaine  
2 head lettuce  
2 bunch watercress  
1 small head chicory  
1 peeled tomato diced  
4 strips crisp bacon, cut fine  
2 avocado, cut in 1/4 inch dice  
1 bunch chives, chopped fine  
3 ounces Roquefort cheese, grated fine  
2 cup finely diced cooked chicken  
1 hard cooked egg, finely chopped  
Place thoroughly chilled chopped mixed greens—romaine, lettuce, watercress and chicory—in bottom of bowl. Arrange remaining diced ingredients in even strips over greens. Cover with French dressing and mix as it is being served. Serves 4.

### HAMBURGER DE LUXE

1/2 pounds lean ground round steak  
1 egg  
1 teaspoon dry or English mustard  
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce  
1 teaspoon salt (or to taste)  
1/2 teaspoon pepper  
1/2 cup chicken broth or consomme  
2 medium size onions  
2 cups tomato sauce  
Mix meat, egg and seasonings thoroughly. Add consomme gradually, blending well. Shape into patties. Brown quickly in fat; finish cooking over low heat. Remove hamburgers from pan and keep hot. Add finely sliced onions to fat remaining in pan. Sauté over low heat until brown. Add tomato sauce and heat thoroughly. Serve with hamburgers.

### TURKEY DERBY

Melt 1 cup flaked, cooked, white meat turkey in 2 or 3 tablespoons butter over low heat until light brown. Place in top of double boiler and add 1 cup light cream, 1/2 tablespoon sherry, or to taste, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 2 slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Serve on patty shells on toast. Garnish with cranberry jelly. Serves 3 or 4.

### SOUR CREAM RAISIN PIE

1/2 cup raisins, cooked  
1/2 cup sour cream  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 tablespoon flour  
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1/2 tablespoon vinegar  
1/2-inch unbaked pie crust  
Soak raisins in enough water to keep them from sticking. When tender, drain, and remaining ingredients and blend thoroughly. Pour into pie crust. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 20 minutes longer, or until set.

MARIE McDONALD, A HUNT STROMBERG STAR, APPEARING IN THE EDWARD SMALL COMPANY PRODUCTION, "GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER"



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(Continued from page 69)

heart-throbs. Her parents lived nearby and one anniversary they gave a big garden party. Jimmy and Buddy were all dressed up to stage a mock wedding tableau.

I can see Buddy now, with his curls slicked back, draped in striped trousers and tiny cutaway, with a huge gardenia in the lapel. And Jimmy all lacy and white and beautiful in her bridal veil, walking down the aisle to "get married." I know Buddy enjoyed every minute of it. Even the ghastly fact that Jimmy towered above him didn't bother him that afternoon.

Buddy had lots of sweethearts and somehow I always managed to work myself in on the romances with a brother or cousin of one of his "wimmen."

#### dreams of glory . . .

It was even that way, later on, with Chris Dunne, who's now separated from Tom. Chris was my pal primarily up at Goode's, a little colt-legged kid of sixteen with a terrible crush on Buddy which I pushed along the best I could and eventually it worked—and how!

I was fit to be tied when Buddy left Iona and entered junior high at New Rochelle. I couldn't understand why my family wouldn't let me attend public school, too. We'd meet, though, every Saturday, as we always had, at the movies.

I don't think our movie craze set any Hollywood ideas buzzing around in Buddy's brain then, although he was a natural born actor from the start. Even as a boy he could mimic anyone to a T; he loved to be the center of the stage with a little group of friends around him—as he still does—and he had a humor and wit, as he still has, that is hard to match.

But if Buddy did have a juvenile eye on the movie world, I can guess the main attractions. Racy motor cars and Great Dane dogs. He used to sit up in his seat at the movie when a shiny Hollywood super roadster swept into the scene or one of the kingly Danes leaped into view. I'm sure he thought every movie star owned scads of both.

We had an old Buick for years until we loved it like a member of the family and Tom has had his present car six years. I suppose we're sort of silly about some things, or maybe you could call it sentimental. I know my brother is sloppily sentimental in a hundred ways and one of the biggest ways is dogs.

The other day when his Great Dane, Sigmund, caught distemper and died, he mourned around the house for a week. It was almost as if one of our family had passed away. Siggy weighed 165 pounds, but he slept every night on Bud's bed like every Dane Buddy ever owned. "Wrinkle" had the same soft spot. "Wrinkle" was the Dane Buddy had when we were in Clinton Hollow. We took him on down to New York during Bud's broke-Broadway-pavement-pounding days and many's the time Buddy and I skipped a meal so "Wrinkle" could eat. And always "Wrinkle" snoozed peacefully away with Bud on a soft mattress, which pleased Bud no end, but at times was rough on his room-mates who were forever moaning about "monsters roaming the dorm."

I have so many marvelous memories of Life With Buddy that it's hard to sort them out and label them. Some of the best cling around our "college days" at Clinton Hollow. That's what they were, really, because Buddy gave up the idea of Princeton when Mary Cary, a New Rochelle girl, with some theatrical experience, assured Bud he was born to act. The slogan of Reginald Goode's summer stock school—"Learn to act by acting," was right up his alley.

I drove him up in Mother's little Dodge and then drove back to New Rochelle. I

had no idea of turning actress myself. But back home alone I got so blue and everything Buddy had ever planned always seemed to fit me so perfectly, too, that I packed right up again and joined him. I called him first and I can still hear his laugh, "Hurry up. I need support."

That's what I was mainly, too: Support. I was the perfect stooge for Buddy throughout our dramatic days. Deep down I was never too serious about a career myself. But I was always backing up Buddy with every ounce of enthusiasm.

With that strictly backer-upper attitude, it's not surprising that I didn't set the dramatic world on fire myself. Oh, I walked around in a part or two that summer, but more often I was Miss Utility Girl.

A lot has already been written about Tom Drake's days in stock, and the Broadway crashing era that followed. There's no point in my reviewing all that again, except to say that as far as Buddy and I were concerned, it was exactly the same story as down in New York. I went there because he did. I tried to fix up the apartment we found on Riverside Drive into something like home—although that was a

#### I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, several stars were scheduled to appear at the military hospital where I am employed. The stars were to have lunch in the mess hall at a given time, and we civilian employees who were fortunate enough to

have a rest period at that time were hovering around the mess entrance, eager for a close-up of the celebrities. A soldier on crutches was standing at the edge of the crowd, patiently awaiting the appearance of his idol. "Gee," he remarked worriedly, to a pretty, dark girl standing nearby, "Dottie Lamour is supposed to be here, but she hasn't shown up yet." "Well," the girl twinkled, "she has now."

"You're Miss Lamour," the embarrassed soldier stammered, looking as though he wanted to pass out—and he almost did!

Charlene McCarroll  
Penryn, Calif.

struggle with the crowd of crazy ex-Clinton Hollowers we ganged with. But my heart was never in my career—only Buddy's. Pretty soon I expanded my interests.

Buddy introduced me to Bob Kennedy. We were having lunch at Walgreen's when this handsome Irish guy walked over. "Bob," said Buddy, "I want you to meet my sister, Claire." That was it. Bob invited us both to a party at his house and we all had dinner afterwards. And not too long afterwards, Bob and I were standing before a preacher up in Greenwich—and Buddy was giving me away.

But not even a home and husband of my own could dim my standing as Number One Rooter for Tom Drake. Bob was a young Broadway agent then and that made show business even more of a family matter. I thrilled with every outside chance Buddy had at a show and when it fizzed out, as did his chance at "Brother Rat," I gloomed miserably. When his first break finally came in "June Night," the tryout debut was in Philadelphia. Buddy phoned.

"Promise you'll come down. I couldn't think of going on without you around."

"Are you crazy?" I flared. "Try and keep me away."

I sat in the front row and suffered, as I had up in summer stock. "That's my brother," I hissed proudly to my seat-neighbor, "isn't he wonderful?"

The drama critics didn't agree—at least not about "June Night." Together we pored over the paper pannings all that night and I was just sick. But Buddy wisecracked about the debacle with all his old spunk. I've never known him to lose his sense of humor over a flop—and Heaven knows he had plenty of opportunity in the fiascos that followed. But I'd always manage to send him a telegram like "Stow that turkey away and we'll have it for Thanksgiving," or "Lay another egg and I'll make you an omelet." I knew he liked that routine far better than sympathy.

Buddy's just as wrapped up in my life by now as I am in his, thank goodness. He and Bob have always hit it off like brothers and I can't imagine a better uncle for my little girls than Uncle Bud. He was in the middle of his first fling at Hollywood when Christopher was on the way, but he flew back for the event. It took three days for Chris to be born and Buddy showed up every half hour on the half hour. By the time she arrived, he had over a hundred names picked out, including his favorite, "Jean." He'd even opened a bank account for the baby in the name of "Jean Kennedy." But Buddy knew he hadn't quite hit the name to please me. So on the third day when we were huddled in the hospital room, Bob, Buddy and me, worn out with waiting, I burst out, "Oh, Christopher Columbus, I wish my baby was here!"

"Christopher!" cried Tom. "How about that?" We all looked at each other and smiled like tabby cats. That was it. Chris arrived promptly and Buddy changed the bank account.

#### bud's family . . .

When Buddy clicked in "Janie" at last and signed the contract that brought him to Hollywood, we were separated seven long months. I could tell from Buddy's letters that he was horribly lonely for his "family." All the fun Hollywood can offer a young bachelor couldn't dull that ache for his own that Buddy always carries with him. I knew that. So the minute Buddy found a house in Beverly Hills big enough to cover our heads, out we trooped, Chris and Casey and I. Uncle Bud jumped with joy and right away started spoiling my girls rotten. He built them a sand slide in back, bought all the toys he could find in the stores, including a giant Dumbo elephant that's twice as big as they are, candy by the box and so many treats of ice cream and suckers that I finally had to put my foot down.

So, if there's one fault I can find in my famous brother, it's generosity. He doesn't care a whoop about holidays and is likely to forget birthdays and anniversaries and even Christmases, but in between he's always thinking about those he loves and how to make them happy. I have boxes of gifts that Buddy has showered me with through the years—jewelry, clothes, book china, silver—all sort of things, all thoughtfully selected and lovely.

But the bracelet I'm wearing now I think I prize as much as any, and I think, too, it rather sums up how I feel about Buddy and how he feels about me. It's just plain silver identification bracelet. But it's perfectly designed, simple and sturdy. There was no occasion, no birthday, holiday or common excuse for the gift. Buddy just had it made and gave it to me one day.

It says—"Claire"—that's all. No fancy dedication, no flowery phrase. When it comes to expressing how we feel about each other, we've never needed words not Buddy and me.



## A CHRISTMAS HE'LL NEVER FORGET

(Continued from page 49)

xteen. And he had a special reason for wanting his parents to be happy:

Except for the war, they'd have been in Monte Carlo. Now there was talk of Bermuda or the Bahamas. Peter had nothing against either. They were lovely places but they weren't Hollywood.

At three, Peter decided to become a movie actor. Dressing up was his favorite occupation. All he ever wanted for Christmas was a makeup box so he could paint himself to look like an Indian brave.

At 7, he was a movie actor, hailed by the British press as England's Jackie Logan. At 9, his career was halted by his parents' decision to travel round the world, stopping for six months here, for a year some place else. Peter was schooled by tutors. He found the four quarters of the globe highly interesting, but never once abandoned his fixed idea: To be a movie actor. Mother had given her word of honor. "When you're 18, you can go back to the movies." Originally, Dad had opposed the whole thing. Knighted for his services in World War I, General Sir Sidney Lawford had assumed that his only son would join his old regiment. But even Dad had yielded to the single-tracked intensity of Peter's ambition.

At 13, he crashed his right arm through a glass door. By a miracle, the arm was saved, but the nerves were permanently injured. Never again could he live in a cold climate. So Mother and Dad took him to California, the Mecca of all his dreams. To Peter, California meant Hollywood and the movies. He got a part in

"Lord Jeff." Then came adolescence, a changing voice and a marked indifference on the part of the studios. Meantime, Mother and Dad hankered for the Riviera.

In Peter's circle, you're not sassy to your parents—even in levity. And you don't argue. When Mother and Dad said, "We've decided to go to Monte Carlo," that was the end of it. Finished.

Passage was booked on the Rex. Meantime they waited in New York. As they waited for the Rex to sail, Hitler's shadow lengthened over Europe. Disquieting letters came from friends. At length Lady Lawford, who'd once been a journalist, heard from a former colleague with unimpeachable sources of information. "I don't know whether you realize that the greatest war in history is about to break. I think you'd be wise to delay your return—"

**long live the king . . .**

Dad cancelled their passage. On September 3rd they stood quietly at the radio, listening to the King declare war against Germany. Peter choked up. Mother let the tears come. "Well, that does it," said Dad gruffly, and turned his back to stare unseeingly through the window.

The bank notified them that all funds from England would be stopped. Dad cabled the London bank and the lawyers. They cabled back that everything was frozen. Sir Sidney would be allowed so much a month and no more. The allowance was a small fraction of their normal income, but to that they could have adjusted themselves. What happens hap-

pens, and you cut your coat to your cloth. And you don't whine. But the trouble was that they couldn't count on what little of the cloth remained. One month the small check would arrive, next month it wouldn't. This threw them off balance.

Meantime, since Peter's arm couldn't be exposed to a New York winter, they'd gone down to Florida, and taken a tiny house in West Palm Beach. Cables were still shooting back and forth, plans were being discussed. Nothing was settled. But there was more and more talk of Bermuda or Nassau. In British-held territory, they could get at their money. There seemed no alternative, because what were they going to live on?

To all this, Peter listened with a sinking heart and a mind torn between conflicting viewpoints. He was young. With the future ahead, having no money didn't bother him much. But what he could accept for himself, he had no right to ask his parents to share. It was pretty tough, after a lifetime of comfort, to submit to an uncertain, meager existence. Especially if you had a choice, and they had. In Nassau, things would be easier . . .

On the other hand, once they quit American soil, how did he know when he'd get back? Especially with a war on. If the war lasted, he'd enlist. Yet, because of his arm, he might be rejected. It was all pretty confusing, and the very confusion kept him clinging to the one thing he was sure of. He had to stay here. Even at the risk of unfairness to Mother and Dad. It wouldn't be too long before







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he could make it up to them.

And so Peter deviated from type and became the family's loyal opposition. He waited till the matter came up for discussion again. Then he butted in—

"If I go, it'll be the end—"

They looked at him, startled. "The end of what, for heaven's sake?"

"There's nothing more disgusting," he continued firmly, "than a young man who lives on his father—"

"That's laudable," said Dad, "but you're a little young to worry about it. You haven't finished your studies yet—"

"When I'm 18, I want to be self-supporting—"

"When you're 18, I'll give you an allowance—"

"No, it's not the same thing. I've got to stand on my own feet. When I'm 18, I've got to start working. The only place for that is Hollywood. If I leave now, it'll be the end—"

His eyes turned to Mother, who'd given her word of honor. She hadn't forgotten. "Of course," she said, "I've got more fur coats than I need. I can always sell them. Or a ring, or a pearl necklace. But they won't last indefinitely, either—"

There, for the time being, they left it.

With all his heart Peter prayed that it should be right for them to stay in America. Lying in bed one night, he thought: "But I shouldn't ask for a miracle. If only we'd stayed in Hollywood! There I could find some job—"

He broached the subject next day with elaborate carelessness. "I could go out and get a job, you know—"

"Of course you could," said Mother. "You could also climb a ladder and bring down the moon—"

"It's not so impossible. Lots of boys who aren't even sixteen find work—"

She could have wept at the earnest young face. "Oh Peter, you've never even put away your own clothes—"

He'd never *had* to, Peter argued. He'd never needed a job till now. If you were observant, you didn't have to *do* a thing to know you were capable of doing it. He, Peter, had observed. He knew he could pick up his clothes and he also knew he could handle a job. Would Mother and Dad object if he looked for one—?

Mother turned to Dad—who deliberated while Peter held his breath. At last the verdict came. "Fair enough," said Dad.

At breakfast next morning Peter was very businesslike. His motor scooter waited at the door. He ate with dispatch, and asked to be excused. "Going out for a job, you know—" he murmured.

Scooting across the bridge to Palm Beach, Peter decided to consult his friends. They might be able to give him a lead.

that oxford touch . . .

They did. The manager of the Worth Street parking lot was leaving. The owner of the lot—call him Mr. B., since Peter's not sure he'd like his name used—was a leading citizen. Peter felt he couldn't do better than apply directly to Mr. B.

Mr. B. was a busy man. Not till evening did Peter catch up with him.

"I beg your pardon, sir—"

"Hello. You're Peter Lawford, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir. And there's a business matter I'd like to discuss with you. I understand Bill is leaving. May I propose myself for the job?"

Mr. B. blinked. "Well, Peter—you've never had any experience, have you?"

"That's true, sir. But you see, no money is coming out of England and no one will cash an English check. So I really need the work; therefore, I'll work hard. Only I must be honest with you. I don't expect to make a career of it. My idea is to make enough money to get back to Hollywood.

But I *will* work all winter—you can count on that, sir. I know you'll need reference. I believe the British consul will give me one, and you can find my father in the British 'Who's Who.' I don't think you're taking a chance, sir—"

"No," Mr. B. said slowly, "I don't think I will—"

At nine-thirty Mother and Dad heard the motor scooter. At nine-thirty-four Peter burst in. "I've got a job—"

The effect was about the same as if you'd thrown a harmless bomb. Devastating but with pleasant repercussions . . .

let 'em eat bread . . .

Peter couldn't have asked for more wholehearted co-operation than he seemed to be getting from Mother and Dad. Mother was learning to cook and Dad appointed himself handyman. What encouraged Peter most was their unfailing good humor. They fell in with almost every suggestion that poured from their son's fertile brain through his eager lips. One night he lay down with a list of things they could do without. "We can cut out the phone. We don't have to send things to the laundry. A woman by the day will cost much less. We don't need *half* the food we eat—"

"There I draw the line," said Dad. "Your mother's coping with enough novelties at the moment. Let's leave starvation for another day—"

Peter grinned. But the sharp teeth of anxiety dug themselves in for extra jab. Because he still wasn't satisfied. He could tell that Mother and Dad were pleased with the way he'd taken hold, amazed but pleased. But in spite of everything, they hadn't committed themselves.

As the holiday season approached, Peter grew more uneasy. The news was bad. There wasn't much fighting—just an ominous something in the air, reflected in letters from friends, in the movement of children from England to America. Mother and Dad hung on the radio.

The days slipped by. "I haven't heart for a tree," Mother said. "Let's celebrate by going to church—"

"Good idea," said Dad.

"Right," echoed Peter, but his mind must have given him away.

Mother looked up. "Of course we ought to have something special for Christmas dinner. Turkey's beyond me, and pudding I don't even venture to contemplate. If you two are willing to take a chance, however, I'll try a chicken—"

But it wasn't the turkey and plum pudding Peter cared about, nor the gifts under the tree, but the sadness of his parents.

A thought struck him. They'd all made Christmas merry for him. Shouldn't he do it for them this year?

That's why he was waiting in his room on Christmas Eve till the house was quiet. He waited till midnight—to be sure Mother and Dad were sound asleep—before sneaking out. Cautiously, he opened the door, thumb-tacked the wreath up, closed it again. Then he turned on a small lamp in a corner. Using chair ladders, he strung the paper chains, chandelier to wall brackets. That was only the tree. Funny. Heaped up in the closet, it had looked like a lot of stuff but it spread out pretty thin—

He set the tree on the table and sprinkled snow over it. What a time he'd had taking it home on his scooter, trying to keep it steady between his feet. He stood and eyed it. It seemed even smaller than it had in the dime store—

Time dissolved for a moment, and Peter was looking again at his biggest tree.

He was six years old. They were in Water Eaton, his Aunt Ethel's lofty manor house near Oxford, which had once been a monastery.

"If you'll come for Christmas,"



...thel had said, "I'll give you a very big  
...ee—"

He wouldn't have believed a tree could  
be so big. They opened the doors of the  
drawing room on the old stone hall, where  
a great Yule log blazed in the fireplace,  
and the glittering tree rose high beyond  
the staircase and towered to the ceiling,  
where Peter's wondering eyes were held  
by a fairy with a star-tipped wand—

Nobody said a word till he'd looked his  
fill—till he'd run to Aunt Ethel and flung  
his arms around her in a wordless rapture  
of thanks . . .

Then Christmas dinner—the turkey and  
cranberry sauce, the twelve tiny mince-  
pies for twelve happy months, the breath-  
less moment when the plum pudding was  
served in aflame. And the pieces and pieces  
you ate hoping to bite against one of the  
fillings or halfcrowns it was stuffed with.  
But Peter wound up with a thrupenny bit.  
That brought him ruefully back to the  
present. Under his thrupenny tree, he  
hid Dad's tie and set the goldfish bowl  
between the legs of the table.

He'd never slept well the night before  
Christmas and this was no exception. He  
was up first, waiting when Mom and Dad  
came out with two packages. They looked  
at the trees and the chains and the gold-  
fish, and Peter nonchalantly opened the  
door to display the wreath—

...prise! . . .

"Oh darling, how sweet of you!" said  
Mother, her eyes shining, while Dad ad-  
mired his tie and Peter opened his own  
gifts—a sweater and a model plane. And  
though nothing much more was said, there  
seemed to be a general lift in the air.  
Especially after they got home from church  
and Mother started the chicken. Even Dad  
stopped running to the kitchen to look and  
listen, as the bird turned unbelievably  
golden brown, exactly as if someone else  
had cooked it . . .

In fear and trembling Mother watched  
them take their first bite.

"It's good," said Peter.

"Excellent," Dad agreed.

Only then did she find the courage to  
pick up her own fork. "Good?" cried Mother  
dignantly. "It's simply *delicious*!"

The dishes were done. A fire blazed,  
and the little tree glimmered on the table.

Outside, the voices of children rose in a  
chorus. Mother went to the door to give  
them some cake, came back and sat down.

"Peter," she said quietly, "your father  
and I have another gift for you. We think  
you'll like it. We've decided to stay in  
America—"

"Oh." The world whirled for a moment,  
then righted itself. "Thank you, Mother—  
and Dad." His voice caught a little. "I—I'll  
try to see that you don't regret it—"

Later, Mother came to his room to say  
goodnight. "Happy, darling?"

Terribly happy. Mother, there's some-  
thing I want to tell you. I realize what  
you and Dad are doing for me. I shouldn't  
have asked it if I didn't think it was right  
for me to work at the only thing I ever  
wanted to do. Remember what you've al-  
ways said?—if you ask God for something  
with all your heart and it's right for you  
to have it, you'll get it. I asked Him with  
all my heart, Mother—"

If his mother needed compensation, she  
found it—brimful and running over.

That was six years ago. Peter tried to  
pull it, but his arm kept him out. The  
other Lawfords never regretted their de-  
cision, even when the sledding was rough—

At the pace Peter's going, there's  
no chance they ever will.

The war's over now. This will be a  
quieter Christmas. But nothing Peter finds  
under any tree will bear comparison with  
what his parents gave him out of their love

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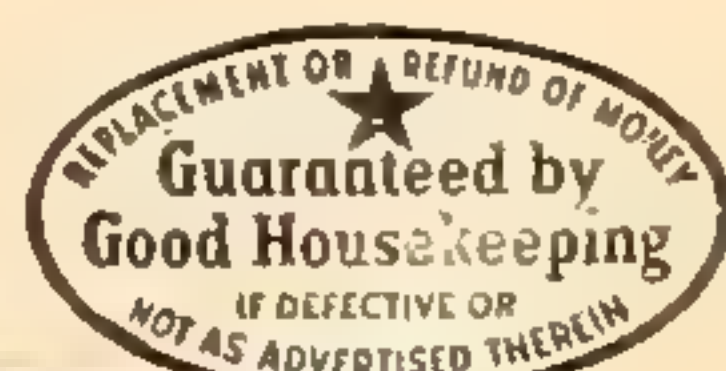
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## **YOU KNOW ME, AL**

(Continued from page 39)

the Manhattan newspaper guys (I was one once myself in California) and telling my story to the magazine editors. I was able to meet quite a few of them—because—lucky me—I'd just been in a picture that people liked—"This Gun For Hire." For the first time in my life a few people were interested in me—and—let's face it—I liked it. What struggling actor wouldn't?

That's how it was, Al. I was a country boy from California in your home town, New York City—and you didn't know it—but the one editor I wanted to meet more than anyone else was a fellow named Albert Delacorte. Reason? Well, I figured MODERN SCREEN and I spoke the same language about Hollywood.

where's al? . . .

Except that you weren't speaking to me. I didn't know that until my New York visit was almost over. I met a lot of people but I still hadn't met this Delacorte and finally I mentioned it to the Paramount public relations guy who had me in tow. "Seems to me," I said, "I've talked to every magazine but the Youth's Companion and the Police Gazette—but there's one editor I'd like to meet—Al Delacorte of MODERN SCREEN. Is he in town?"

The publicity fellow nodded. "Oh, sure," he said, "but he doesn't want to see you. I asked him and he said, 'No.'"

"Delacorte says he's too busy," explained my friend. "Says he'll see you later on. But here," and he stuck out a sheaf of paper, "are some questions he wants you to answer."

I took the stack, frowning. Eight pages, and every page black with typed question marks. How I combed my hair, brushed my teeth, which side I slept on, how I liked my eggs—eight pages! I stuffed the quiz-biz angrily in my bag. I was from Hollywood and I knew the old brusheroo when I saw it.

"Tell Delacorte," I snapped, "not to hold his breath waiting for the answers!"

That was in the spring and I seriously doubt if Al practiced Yoga until the Fourth of July, because that's when I finally got around to scribbling the answers to that questionnaire. Sue and I went up to Lake Arrowhead for a holiday and I tossed the quizzes in my bag. The firecrackers matched my mood. While they popped I sat down and answered Al's questions. Born? "There's a rumor," I wrote. Education? "Reform School." I went on like that, having fun. I dropped the envelope in the mail box with a note. "Dear Mr. Delacorte: Here are the answers to your questions. Light 'em and see if they pop. Happy Fourth of July. Alan Ladd."

Well, Al, I'm afraid it wasn't much of a feud. You forgot about it and so did I. Then one day on the set of "China" a fellow from the front office collared me between scenes. "Want you to meet someone," he said. I walked over. There was a good looking young guy, about my age, unpretentious, grinning, sticking out his hand. I thought he must be another actor visiting the set, or maybe a new stock player studying at the drama school.

"Alan, I want you to meet Al Delacorte."

It was a good thing those sound stage floor boards were solid. I'd have dropped right through.

Al looked about as much like my picture of a MODERN SCREEN editor as I look like Abraham Lincoln. When I got over the shock, I tried to work up that scowl I wore in "This Gun For Hire" but it wouldn't work. I forgot how miffed I'd been. Besides, Al beat me to the punch.

"Sorry I couldn't get to see you in New York, but I was all tangled up in a dead-line," he explained. "How about having dinner with me tonight?"

It was impossible to be mad at this friendly guy. I grinned and said "Sure." So that's how we met—with a misunderstanding—just like in the movies—and how do you like that?

But I started this story to take you and your gang apart, Al, and it's no time for bouquets yet. First off, I'm going to accuse you of fooling the public. I still cherish my favorite picture of you as a magazine editor—a hard-bitten old goat wrapped in pipe or cigar smoke with a green eyeshade. And you still look like a kid just out of college. I'm going to prove that, too.

Remember the time on my second trip to New York when Sue and I stayed in a hotel, up by the Park? This afternoon there were Sue, Al and myself, and we came out of the lobby to meet the mob. Not after me, understand, after other stars at the hotel, but they consoled themselves with me while they were waiting, and pretty soon hands were grabbing me from all angles and a couple dozen autograph books were being waved under my nose. Al tried to shove in to where I was and save the pieces and then this young toughie grabbed him and said, "Hey, you, take yer turn!" He thought Al was another kid trying to pull a fast one!

When it began getting late for the radio program, I called on Al. First, I told the kids I'd sign all their books that night when I got back and give them back the next day. "Al," I panted, "will you take these into the desk and leave 'em for me?" And he said sure. So in he went lugging those autograph books to the desk and the clerk gazed down at him with a fish eye and gasped icily, "the nerve of that kid!" And in less than a minute two bellboys had given Al the bum's rush right out to the street, dead sure that he belonged to that gang of teen-agers. Honest.

hairbreadth henry . . .

It must be catching—this youth movement around MODERN SCREEN. Take Henry Malmgreen. With that crew cut he looks as if he'd just walked out of Nassau Hall down in Princeton. My little girl, Alar, touched those spikes of his last time she saw him and said "hairbrush!" You can fool a kid. But on the other hand, like said, it must run in your family.

I remember that night, Al, right after we'd met on the "China" set, and I showed up at your cottage at the Garden of Allah. I'd come fresh from the set and I had to wash up and shave before we went on to the Derby. So I barged in and there was another young looking man and you said, "Alan, meet the other Delacorte" and I mumbled, "Pleased-to-meet-you," explained about the washup, and you pointed out the bathroom. Then when I yelled out, "Say, Al,"—somehow I started calling you Al right away—"have you got a razor blade?" you said, "No," and I said, "Alan, your brother if he's got one." Then I heard you two laughing and I came covered with soap and confusion.

Because the other Delacorte grinned and said, "I'm not his brother. I'm his dad." Was my face red to tag George Delacorte the head of Dell Publishing Company, a youngster!

Well, I suppose I know part of the answer to that Ponce de Leon stuff in the Delacorte tribe by now, Al—although it was fairly rugged finding out. The reason you and your Dad and all of you came



round like the Light Brigade, spouting atom-energy right and left without tiring, because you know how to keep fit.

I've already given out the facts of my life at school. I played a little football and liked track, besides knocking myself out regularly from a high dive board. I've always tumbled, done calisthenics, ridden horseback—kept active. But how was I to know an editor—of all people—would turn out to be a muscle man? So here's another story on you, Primo . . .

I'd asked Al up to the house to meet the family. The minute we got home, there was a guy waiting with something to read and sign—business. I excused myself to Al and said, "Make yourself at home."

So I was sitting in the room going over this matter and suddenly I heard a rattling out in back, a kind of cross between a machine gun's rat-a-tat and a riff on a snare drum. I took a look out the door and there was Al busy at my punching bag and making it say "Uncle!"

"Want a turn?" he grinned. "Don't be silly," I said. "I have my pride." And I asked him straight, "How did a swivel seat softie learn to punch a skin like that?" And guess what he replied?

"My mother taught me."

I had to sit down on that one and we got to talking. Turned out Al has been a boy athlete all his life. He's a bicyclist supreme, has pedalled himself all over the U. S. at various times and you don't know that when the fellows yell "Hey, kinny" on the beach as those Lionel Strongfort ads say. You need legs. At prep school and Princeton, too, Al was some shakes at gym and swimming, and he boxed around like a shipping clerk.

Well, my own reputation went right down the drain that same afternoon, because that week, in a fight scene, I'd slipped from a flight of steps on the prop boat at Paramount and I'd got a gimp in my back. I could keep working without yelling "Ouch" every time I took a step and spoiling a take, I had a Swedish masseur come up to give me a rub to get the kinks out. He was due then, and after watching Al toss himself around with that bag, I suggested he get a treatment, too.

He finally did, just to be polite. But you could tell he didn't think much of the idea.

**Teddy duet . . .**

Al Delacorte and I had a lot of private interests in common from the day we met. He and I were looking forward to the arrival of our Alana about then and Al and his wife, Letitia, had an option on the baby who's now their son, Peter. Prospective daddies have to stick together and we took the approaching situation apart from all angles, in Hollywood and New York. When we got together on facts, turned out it was practically a stork derby. Either one of us might be a daddy first by matter of days. So we made a bet and Al won. The Delacortes' Peter is a few weeks older than our Alana. But Al paid right back by sending Alana, when she arrived, the biggest teddy bear this side of Kodiak and She's been trying to grow up to now for over two-and-a-half years.

As for kids—can you take another excuse, Al? It was on that hitch-hike trip I took home from Hollywood to New York last year. He was thumbing a ride down South and a migrating family of farmers slowed down and took him aboard, with the dogs, chickens, furniture, pots and pans—and kids—all over the car. That's exactly what Al wanted most—I'll have to tell you more about his meet-the-people party—and he didn't mind a bit when they put the youngest baby on his lap.

Well, came time to haul into a roadside diner and Al said lunch was on him. "What'll you have?" he asked. "Ham-burger, with onions," said Mama. "Make

## *"The Hand of little employment hath the daintier sense—"* William Shakespeare

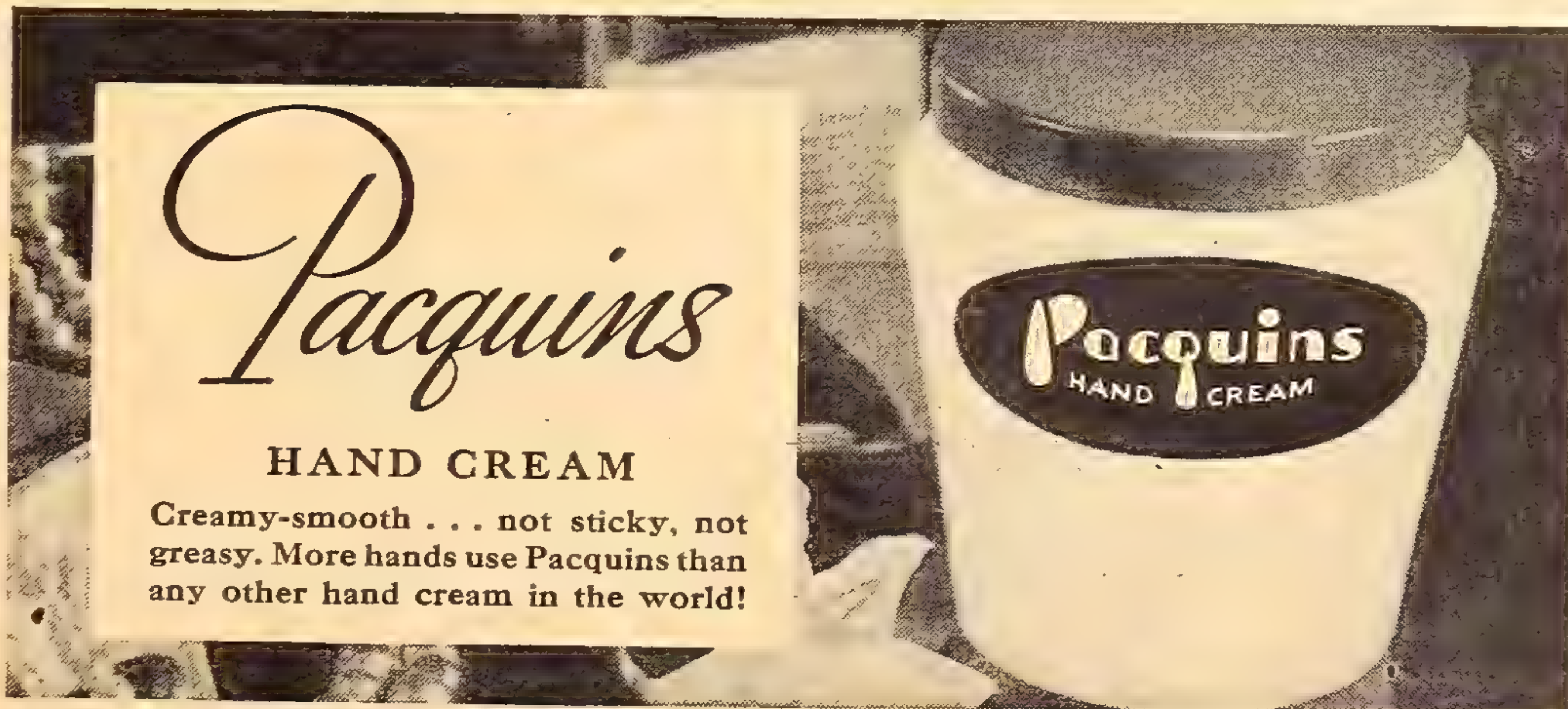


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it two," said Pop. "I want a hamburger, too," piped up three or four Juniors. It was down to the sixteen-month baby Al had cradled all the way. Al turned to the mother. "What will we order for the baby?" he asked.

"Oh," said the woman. "He'll have the same—with onions." Al gasped, but he did what Mama said.

Speaking of that cross-country hitch home from Hollywood, Al—that's one for the book—at least my book. I knew you were public opinion minded all right, with that MODERN SCREEN poll picking Hollywood popularity winners every month, but I didn't know until then that you liked to meet the people in person and find out what ticks in their minds. I didn't know it was a hobby, that you and Letitia had even spent your honeymoon thumbing rides all over Florida, and not because you couldn't afford the railroad fare, either.

That's why, I suppose, I still couldn't face the obvious facts that time after I'd knocked myself out getting you train transportation back home from Hollywood.

### reluctant guest...

When the hotel situation was so tight in Hollywood and Al was parking his suitcase on the curb I almost had to wrestle him to make him put up at my house where there was plenty of sleeping room. Once there, he relaxed and we gave him the home folks treatment, but to get him there you had to twist his arm all over the place. "I'll be in the way," said Al, and Sue and I said, "Nuts, don't be silly!"

Well, the time drew near for Al to get back to his editorial offices, and one morning at breakfast what did he do but casually drop the remark that he had no train reservations. He was leaving in a couple of days. I almost dropped the coffee cup.

"Good gosh, then," I exclaimed. "You'd better get busy, Al. Maybe some of the studios can help you."

"Oh, no," he objected. "I wouldn't ask any favors. I'd be obligated."

This was in the pinchiest time for train space. There just wasn't any. But I knew that all the Hollywood studios kept a few well worn seats for executives to use rattling back and forth to Washington on government training film business. Sometimes a change in plans gave out with a cancellation. I got busy on the phone that morning. I called everyone I knew, used all the pull I had. It was no soap.

The next day I picked up where I'd left off. Not a chance—until late in the evening the phone on the set jingled for me. "There's a last minute cancellation on the Chief for tomorrow," said a friend of mine in a studio transportation department.

"Don't let it out of your hands," I cried. I hopped in my car, raced across town, got the precious space, hurtled back to the house. "Al," I said, handing him the pasteboard, "you are looking at stuff more precious than gold."

"Why, thanks, Alan," said Al. "But I really don't need this."

"Oh," I groaned. "Are you going to start that 'I can't put you to this trouble' stuff again? The trouble's all over. There's your seat back home to New York."

"But you see," said Al, "I'm going to hitch-hike."

And the next morning he bought a suit of long underwear and a raincoat and waved Sue, me, and Sylvia Wallace goodbye on the outskirts of Los Angeles. We watched a truck driver pick him up. I don't know whether he was more thrilled climbing in the cab of that truck to hit the open road, or greeting all the Hollywood stars at his party the night before.

So, Al—let's face it: You're an individualist. I'll make it a rugged individualist. He drinks milk when any normal person

goes for tea or coffee. He doesn't smoke a thing. He plays the piano but won't admit it. (I caught him at my house.) He's a hep cat from away back and a hot plate hoarder deluxe, and he's green with envy at Sue's and my collection of old Crosb recordings (we sat up until dawn one night running them over and over). He's a camera nut supreme.

He reads a chapter from the Bible some time every day and he can quote from the Scriptures to prove a point. He's softie for holidays and he never forgets an anniversary or a birthday or anything where a present's called for. And Al can make a holiday out of anything. He once sent me a beautiful pair of gold cuff links from Tiffany's. I wrote and thanked him but was forced to ask how come? "An anniversary of the day you made MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll," explained Al.

He's a nut on physical culture and works out daily with his dad in Manhattan gym as I've pointed out, but maybe his biggest outdoor hobby is sailing on Long Island Sound. Al's worst dissipation is sitting up until 3:00 a.m. with someone like me and taking the world apart with words in his New York apartment, with probably Henry Malmgreen, "the Brow," to give him a good argument. "21" is his favorite New York cafe and he likes Romanoff's in Hollywood. He gets a great bang out of parties especially if he can toss them himself.

The biggest kick Al Delacorte gets out of life, I know, is working with MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll, and then helping boost the players along to a permanent place in the Hollywood sun. You'd think all the movie guys and gals on his payroll were members of his own family, to hear him talk. He's that wrapped up in them.

One feature of a Poll Party thrown at my house gave Al Delacorte one of the warmest thrills he ever got in Hollywood. Making out the guest list, Sue teamed Johnny Payne with one of the cutest girls in town, Gloria De Haven.

You know what happened. From that night on John and Gloria decided they were meant for each other. It was more than a Hollywood romance note. They were one for the preacher. Playing Cupid was a new role for Sue and me and grinned at the mental image of Al Delacorte wearing wings.

All right, Al, school's over. Now you know how it feels to have somebody put you into a goldfish bowl, right in your own backyard, right in MODERN SCREEN. If my experience has been painful, remember it hurts me more than it does you. But don't forget, what's sauce for the goose is app sauce for the gander, as we say here.

So before you send this sailing into your wastebasket as gross libel and a malicious fabrication on one Albert P. Delacorte consider:

You know me, Al—but I know you, too.

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Stand up and take a bow, you budding genius, you! And while you're at it, take five dollars, with our compliments. Because that's what we pay for stories we accept about what happened when you met a star. So speak true and write it clear (ink or type writer) and send your tale to our "Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And if we seem slow in answering, puh-lease forgive us! We've been swamped with letters, and since we read every word, it takes quite a while sometimes before you hear from us. But don't despair; you send 'em and we'll read 'em... even if we go cross-eyed after the first thousand.



## A BOY'S BEST PAL . . .

(Continued from page 45)

life so far.

In both his public and his private life, Greg and his Dad are still a team—and both of them like it that way.

When you meet Gregory Peck, Senior, you know right away that he's as much a part of Greg Peck as Greg himself. It's not looks so much. Greg's dad is shorter and huskier. But he's as handsome a man for his fifty-odd years as Greg is for his thirty. He walks with the easy, muscular carriage of an athlete and he's a dead shot with an iron and wicked with a putter on a golf green. I know—I spent a couple of days with him and he took me to the cleaners on the links. But it was worth it to come up with such a heart warming tale.

It starts back in 1915, the year Greg was born. That was an anxious, gloomy year for Gregory Peck, Sr. He'd come out West from Michigan University with a pharmacist's diploma in his hand, ready to make his fortune. He'd bought a drug store, the only one in the little town of La Jolla, California. He'd married a pretty girl from Missouri, Bernice Ayres, and things should have been looking up. But in Europe a World War had burst loose and business was dropping off. He stood to lose his shirt unless he could sell out. And somehow he and the pretty girl weren't hitting it off too well.

The separation was friendly, and later when his mother remarried and moved back West to San Francisco, Greg divided his time between both mother and father.

Being his son's dad was the prime meaning of Gregory Peck, Senior's, life. It never stopped being that.

Along came junior . . .

Everywhere his dad went, Peck, Junior, tagged along. Gregory Peck got the job of night pharmacist in the La Jolla drug store, so his days could be devoted to his son. They moved into a little place on Fay Street, near the beach. A housekeeper took care of Baby Greg and cooked his meals. But half the time it was Greg and his dad who "bached" alone or boarded out. But in no time, it seemed, young Greg was grown out of babyhood into boyhood and then his dad's days of joy really began.

No boy could have asked for a dreamier dad than Greg Peck had—if only because of his athletic skill. Gregory, Senior, had starred at basketball and football on the University of Michigan varsities. He'd played semi-pro baseball after college in the East and when he came to San Diego he plopped right into the athletic swim. He made another semi-pro team there. He organized and coached a basketball team that won the city championship three years in a row. He coached the Y. M. C. A. and San Diego Rowing Club's crews. He was the only official A.A.U. referee in the county—so naturally he officiated at every big sporting event within Greg's world. Today you can see the cups Greg's dad won bowling in the same league for twenty-five years and the trophies at golf where he still boasts a 10 handicap.

Greg and his dad lived near the rock cliffs and blue coves of La Jolla, world famous now for its summer resorting. Before Greg could walk straight his dad lowered him, kicking, into the white surf. Before he was ten he was a little human fish, swimming and diving like a champion. Years later when Greg was at the University of California, his first big crew race as stroke on the Junior Varsity came up. He wrote his dad and asked him up to Berkeley. It was a funny time to take a

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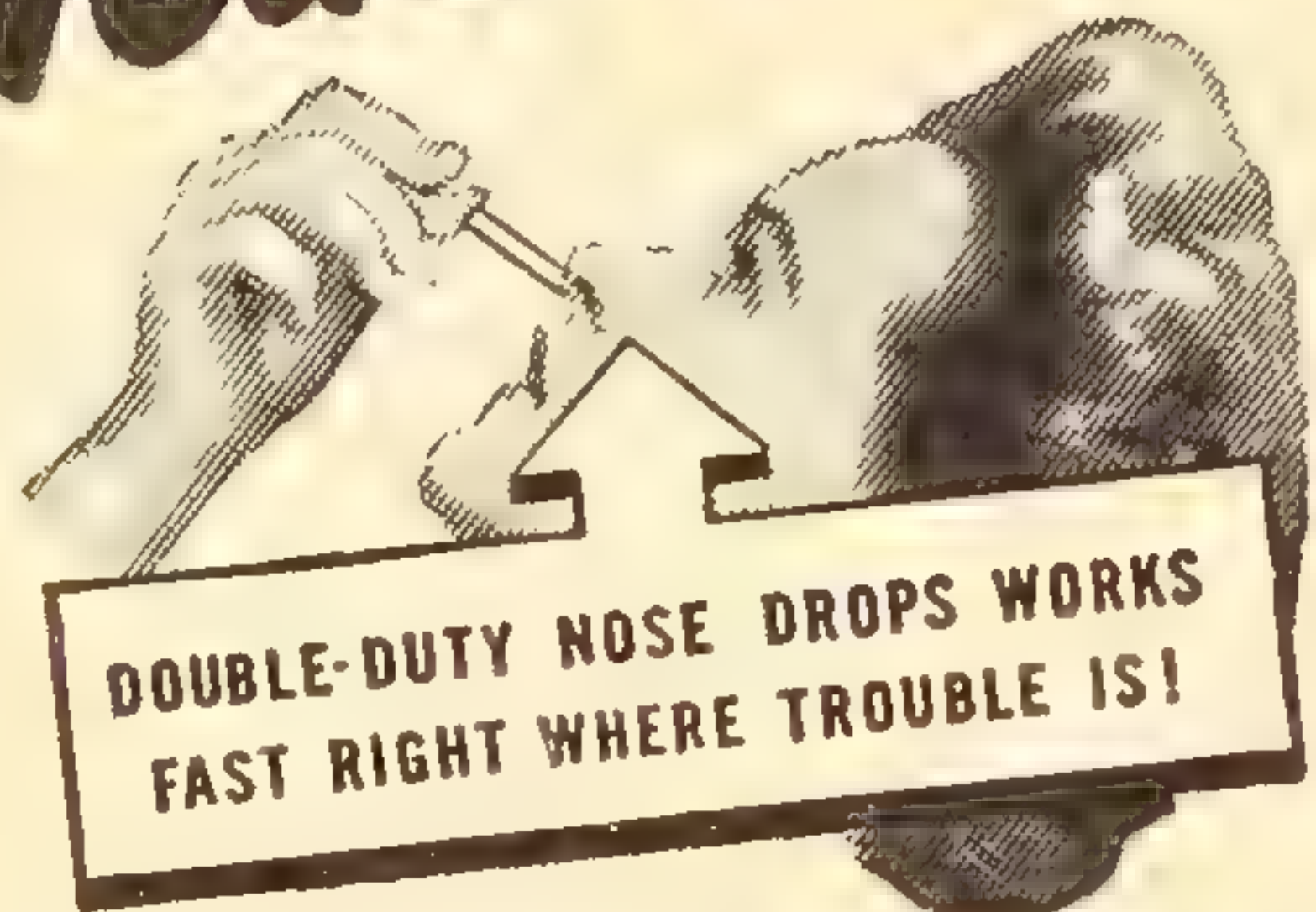
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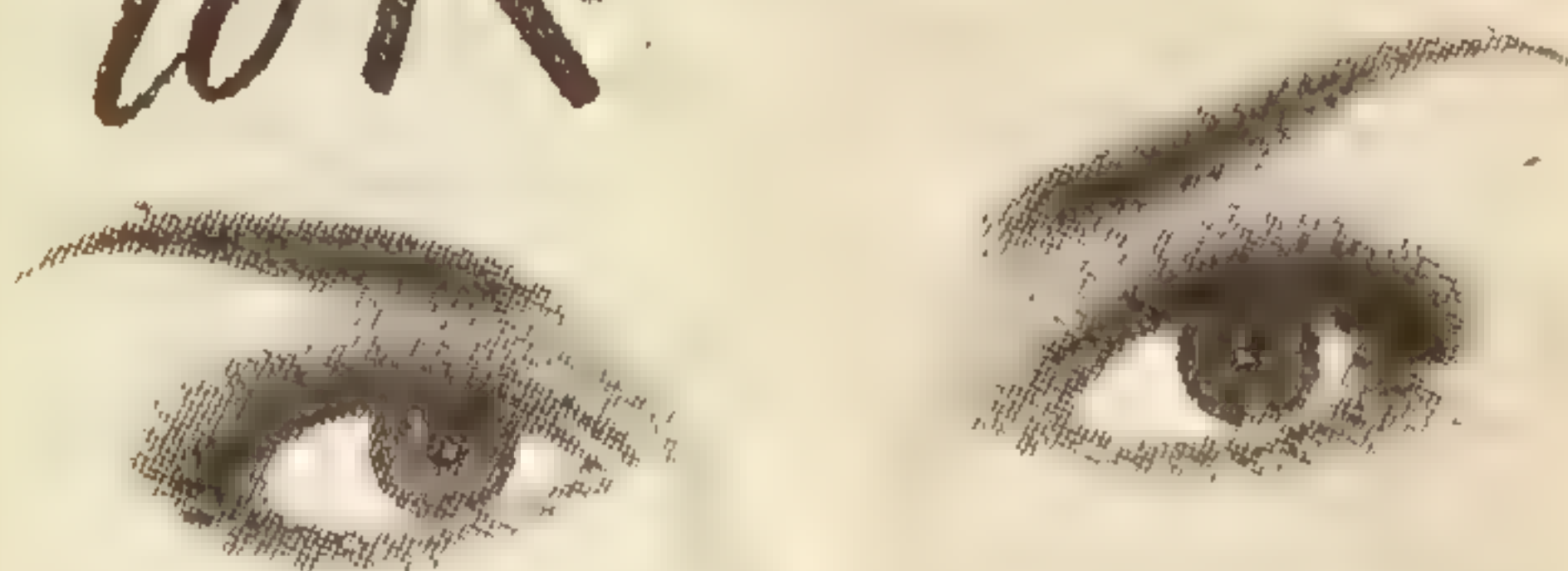
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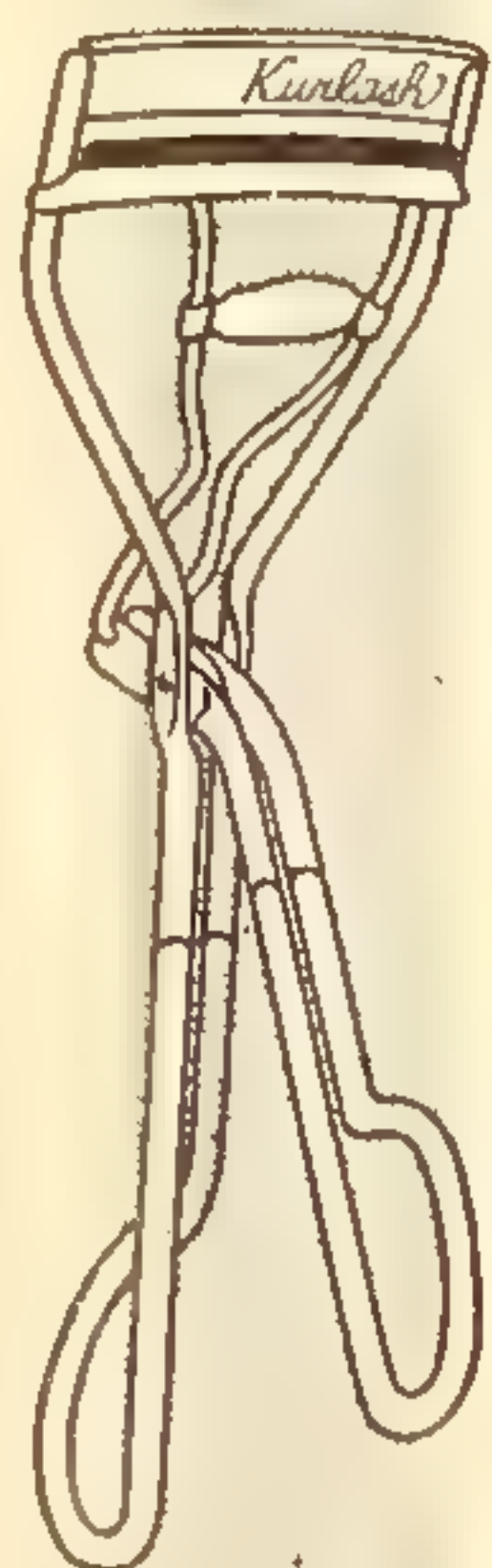
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vacation from the store, but Dad Peck made it. He sat on the sidelines, and with a professional's eye watched the Washington Junior crew unmercifully trounce Greg and his bunch.

After his shower Greg came running up.

"Well, Dad," he asked, "how did it look?" "It looked like about ten lengths," replied Gregory Peck drily. "And it looked awful."

His boy threw back his head and laughed, "I know," he said. "We just got royally whipped. They're too good for us." There was no soft soap or alibis.

Greg's dad was a boxer in college, and early in life he taught his son the art of self-defense. They'd spar in the yard. But he warned his son. "This is just to take care of yourself. If I ever catch you picking fights because you can handle your dukes—it'll be too bad for you!"

### advice from pop . . .

Just the same, his severity about brawling made Greg so cautious that in grammar school he used to duck clashes with the school toughies. He took a few school yard beatings and one time when he came running home with the marks of defeat all over his face, his dad took him aside.

"Stick up for yourself," he said. "Don't pick any fights, but if some kid starts one—remember what I've taught you and let him have it. And," he added ominously, "you'd better lick him or when you get home I'll lick you!"

That night a neighbor came storming over to the Pecks, outraged. "That's a fine thing to do, Peck," he ranted. "Teaching your kid to box so he can bully and beat up the other kids. My son's home, black and blue. He said your boy did it."

Gregory Peck's face tightened but his eyes twinkled. "I'll ask him when he gets home," he said, "and let you know."

Greg was honest. "Sure," he said, "I let him have it. But he conked me with a rock first!"

Probably the proudest athletic triumph that Greg's dad remembers was when Greg captured his "killiefish" at the Rowing Club water tournament and regatta.

He was much too young to enter the swimming races at the Club. But he plunged off in the start of the 100-yard dash to earn his "dolphin" and—he got left in the ruck. The kid was good in the water but not strong enough to paddle the distance in the required time. He dragged back to his dad, panting and dripping and mad. "Never mind, son," his dad consoled. "Next year it will be a different story."

"Next year's too far away," gritted Greg. "I'm going after my killiefish."

But that afternoon his dad could hardly believe his eyes when his glasses picked his own boy splashing back among the leaders. Pretty soon Greg was before him, blue from the water, out of breath and barely able to stand up. But he clutched the coveted "killiefish." That made the Old Man's heart swell with a pride hard to describe.

But there was more to Greg Peck, as a boy, than mere athletic talent. Greg, Senior, used to plan his vacations so he could take Greg somewhere new every year. They sailed to Catalina Island, Yellowstone, the Carlsbad Caverns, Sequoia and Yosemite, where Greg tumbled off a cliff once and gashed his head with a scar he still carries. The year the Olympic Games were staged in Los Angeles, they got season tickets and sat together through that world meet, the greatest on earth before Hitler used the last one for Nazi propaganda.

One vacation, Greg's dad planned a duck hunting trip to Lake Hodges in the mountains. He took along his 12-gauge and the little .410 he'd bought for Greg. They hired a skiff at the lake and hadn't rowed

a hundred yards from shore before a little duck swooped down on the water right off their bow.

"Get him, son!" whispered Mr. Peck.

Greg reached for his shotgun and "boom!" his dad felt a jolt in his shoulder.

"Row to shore, son," he gasped. "Guess I've been shot."

Poor Greg, shaking like a leaf—he was only about 13 then—and weak from the tragedy, could only row in circles. Luckily other hunters on shore guessed the trouble rowed out and helped them in and soon Dad Peck was on his way to a San Diego doctor. They got all the shot out of his shoulder and there was no after effect of the gunshot wound. Not to Gregory Peck. But his son had to be kept under sedatives several days and when he went back to school it was a week before he could stop being hysterical every night. Greg gave his little .410 away that tragic day and he has never owned a shotgun since.

That's how deeply the boy could feel. That's why it was such an emotional climax the time his dad told him he'd been married. Up until then Greg's world of his dad and himself had never been threatened with invasion.

They were on one of their summer vacation auto tours. This time they'd driven to Salt Lake City to see the salt flats. Greg and his dad, and this time a San Diego girl his dad had known seven or eight years. She was a grown-up pal of Greg's too. He knew her as "Harriet" and there seemed nothing unusual to him that she went with them on the vacation. Greg and his dad had one cabin at the Lake and Harriet, of course, had another. But one day when Greg was busy at the lake-shore, they slipped off and got married. Not until they started home in the car that night did his father tell him, "Son Harriet and I got married today."

There was no answer from Greg. The news was too unbelievable. No word came to his trembling lips, only tears to his eyes. He wept for two hours on the silent ride toward home. Then it was all over. He'd weathered his upset. From then on Harriet was a part of the family and it was one for all and all for one. Luckily, there was nothing strained about the Pecks' family set-up. As a matter of fact, when he set out for the University of California on his own, Greg made the grade the first year mainly because he landed a job holding down his stepfather's San Francisco office in the afternoons and during vacations. They bunked him at their house, too, which was a great help.

### an independent kid . . .

Greg was about sixteen when his dad remarried, and soon he would be on his own at California. But for little more than a year, he stayed with his pop and Harriet at their San Diego house. And from the start, Greg had his down quarters.

"He was always an independent boy," Gregory Peck told me. "Carried on his own business without asking questions and nobody around our place pestered him. We figured he'd be more self-reliant if he had his own room." The room was, in his dad's words, "usually a mess." But it was Greg's teen-age mess. Oars, tennis racket, pennants, the trophies he'd collected at school, fishing tackle, adventure thriller, balls and bats. It had its own separate entrance and it was Greg Peck's castle.

As a kid, Greg had his chores and his rules, of course. He had to mow the lawn, keep the car shiny and run errands. Even when he got into high school he had to study every night except Saturday.

Dad Peck didn't try to dictate religion to his son, although from the time he was big enough to walk, Greg had trotted along to church with him on Sunday. He liked religion from the start and when he was



at St. John's, run by the Sisters of Mercy, they picked Greg right away as material for the priesthood. They approached his father. "Wait until he grows up and decides for himself," was the answer.

Greg's dad didn't believe in bending the twig one way or another. But of course, he had his hopes. Greg would say "gonna be a policeman" one day or "wanna be a fireman" the next. One day he said, "When I grow up I'm going to be a doctor," and that made Greg's dad's heart leap, because he was a frustrated doctor himself. He just said, "That's fine son," but put it far away in his hopes.

Early in his boy years, Greg's dad tried to give him every advantage he'd missed. So he started Greg in piano lessons. But practice to impatient Greg was too tedious. He squirmed on the hard seat in the afternoons when the rest of the kids were playing. Soon the piano lessons fizzled out.

#### in six easy lessons . . .

Then, in high school, Greg got the music bug again. He made the glee club and he was beginning to notice the girls. Dances and dance music swam into his world and he came to his dad with his plans. "We're getting up a dance band, the guys and me," he said. "I know where I can learn the piano fast—six lessons for ten bucks." His dad drew out the ten spot. "Okay," he said, "if you'll stick to it this time—although that's no way to learn the piano."

"I'll pay you back out of the profits—we're gonna play a dance," promised Greg. Strangely enough, he stuck to the six easy lessons, did learn to bang out a few chords and did play a high school dance, but one or two was all. The budding swing career faded. His dad never reminded him about the ten dollars. Somehow he just couldn't play the stern parent when he saw the kid acting just about like he'd acted.

He'd always encouraged Greg to grow up. He didn't hold him back. He went downtown to buy Greg his first suit of long pants, a terrific event, and when a high school prom came along that was "formal," he got as much kick out of looking over tuxes as Greg did. As usual, Greg had saved up something on the dinner jacket deal—but as usual, too, it wasn't enough. And as usual again, Mr. Peck, Sr. made up the difference.

But Greg Peck was developing a sensitive pride about standing on his own feet. As he grew—four inches in one year at high school—and as he developed his own personality, the independent spirit he'd had all his life solidified. It cropped out in his second year in San Diego State College. "You've been carrying me long enough, Dad," he said. "I'm going to take some of the load off you. I've got a job."

Gregory, Sr. protested. He asked Greg not to quit school. It knocked a hole in his dreams for the boy. "Just for a year," insisted Greg. "It'll do me good and give me a stake—and take the load off you."

"Okay, if you'll promise it will be just a year," his dad said thoughtfully. "I promise." Greg had never broken a promise yet.

It was a job driving trucks for the Union Oil Company. A man's job, but by then Greg was wide in the shoulders and strong in the chest. Two weeks later he rolled by the house driving a heavy truck. He saved his money. After the year he had about \$500, besides enough to put a down payment on a Model-T Ford jalopy. Dad Peck made up the difference in the \$350 price. With that equipment, and that stake, Greg said he figured he could go on up to Berkeley, and start studying to be a doctor.

They'd often talked Greg's future over as he grew up. His dad plugged, "Take up something definite, plan a profession. The best thing's to be a doctor." Maybe



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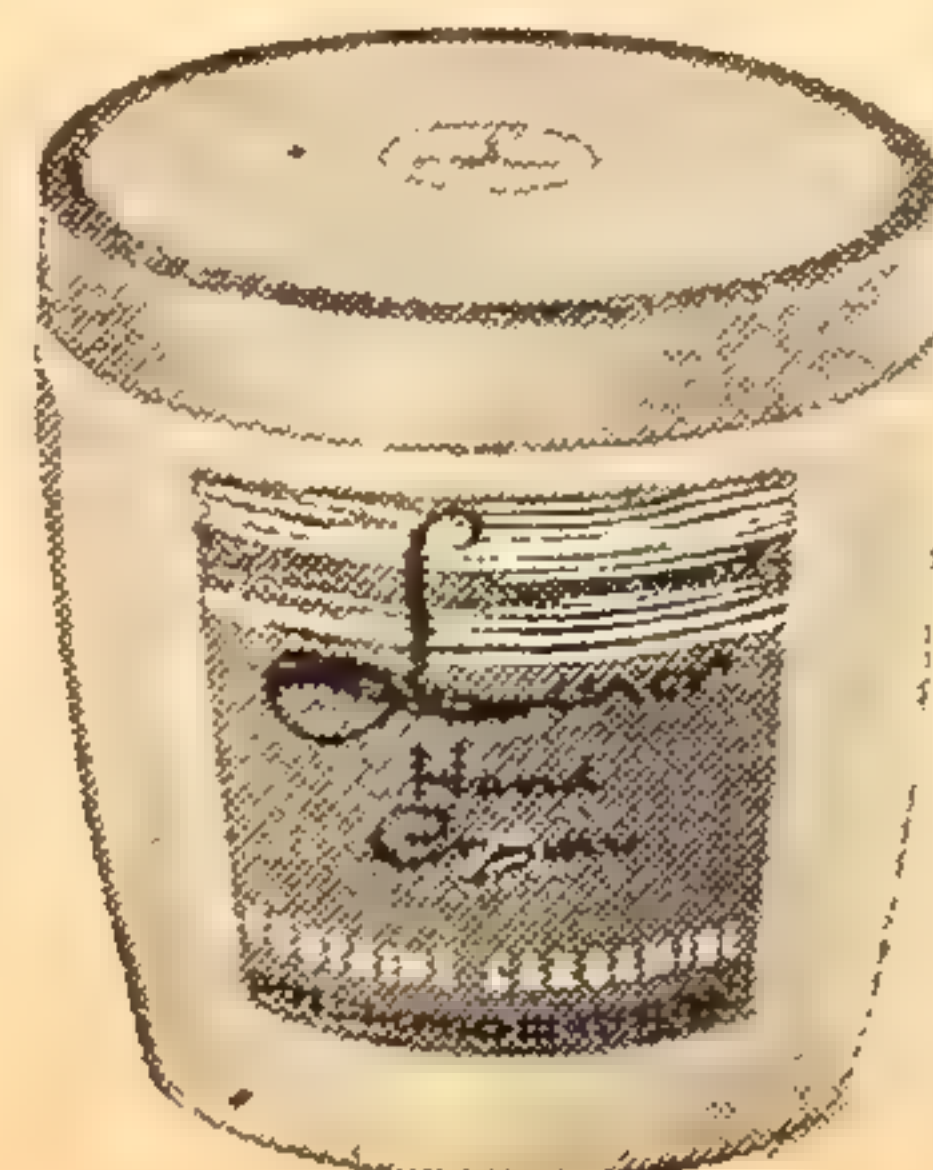
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he was prejudiced in that direction, Gregory Peck admitted. He'd planned to take medicine at Michigan but his love for sports got in the way and he'd settled for the quicker profession of pharmacy.

**no help wanted . . .**

So he was pretty pleased when Greg made his decision and happy to help all he could. But Greg wouldn't take much. He drove off in the Model-T with his job savings and at Berkeley he worked his way through with his parking lot project by the stadium and his odd jobs. After every party he'd always drop by the drug store and tell Dad all about it. So Gregory Peck didn't feel like he was out of his son's life—not yet. Greg was always rolling home on holidays, the Model-T bulging with college chums and boiling over. Oh he'd be taking the train up north to see Greg row on the Junior Varsity.

He'd heard, too, scattered mention from Greg and hints in his letters about dramatics at Cal and a few plays he was doing around the campus. But it never occurred to him that this interest was squeezing out medicine. So when Greg decided to quit Cal and go to New York and be an actor, it was a bolt out of the blue for his dad.

"I want to be an actor, Dad," he said. "Medicine's no good for me. I've found what I like and what I'm good at. So I'm not going to waste any more time. The place to learn to act is in New York. The American Academy of Dramatic Art. It takes a little money, but—"

"Son, if I—" He said it by instinct. "Nope," vetoed Greg. "I've got it figured out. I've got the dough to get there and I'll get a job this summer to pay tuition and carry me through the winter. All I want from you is to know you're backing me up. As usual," he grinned.

"I'm disappointed, Greg," his dad found himself saying. "I won't kid about that. But I'm for you, son. But I'm afraid—acting's so shaky—not like being a doctor. I don't want to see you ending up a ham actor like a million others."

Greg's voice was level. "I won't, dad. I think I've got the stuff. I really do."

Dad Peck swallowed and braced himself. "Okay," he said. "Then go to it. But make me a promise: Try it for two years and then if you aren't getting anywhere, promise me you'll go back to school and finish medicine?"

"I promise."  
"Shake?"

Greg stuck out his hand. "Shake." Gregory Peck knew his son's word was his bond, but it wasn't a happy goodbye he waved when Greg took the train East.

But after two years Greg Peck was playing with Katharine Cornell and as his dad grinned to me, "What could I do?"

The minute he heard of Greg's tour with Cornell he got a time table of their play dates and wrote for a copy of every paper in every town they played just to find out what the critics thought of his boy.

Of course, by now Gregory Peck, Sr., is pretty proud of his son and he'd walk a country mile just to catch him in a picture. In fact, he drove 600 miles to San Francisco to see him act the first time.

He was in San Diego when Greg made "Days of Glory." It was finished but it wasn't released and Peck, Sr. was getting pretty restless when one night the son of one of his old Michigan U. college chums came down from Camp Callan.

"Say," he told Dad Peck. "Saw something on the bulletin board at camp that might interest you—tomorrow night they're showing 'Days of Glory.'"

"Wow!" cried Greg's pop.  
"Would you like to see it?"  
"Would I?"

It was hard to fix, and against the rules, but he pulled some wires and wangled

special permission for the civilian. Seeing his boy in the movies for the first time is a thrill Mr. Peck will never forget.

They never lost touch for even a week, all the time Greg was East, barking at the World's Fair. He wrote his dad about everything—about his plans to work at the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, about the breaks he hoped for and the break of playing with Katharine Cornell. Greg kept his dad posted on all the details—except—as usual, the intimate ones.

Then one day he got the letter. He'd wondered when it would come and how he would feel when it did.

"Dear Dad: I've got some big news. Hope it will be all right with you. I got married Sunday. She's the greatest girl in the world and—" It went on to describe Dad Peck's new daughter. At the end, Greg pleaded, in the man-to-man fashion his dad had taught him:

"Be a good sport and give us your blessing."

Gregory Peck sent that right back. He didn't even know Greg had been going with a girl. He didn't know her name or what she looked like. But he wrote his son, "I've all the confidence in the world in your selection, boy." And to Greta he wrote, "You've got the finest fellow I know. Take good care of him."

The Pecks—the Senior ones in San Diego—and the Juniors up in Hollywood—don't let many days go by without traveling north or south, as the case may be, to see one another. Greg's particularly interested in his brother, Donald. He's a smart kid, snappy, wiry and ambitious who, for the past five years, has held down the lead in every school play.

One evening last year, Gregory Peck Senior, paced the front room carpet of his San Diego home. It was almost time for him to go downtown to work. He hadn't missed a night's work for over a score of years and he was pretty proud of that.

But this night, "Doc" Peck wasn't thinking about his customers. His birthday was almost over and he hadn't heard from Greg, way down in Florida on location making "The Yearling." He'd been expecting a letter, but it hadn't come. Son grow up and change, he knew, and well—maybe this year it had slipped Greg's mind.

Then the telephone rang.

"Hello, Dad?" came the voice he knew so well. "Happy Birthday—and many more of 'em!"

"Thanks, boy."

"Dad," continued the voice, "I want to take this occasion to tell you I'm the luckiest guy in the world to have a father like you."

"That's the way I feel about you, too, Greg."

"I can't thank you enough for all you've done for me. But I guess you know how I feel."

"I guess I do."

"Well, watch out crossing the streets!"

"Don't let those alligators get you."

Dad Peck grinned as he walked down the front steps and backed the car out of the garage. All the way downtown he whistled. It had been a good birthday after all. He still had his boy.

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NEITHER HAIL NOR SLEET

(Continued from page 60)

the humdingers at dissolving the particles in areas of the epidermis which have not been removed in the natural process of the skin renewing itself.

Could be that sometimes you make only half-hearted dabs at your cheeks with the cleansing cream? That you barely sprinkle the face with soap and water? Sometimes, horrors, you fall into bed too tired to remove your makeup? Which is all so wrong! Spic-and-span cleanliness is the basic factor in skin beauty. And skin beauty is definitely a basic factor in intriguing your pet male.

As to method: First whip your hair out the way. Pin it up or tie it back with a net. Next remove lipstick with a facial tissue. It's a good idea to do this before attacking your face with cream, for it prevents large red smears. Now scoop up a generous amount of cleansing or cold cream. (Remember! If your complexion is oily, try a liquefying cream.) Using both hands, pat the cream into your skin. Be thorough about this. Begin at your throat line and work up to your hair line. And don't forget the back of your neck. After you've done a thorough job, remove cream and soil with cleansing tissue.

Next step in your beauty treatment is a using soap-suds scrubbing. Choose your facial soap with care . . . just to be on the safe-and-beautiful side. Work up a really vigorous lather and remember, again, to include neck as well as face. The hair on the face requires particular attention, as well as the area around the base of the nose. Another point where stale powder and dust are apt to linger is around the eyebrows. Best scrub your eyebrows against the direction in which they grow, then smooth them back into shape. When your face is thoroughly invigorated, rinse away the suds with warm water. Follow this with a splash of cold water, the icier the better. Now before settling down to your dreams, that freshly scrubbed face would welcome a bit of lubrication. You may use a skin lotion that can be patted on and leaves no residue, or you may use a lubricating cream. Knead it well into the skin. After it has remained on for about twenty minutes, remove the excess with tissues. Let your skin enjoy cleanliness, let it be treated with creams and lotions, and you'll see winter with a daisy-fresh complexion!

\* \* \*

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## "SAD SACK"

(Continued from page 41)

'em stored up from years of collecting belly busters.

In a few secs it was Old Home Week. Half those hero guys, flat on their backs, hadn't met their home bound neighbors. Phil, Frank and the girls ran up and down the aisles getting the gang together.

"Missouri—you from Missouri? Hey—where's that other soldier with the St. Louis blues?" . . . and Frankie would go running. Or "Miami, Florida? Why this doughfoot says that's just a suburb of Los Angeles!" It was going great until Phil Silvers came to a burly rock-faced guy with a sheet over his legs. "Me?" he grated. "Say—I'm from Brooklyn."

"Nail him, Frankie!" yelled Phil. "Brooklyn, your own home town." Frankie came running up. But he stopped dead in his tracks when the guy growled,

"Don't you come near me!"

Frankie turned white. The soldier scowled darkly. Frank's tongue jammed, but Phil Silvers jumped into the breach.

"Aw—don't mind Frankie," he cracked. "He just wants you to move over so he can lie down. That bow tie's got him weary—he—"

"Don't tell me about Sinatra," broke in the soldier. "Listen, I used to hack in front of Lindy's. I know de guy. He's dynamite. Say—what about all the times dem crazy swoon fans wrecked my cab? How about dat, Frankie?" The Brooklyn joke was over. He broke into a whiskered grin. "'Member me, Frankie?"

Frank bent over and a happy wave of relief smacked him like a welcome shower on a hot day. "Katzie!" he cried. "You big bum!"

"Yeah, Katzie—dat's me, Kid," the soldier chuckled. "But, Frankie, when you come to Noo Yawk—please—stay away from me, pal—you're poison! And listen—don't tink 'cause I got a scratch on my leg, I ain't gonna be back at de old stand."

There are a double dozen ways Frank Sinatra has improved with his overseas experience. He's got more audience poise. He learned to send his voice out stronger when there wasn't a mike. He learned to out-ad lib Fred Allen. He turned into such a comedian and laugh-louse under Phil Silvers' guidance that Phil finally cracked crabily, "Look, Frankie—you tell the jokes. Let me wear the bow tie and sing!" But the best thing of all—and what thrilled Frankie most—was the happy realization that at last he'd smashed to smithereens the old ghost of absent GI scorn.

### ripe tomato reception . . .

The audience he aimed to tackle had been overseas for three and four years. When they left, Frank Sinatra was nobody special. But they'd heard about the squeal-deals and the swoon-sessions going on back in the States, while they were blasting Krauts out of the Apennines in the slow, rugged drive up the boot. They were not amused.

Hollywood Victory Committee officials didn't disillusion him, either. They were nervous. "There might be some unpleasantness," they said. Maybe some hoots and boos. Maybe some things flying through the air—like ripe tomatoes. You never can tell what a bunch of hard-cooked GIs sitting around bored, waiting for a ride home, might do. The war was over; discipline was naturally a little relaxed. It was up to Frankie.

He knew from talking to Bing that you couldn't ham and egg to an overseas

crowd. "Those guys are hep," stated Bing when he got back from his last year Atlantic trip, "but when you hit 'em right—brother, they eat you up. What gang!"

### gathering stars . . .

That's how come Frank asked Phil Silvers and Fay McKenzie, Betty Yeaton and the pianist, Saul Chaplin, to rally round Phil's a very funny man, seasoned burlesque and vaudeville, who can make a rowdy audience eat out of his hand. He played dozens of service shows with all the big timers, including Bing Crosby. He knows every laugh routine ever invented and has come up with sock comedy for USO units ever since Uncle Sam started the draft. Fay McKenzie you could call the original Camp Show Kid and not be far off the beam. She started a year before Pearl Harbor and has as many camp stands on her record as a cat has fleas. Besides looking good enough to eat as apple pie, Fay's a swell personality singer who has done all right for herself around her home town of Hollywood and in radio and movies, too. Like Phil, she shows business from away back; her dad ran a tent show and made early flick silents and her brother-in-law is Bill Gilbert, the sneeze-king comic old time. Frankie sang across the aisle at CBS one season from Fay on the Groucho Marx show. He'd never met her but knew about the soldier sweetenin' Fay fairly oozed. He added Betty Yeaton, an acrobatic cutie who can bend herself like a pretzel but with a shape that should never be wasted on a beer biscuit. Saul Chaplin, the accompanist, is musical director at CBS, so he was not exactly confined to Chopsticks.

They met in New York and previewed the show at Camp Kilmer, over in Jersey. Right before show time, Frank came up with Phil with a brain storm.

"Look, Phil," he said. "Let's beat the guys to the punch. None of this 'And here he comes now—the great King of Swoon Frankie Sinatra!' Nuts to that. Here's the ticket: Louse me up. Make me a silly joke with every joke. Murder me!"

Phil's eyes rolled. "Frankie, my boy," he grinned. "It's a pleasure. And how did you read my mind, Muscles?"

That night at the Camp Kilmer preview Phil gave Frank the business, on a no-experiment. No guinea pig ever got needled more thoroughly. Every time Frank peeped out of the wings he got slapped down. Frankie'd walk out wistfully and hang around waiting to be introduced.

"Go away, Boy, you bother me," snapped Phil. He'd point to the other wing and give a glamor send-off to Fay and Betty and when Frank eased out again, he'd be forlornly for the mike, Phil would men look over his shoulder and crack,

"Look, son—there must be a mistake. The Blood Bank's down the street."

The whole show took it up. It worked the old burlesque routine with pretty Fay. You know, the one where he bets a half-dollar he can kiss her without touching her. Then he gives her a smack and she says "Yes, but you let me. You touched me!" "H-m-m-m-m," he sighs, "so I did," and drops the half dollar in her palm for the bargain buss.

But this preview night, when Frank muscled in on the gag, it was just another insult for Sinatra swoon appeal. Because when Frankie bussed Fay, handed her a four-bits and walked away, she ye-



"Hey, Mister Sinatra—wait a minute—come back." Frankie grinned and strutted back as if he were the greatest lover since Barrymore. "Here," said Fay, "is a quarter change!"

That's the way they rode and ribbed Sinatra all through the show. It lasted two hours, and it was an hour and thirty minutes before Frankie ever got to stand in the spotlight and warble one note!

A pleasant surprise hit Frankie right under the heart in Newfoundland. Frankie didn't expect to do much there. He'd been tipped off the GIs took a pretty dim view of most everything.

As usual, Frankie played the Sad Sack fall guy, but when he got into his songs, the show-starved soldiers wouldn't let him stop. Pretty soon he ran out of every encore number. "Okay, fellows," Frankie offered. "Yell out your requests."

The first title they chorused was, "Nancy With the Laughing Face." Frank looked at Phil accusingly. Phil looked at Frank the same way. Both of them swallowed hard, but especially Frank. How did these guys way up in Newfoundland know about that? Who'd primed them to ask? Frankie was puzzled, but he sang it, then he sang it again. It was the evening's biggest hit. But when the show was over, both Frank and Phil chorused, "How come?" Because "Nancy With the Laughing Face" was a private, a personal Sinatra song.

Phil had written it one day when his pal Jimmy Van Heusen (who writes most of Crosby's melodies) was noodling away at the piano. He rippled over a tune and Phil, who never writes songs, suddenly burst out, "Jimmy, I'll give you a lyric for that one!" Evening before, he'd had dinner with Frank and his wife, Nancy, out in the Valley, and the way Nancy Sinatra's eyes always twinkled and her lips smiled stuck with him. Jimmy said, "Okay," and in a few minutes Phil worked out the words. On Nancy's birthday Frankie sang it over the air on his show as a special sentimental tribute to the gal he loves—and that was all. And now here up in bleakest Newfoundland—that, of all songs, was the people's choice.

bow ties and décolleté . . .

One thing Frankie insisted on was being himself in his Dogface Debut. So he juggled along a complete, super-typical Frankie Sinatra wardrobe—a sport coat that would blind a racehorse, shoulders padded out like the Brooklyn bridge. He had collar points that tickled his tummy and some of those black bow ties Nancy makes for him which are strictly from Latin Quarter. In spite of GI barbers, he even managed to keep his floppy haircut. Phil operated in civvies, too, and his turned-up gag hat. Fay McKenzie had nothing but the slinkiest dream formals cut down to the eye treat limit, and in purples, yellows, reds; "exciting" colors.

It was swell to spell back-home glamor and take the curse off olive drab. But it was also a problem. Frankie's gang travelled in C-47s all the way. That meant they had to squeeze everything into tiny suitcases for the weight limit and live out of toilet kits. Of all the capsule tourists, however, Frankie was easily the neatest and most efficient.

At Caserta, Fay McKenzie arrived for the show without a thing to wear. All her glamor gowns looked like they'd been slept on by a flock of sheep. She hauled out the job that had accordion pleats, but in the wrong places. She sang the blues in front of Frankie. "What you need," he said, "is Sinatra's Snappy Service." He grabbed the dress, slipped it on a hanger and tangled it behind Fay's shower. Then he turned on the hot water full blast. "Oh Frankie," she wailed, "now I'm really ruined!" But the guy just chuckled. In a

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few minutes he lifted the dress out, as smooth as silk and tidy. "The steam does it," said Frankie. "I wish I had a dime for all the suits I've pressed that way."

At Foggia the Red Cross asked Frank if he'd care to meet a litter ship due to arrive that night. Frank remembered the plane at the Azores and the thrill of getting a grateful look from guys who had stopped the lead. "Sure," he said.

"It comes in at four o'clock in the morning," they told him.

sweet and low . . .

Frank worried all night about that first litter plane p.a. It wasn't like the one in the Azores in the daylight with the stretchers out in the sun. He didn't mind a bit crawling out of his sack before dawn, but he didn't know exactly how to entertain a bunch of sleepy, wounded soldiers. Four a.m. is no time to croon jump tunes. He'd be inside the C-54. He'd have no accompaniment. But they'd expect something besides "Hello."

He didn't know until he got there, with Fay and Phil and the bunch. It was half light then and somehow all the soldiers stretched out and tucked in reminded Frankie of kids—like his own kids and himself when he was a kid—being put to bed. Without thinking he crooned softly the words of Brahms's beautiful lullaby.

"Go to sleep—and good night—"

He sang it soft and low in the Sinatra voice that the public doesn't often hear but which is mighty easy on the ears. Half the patients didn't know who was singing. In their half sleep a lot of them dozed off again. Frankie, Fay and Phil spoke softly to the ones awake and then tiptoed out. From then on he never failed to meet a litter plane that came in. And he always sang Brahms. He sang patients in camp hospitals to sleep with it, too. Somehow, it was just the ticket.

The funny thing about Frankie's night-and-day schedule abroad was that it actually put meat on his bones, which is some kind of a small miracle if you know Sinatra. The only explanation is that he's been starving himself all these years since he got famous, eating if and when he felt like it. But when you're traveling under Army orders, you eat when they say, or else. Even on the notorious diet of Spam, Vienna sausage, powdered eggs and "beat-up bread and meat," Sinatra swelled up five pounds worth.

A scene that touched Frank very much was the sight of little Italian kids begging for food. Sinatra's a sucker for kids anyway, of any race, color or country. When he saw the pinch-faced Italian moppets crying "caramella" and raking the gutters, he couldn't take it. All the gang—Frankie, Phil, Fay, Betty, Saul—had army ration books entitling them to PX supplies of this and that—cigarettes, candy, gum, etc.—the hard-to-get items.

"Look," said Frankie. "let's pool our points and load up on candy for these kids. How about it?" That was a brilliant idea that went into force pronto.

What blood Frankie has (Crosby will raise doubts, of course, that there is any) is Italian and on his first trip to the home of his ancestors Frankie was intrigued by the Italian people—also vice versa. Frankie speaks only a few catch words in Italian. And after a certain experience with a gondolier in Venice, he stuck to English as she is spoke in America.

They had rattled down in an army command car to Venice, with a play date over on Lido where an army camp awaited. The sleeper jump—as often happened—was at night. They arrived in Venice at 3:30, tired, bedraggled and dying to bed down. But something had snafued and nobody was there to meet and ferry them across. Not even the Navy "duck" that usually

rocked them over the waves.

But it was Lido or bust and finally Frankie called on the few Italian words he knew to fast-talk a gondolier into paddling them across. He thought he did all right, because the bird with the wicked black moustachios and gold rings in his ears said, "Si, Si," and led them down to a decrepit canal canoe. They piled in with all their traps and the thing almost swamped, but Frankie was still pretty proud of his linguistic feat. He kept slinging pig Latin at the gondolier who kept saying, "Si, Si" and hiking them over the water. But in his enthusiasm he caught a crab with his paddle and drenched Frankie and Fay with a spray of Venetian canal water, which is not exactly sweet attar of flowers.

They were all tired and sore and even Frankie got put out. "I wish that jerk would watch what he's doing," he said out loud.

Whereupon the gondolier turned around and scowled, "If I'm a jerk—you're a bigger jerk!" he retorted.

Turned out he had had to guess what Frankie was trying to tell him in Italian but American was his meat. He'd lived half his life in New York City!

Wherever Frank went, a lot of his audience on the fringes were Italians. They didn't know what to make of him. They heard about America's great singer, Frank Sinatra, but when he gave out with his Parade tunes they just looked baffled. Great singing to them meant opera.

Even his Holiness, the Pope, was a little confused on this score. One of the highlights of Frank's trip and one of the greatest events of his life, was his audience with the head of his church, the Catholic faith. The Pope had heard of Sinatra, right, but that was about all.

"You are a tenor, my son?" he asked.

"No, Your Holiness," corrected Frank. "I'm a baritone."

"Ah, a baritone. What operas do you sing?" he asked.

"I don't sing operas, Your Holiness," Frankie explained. "You see, I never studied singing."

His Holiness smiled. "I see"—and the conversation changed to other topics. Afterwards, Frankie ruefully mentioned embarrassment to the gang. "What could I tell him?" he asked, "that I sang 'O Man River' and 'Candy'?"

Crosby plugger . . .

All of Frankie's troupe, Fay, Phil, Saul and Betty went with Frankie to the Vatican and met the Pope, too. Phil handed out three rosaries he had purchased. He asked His Holiness if he would bless them. "I'd like to take them back to Bing Crosby's sons," he explained. The Pope smiled and blessed the beads. He knew about Bing Crosby, too.

But afterwards, Frank needled Phil. "Fine thing," he complained. "I take you meet the Pope, and you plug Crosby." he had a rosary blessed for little Nat too. It's one of his proudest possessions and a souvenir of his most reverent moment.

Frankie never sang any operas in Italy. He wouldn't know where to start on opera. But he did play lots of operas in houses, the big, gilded, rococo jobs that have all over Italy. They needed sizeable halls to handle the soldier audience Sinatra drew. Sometimes they ran an open air stadium that took care of the crowds, like the Forno Italia in Rome that Mussolini built for his Olympic athletes and then used to train the Fascist youth for war.

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"The House I Live In," an inspiring anthem about the great country we live in on the order of "Ballad For Americans." But maybe the biggest tingle he got down his spine on the whole junket was hearing thousands of GIs give their battle cry. Looking around for local color at one camp stop, Phil Silvers uncovered the fact that a certain battling Yank division that had blazed its way up the boot, owned a rugged yell loosed every time it stormed into battle. Right into the guns the leaders yelled "Powder River!"—and the whole fighting outfit yelled back, "Let 'Er Buck!"

let 'er buck! . . .

That was a fearsome yell for plenty of krauts, but dear to the hearts of that division, so one night, playing before them, Frankie and Phil yelled out "Powder River!" at the start of their show, and ten thousand heroes gave them a thrill they'll never forget when they roared back as one, "LET 'ER BUCK!"

It's moments like that that stick with a guy. Frank Sinatra packed a lot of them back with him—some funny, some sad, and some that reached right down to the ticker. Like singing to an outfit of Japanese Nisei who'd hung up a glorious record fighting in a tough spot for their own country at war with their own race.

There was the running fun, too, and camaraderie of sharing good luck and bad, laughs and gripes, with a crew all plugging on the same job. Of holding breaths when the motor conked out on that take-off from Oran and the landing scare at foggy Foggia when a crash ambulance waited on the field. Of kidding air-scared Phil Silvers by whispering, "Don't look now, but our pilot's drunk," and draping him with all the "Mae West" life preservers in the ship. And then there was the nice kind of feeling it gave when Betty and Fay went out in romantic Florence with handsome Navy officers, but came home early saying—"Oh, nobody's as much fun as you and Phil, Frankie."

But nothing to compare with the tingle you got—and kept—when you discovered the guys who might be against you were with you—and the way they showed it, faking a good-natured swoon before they shook your hand, shyly asking for an autograph, or slipping you a message to give a back-home sweetheart, mother, or pal.

When finally, their C-54 swooped down on LaGuardia Field with its load of weary troupers and joyful home-bound Army nurses, their pilot told them goodbye. And maybe just a bit symbolically, he made a gesture, the thing that a guy does when he thinks another is okay. The pilot took off his silver wings and handed them to Frank. "Here," he said, "take these home to your little girl."

But Phil Silvers couldn't resist gagging about the way it all ended. "The real reason Sinatra went to Europe," he said, "was to show the starving Italians that we're starving over here, too." Then he played his topper. "If you don't believe the sad state of Frankie's health," said Phil, "just look. It took 20 nurses to bring the poor guy home!"

### FEBRUARY ISSUE

On accounta it's G. Washington's birthday, we cannot tell a lie; so we'll just have to admit that our February MODERN-SCREEN—which hits the newsstands January 14—is a humdinger . . . And why not, with Shirley Temple our rosy cover Valentine?



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## BOB WALKER

(Continued from page 35)

were already three—Wayne, 12; Walter, 10; and Richard, 2. Walt and Wayne from the aloofness of their years were almost like an extra set of parents. From the start, Bob adored Walt. He resembled him, people said, and throughout his stormy teens it was to be Walt whom Bob would anchor to instinctively when the going got tough. He grew up alongside Dick, almost like a twin. But all three were cut to a different pattern than Bob. They were normal, solid Walkers—easily adjusted at school, ready in their lessons, deft on the playground, good at sports, robust and healthy without a nerve in their bodies or a bizarre thought—such as acting or art—in their brains.

### odd pea in the pod...

He was the odd pea in the pod, that Baby Walker kid, and felt it. As soon as he could crawl, his natural reaction was to get out on his own. When he was still in skirts he used to scurry out the door when his mother forgot and left it open, and venture out on the Salt Lake City streets, dragging his teddy bear, hunting new worlds. He'd follow the postman until his legs gave out and then Mrs. Walker would get a telephone call from a housewife, blocks away. "Mrs. Walker, have you a little boy named Robert? Yes—well he's down here in our yard and I think you'd better come get him."

A kid as individual as Bob was headed for trouble in school. Everybody said so, but not even Horace and Zella Walker, who knew their Baby Boy best, guessed it would come as soon as it did. When he was only six he trotted off to kindergarten. Pretty soon he trotted back. That afternoon a young lady pressed Mrs. Walker's door bell.

"I'm the kindergarten teacher," she explained. "It's about your boy, Robert."

"Yes," said Mrs. Walker, "he came home early."

"I know," said the teacher. "I sent him home. He was annoying the little girls."

Mrs. Walker gasped. "Yes," said the teacher, "he pulled their hair and then hugged them. I'm afraid, Mrs. Walker," sighed the teacher, "that Robert is going to be a problem in school."

The teacher was right. Bob was a problem. When he was seven he started grade school. The first week he committed the cardinal sin. He teamed right up with some of the "bad kids" and at the first recess they ran out of the schoolyard and up into the hills. The alarm went out and the search was on. Late that evening, the principal and some teachers uncovered Bob and his renegade gang hiding in the bushes up in the canyon, dragged them out by their ears and gave them their sternest lectures on what happens to truants. The next day Bob did it again. His report card came home black with demerits. In addition to black marks in deportment, Bob was merrily flunking almost everything.

Anything that Bob could pioneer, direct, exploit and promote—that was a ten-dollar whiz—especially if it had drama or adventure connected with it, was his meat. He was the most enterprising kid on the block. He started weeding dandelions and mowing grass when he was barely big enough to make the lawn mower's blades whirr. He snagged a magazine subscription route when he was only eight years old and collected enough coupons to cash in for his mother and dad's Christmas gifts and an electric train for himself.

Bob found some fellow spirits a couple of blocks away. One was an adventurous kid named Adrian, who was to be Bob's best pal for a dozen years and the willing partner in his escapades. There were a couple of girls, too, Mabel Anson and Jean Murdock. Bob herded them together and produced "plays" back in the garage, borrowing sheets from his puzzled mother and ballyhooing his epics up and down F Street to set local box office records in pins and sometimes real pennies. He always wrote the "plays" himself, and directed the whole mammoth production, naturally copping the starring part as well. One had a disastrous climax, typical of Bob's insistence on make-believe.

The "play" that time involved some cans of sand, props representing buckets of water which figured in the action. At the performance, so wrapped up in realism was our hero, that he tilted the can full of grit in his mouth and swallowed it. They had to call a doctor that time to sweep him out.

One of his Salt Lake treasures and a constant spur to his fertile imagination was the old Salt Lake Theater, long since torn down. In Bob's boyhood the Salt Lake was a wonderful palace of magic. Tired old touring companies played there several years after a show hit Broadway, but to Bob they were the greatest pageants in the world. He saw his first play there—a religious spectacle about the Crucifixion, and as that was about the time he was awakening to a spiritual consciousness, it impressed him as no other play ever has. He dreamed about it for days and when the Salt Lake closed its doors for keeps he hung around the place, peering into every corner to see what made a real theater go.

In the box office of the abandoned theater stood a ticket machine, full of wonderful rolls of real printed tickets. "If we had that," said Bob, "we could put on real shows with real tickets." Pins suddenly loomed as passé and impossibly amateurish to the budding producer. He looked at Adrian and Adrian grinned. They lifted the machine and spirited it out the side door. For years it stayed in the Walker garage, spewing out tickets for Bob's productions.

### "spin-the-bottle" champ...

Mabel Anson was a brunette and Jean Murdock was a blonde, and they supplied the two types of feminine beauty, talent and grace for Bob Walker's backyard theatrical ventures. But both had a more practical interest in Walker Productions. Both took turns being Bob's sweethearts. Jean had the headstart; she and Bob were sweethearts at the age of six and Jean was the first girl he ever kissed. Right away Bob liked that. With Adrian and Mabel and Jean and the other moppets scattered up and down F Street he discovered an amazingly delightful game called spin-the-bottle. The enticing feature about this sport was that it ended up with a kiss. The girl who spun the bottle in the circle had to kiss the boy it stopped by. For a time Jean grew very clever at spinning the bottle so it would roll at Bob Walker's feet. Later Mabel got in practice, too. Romance was one thing "Walk," as the kids called him, could understand very early in life.

Bob wanted to grow up fast. That, at least, was the official verdict of a University of Utah psychiatrist. But long before they employed professional opinion Horace and Zella Walker had some bout with Bob's growing pains that they handled



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very efficiently, indeed. When he was ten years old Bob walked up to his father and told him, "I'm going to start smoking."

His editor dad didn't turn a whisker. "Okay, Son," he agreed. "Then tonight after dinner you and I will go out on the back porch and have a nice long smoke."

Outside, his father handed him a wicked looking, black cigar, helped him light it. Bob puffed importantly. This was grand. He swelled out his scrawny chest and felt very manly all of a sudden. "If you're going to smoke," suggested Bob's dad, "I think you'd better learn to chew at the same time. Here," and he handed Bob a plug of black chewing tobacco. Bob stuck that in his mouth. "Go ahead," said his pop, "chew it good." Bob did.

Pretty soon he had turned the color of a sick chicken and his head whirled like a top. Green lights and purple flashes filled his watering eyes and all of a sudden he was hanging over the porch railing, losing his nice dinner very ignominiously. His pop helped him back in the house and up to bed. "Next time you want to smoke," he said, "let me know. I've got plenty of tobacco. But," he added, "if you don't smoke until you're 21 there's a nice gold watch waiting for you." Bob decided to strike for that watch.

When Bob was twelve, the Walkers moved from Salt Lake City to Ogden, Utah, 30 miles down the Union Pacific main line. Bob's parents weren't rich and Horace, like most newspaper men with families, decided one day that he'd never retire on a city editor's check. He found an opportunity to join an advertising agency in Ogden, so it was farewell to the familiar neighborhood on F Street for Bob and Dick. Walt and Wayne by now were of college age and off to school. Unlike most kids, Bob had no tearful partings.

new world a'comin'...

He felt a pang, of course, leaving Jean, Mabel and Adrian, but after all, Ogden was only 30 miles down the Union Pacific Main line, and that was hardly more than an hour's ride. It wasn't really like moving to an unfamiliar place. Still, it was enough of a change to give Bob a new lease on his budding life, and for a while there were hopes at the new brick Walker house in Ogden that Bob had quieted down.

For one thing, he had officially embraced the Mormon faith—something none of the other Walker sons had done. Matters of religion Horace and Zella left entirely up to their children. They realized that a new generation had new spiritual needs and urges. Very early, Bob evidenced a marked spiritual side that was along the line of his thoughts—which were always more emotional than rational.

When he moved to Ogden, there were further flickering signs that Bob might be settling into the groove of a solid citizen. He was happier at Madison Grade School than he had been at Lowell, and seemed to take a more sober outlook on his studies. As usual, there was a reason.

There was a dramatic class in Madison Grade School—not such a much—but still, it gave kids who liked to express themselves a chance. The school staged an operetta and Bob, glory be, won the lead. He was the major of a pixie army and he sang and strutted around the stage in what he was sure was a terrific performance. Actually, looking at the photo snaps of his operatic triumph, Bob is now inclined to crawl a bit inside. He was starting to string out then, all bones and knees and elbows. He wore a suit of long underwear, dyed black, with enormous gold epaulettes at the shoulders and a feather pillow stuffed down inside to make a mighty bay window.

Bob could stand respectability for just so long. One school weekend when he

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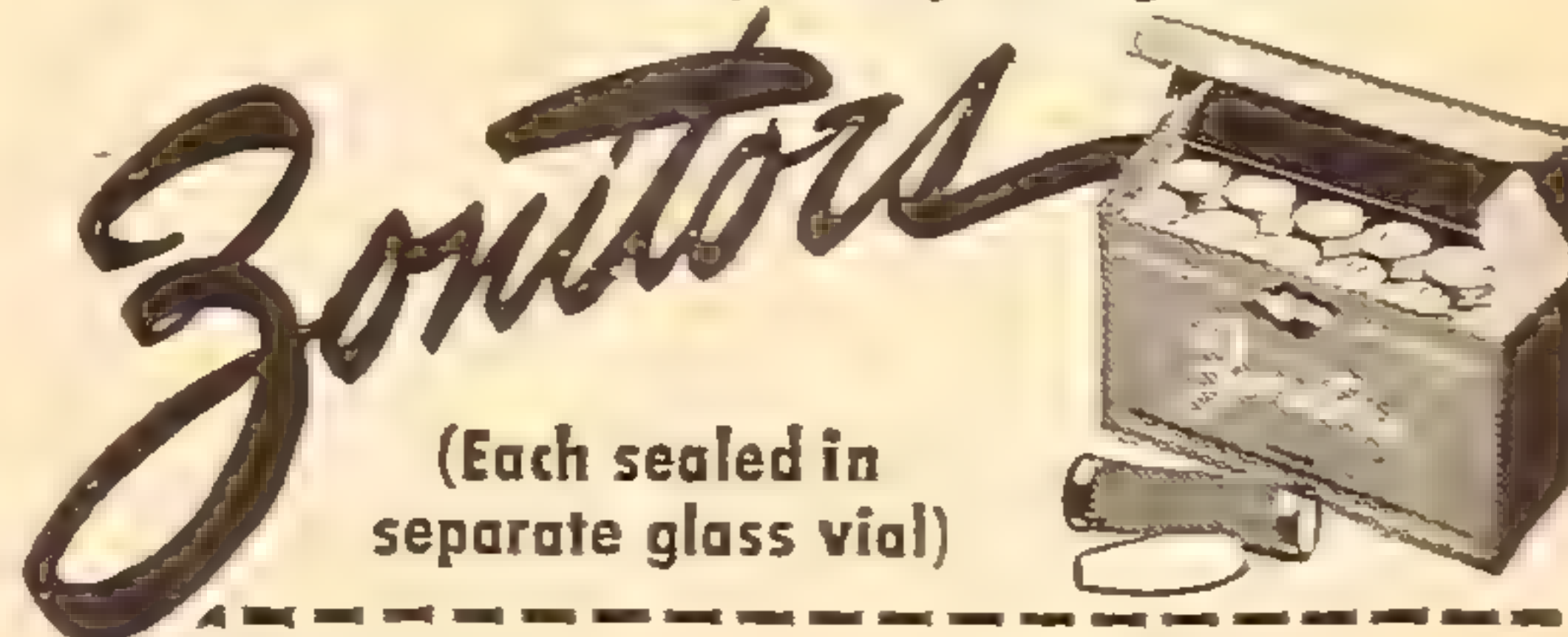
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was 13, Bob took the train down to Salt Lake City to visit Adrian. He had his ticket and one silver dollar for spending money. He kicked around his old Salt Lake haunts with Adrian and they moseyed down to the freight yards where they used to watch the trains puff in and out. A loaded freight was crawling slowly out of the yards headed West.

"Going to California," mused Bob. "I wonder what California's like?"

"It's wonderful," said Adrian, "I've got a brother there."

In a second they had hopped the iron ladder of a freight car and crawled inside. The train rocked through the mountains and ground to stops at other Utah towns. At each one the door was pushed furtively open and ragged, whiskered men climbed in. They explained the mysteries of hobo life to the two kids.

"We're going to California," said Bob.

"Watch out for the yard bulls," croaked a weary willie. Just then a flashlight came swinging down the line of cars. The hoboes slipped off into the night and Bob and Adrian closed the door. "Jiggers," they whispered, "hide!"

But the door slid open and the flashlight felt them out. A husky railroad cop leaped inside and grabbed them by the collars and heaved them off into the cinders. "Beat it, kids," he growled. "I'll let you punks off easy this time." Bob and Adrian beat it. They slept that night in a city park, padding their thin clothes with newspapers to keep out the biting mountain cold. Next day, shivering and wan, they went from door to door, getting an odd job now and then and buying food with their pay. Days later, Bob and Adrian took out on a freight headed back to Salt Lake City.

Bob wasn't punished. His family tried to understand, but he noticed the tears in his mother's eyes and that hurt him more than anything. He resolved never to yield to temptation again. But that was a hard resolve for Bob Walker to keep. He had another spell of industry and hard work and saved up enough money to buy an old Star touring car on time. That made him a person of consequence socially at Central Junior High, where he'd finally arrived but without any honors. But the car was too handy a means of escape when he felt the unrest coming on. And pretty soon, after an argument he had with his dad and mother over staying out late, he packed up blankets and food in the car and disappeared again. This time he drove out in the desert and camped all by himself, skipping school and getting himself in hot water there. After a painful session with the principal, the Walkers decided something had to be done.

#### quick solution . . .

All these distressing reports and bulletins on Wayward Bob had been sent right on to the lady who always had every Walker boys' interest deep in her heart. Hortense McQuarry Odum was Zella's sister, one of the three who had left the sands of Utah early to make a career in New York City. A brilliant, capable woman, Aunt Hortense had risen to head the great New York women's fashion temple of Bonwit Teller in New York.

She kept a beautiful summer home in Logan Canyon where Bob and his family went for vacations every time Aunt "Tenny" came West. She had no family of her own and being wealthy, she delighted in planning the education of her favorite nephews. When she added up all the reports on Bob she came right back with an offer. Find a good military academy on the West Coast, enroll Problem Bob—and she would foot the bill.

That's how Bob Walker found himself, next school season, enrolled as a "rat" in the San Diego Army and Navy Academy,

in Southern California. At the start, he hated the place. At San Diego you ate, dressed, studied, played and slept to bells and bugles. He was to live in a barracks with another roommate, wear a uniform modelled after a West Point cadet's, was to carry himself like a ramrod and drill like a wooden soldier.

This wasn't for him, for sure.

#### old story, new version . . .

And so it was the same old story for "Walk." He broke rules, he talked back to the officer teachers, he was sloppy at drill, he missed classes, neglected his books. He tramped so many extra duty tours that he didn't have a liberty all the first month he was there. He stayed in the awkward squads and exasperated his professors with his bored indifference. The reports going back home were grim.

Luckily, these sad sack rumors reached the ears of Virginia Atkinson, a lone lady member of the military faculty at San Diego A. and N. Miss Atkinson taught a dramatic class at the Academy, and she'd built up quite a thing. More kids, she had discovered, got rid of what ailed them by play acting than anything else. And the Academy was faced every semester with plenty of young guys who were as mixed up as Bob, although not all with the talent he packed—not at all. In fact, when she had called him in for an interview she knew what was the matter with our hero pronto. Bob was so low in spirits by then that he couldn't even work up much enthusiasm about acting.

But the minute he came under the spell of the clever Miss Atkinson, Bob found his blues vanishing before the path she pointed out. First time he read for Miss A. she knew what Bob had. She cast him right off in the lead of the Academy play of the season, the one they'd give in the annual San Diego High Schools dramatic contest, which by now had become a major scholastic event of the year.

So the dramatic contest came—and when it was over, "The Other Side"—that's the name of the play—won first honors in a walk. Not only that, but Bob got the nod for the best acting of the entire tournament. Suddenly the problem cadet who'd dragged morosely around the parade ground was a hero.

He couldn't go to sleep that night after the play. Instead, he sat up with his light behind a blanket—so he couldn't get giggled for extra duty—and wrote his family all about it.

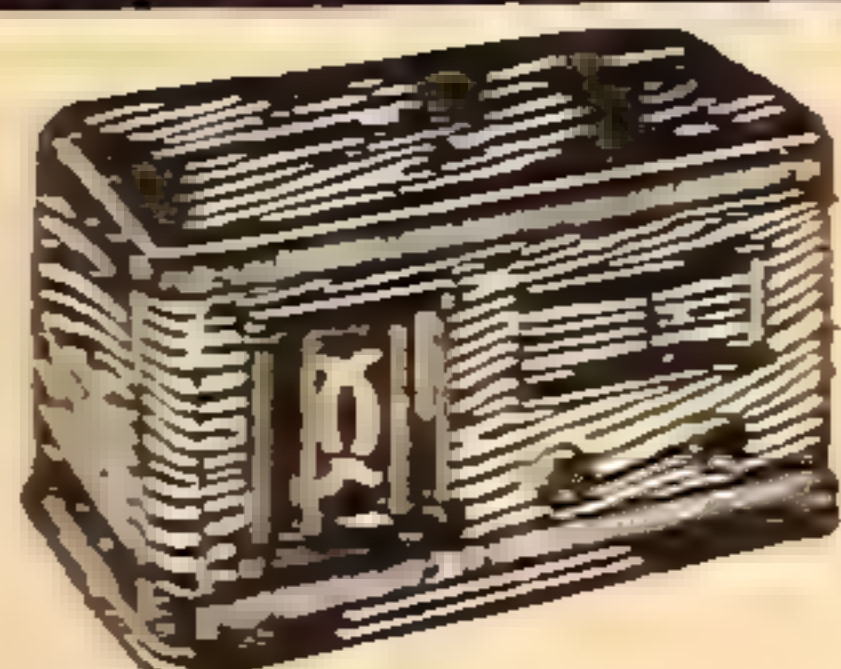
"Dear Mother," Bob wrote, "I guess tonight I am the best young actor in all San Diego—" and he went on from there. At the bottom he penned; "send this on to Aunt Tenny." He got letters back from them all. They were proud. They knew he had the stuff. And right away Bob began proving it.

He started getting A's in every subject. From a dunce he turned into a shining light. When Bob graduated from San Diego A. and N. four years later, he was class president, cadet captain and second in all the school in scholastic standing! Besides all this he was as much of a school hero as the captain of the football team. Because Virginia Atkinson's noble dramatic experiment had flourished like the green bay tree and a dramatic contest was just as much an occasion for school spirit and cheers as the Big Game. The contest spread to an All-Southern California event, held annually at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. And there Bob led his Academy acting group to victory twice, copping the Best Acting prize himself both times.

By the time he had left San Diego, Virginia Atkinson had convinced Bob that he was born to be an actor. "Make this your life's work," she urged, "and you'll



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never regret it." But the casting director Aunt Tenny had arranged an appointment with took one look at Bob's youthful face and figure and advised, "Wait a few years." Bob was crushed, but it didn't swerve him from the only idea that had ever seemed to fit perfectly.

And by now the all-important Aunt Hortense Odum was on his side. Aunt Tenny had lived around New York for years and she had very definite ideas. She didn't have to talk much to Bob's family about the project. They were so pleased and relieved that Bob had found something he loved and could shine in that they backed him to the hilt—only with three other boys being educated, there wasn't much in the Walker sock to carry through the ambitious plans Aunt Tenny had. Never mind, she'd take care of that. Nothing but the best must this talented nephew have. Nothing less than the Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

new career, new love . . .

The folks had put him on the train at Ogden—but it wasn't really like going to a strange land. Because Walt, Bob's brother-idol, was in Manhattan now practicing law and Dick, his near-twin, was studying accounting at Columbia University.

From the start, Bob Walker knew that New York was his oyster and to his Aunt Hortense that night he bubbled over with his enthusiastic dreams.

"Well," said Aunt Tenny, "so you're going to be an actor!"

"I am an actor," grinned Bob.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," smiled Aunt Tenny. "Well, you be a good one, do you hear? And stick to your guns. The only thing I don't forgive is half-heartedness."

Bob laughed—imagine stopping anything as much fun as acting. There couldn't be anything half as interesting. But there was. Luckily, the two interests blended perfectly—like peaches and cream.

In fact, Bob Walker's romance with Jennifer Jones started as a dramatic workshop mutual admiration society. Raven-haired, sweet-faced, Phyllis Isely from Tulsa, Oklahoma, was already at the Academy when Bob enrolled. But somehow the first few months they missed each other. Bob was extremely busy and no beaver was ever more eager. He didn't need Aunt Tenny's admonitions to plunge into his training. The first weeks his days were crammed with work and the wonders of New York. Classes at the Academy were from 8 until noon, or from noon until 6. Bob dived into the subway and came up at the Carnegie Hall corner to trot over and rehearse his scenes, watch other students work, hear lectures, and get taken apart by the fearful "Jelly," hard driving Mr. Jehlenger, who could cut a cocky student to pieces with his sharp surgical slashes at amateur acting faults.

And at school—speech classes, fencing drills, dancing lessons, dramatic history, makeup, wardrobe—there was always something to do and always the lingering shadow of "not being invited back" next year. Yet Bob found himself smiling boldly at the dark, slim girl hurrying between classes, divinely intent. Then he started dropping in when he had a free afternoon to watch her do her scenes. He whistled low to himself. "Gosh, she's not only pretty—she's good!"

Phyl Isely was thinking essentially the same thing about the tall, thin kid with the cute crinkles in his copper hair. And she was lovely, too.

"I like the way you work," he told Phyl. "I'd like to work with you, if it's all right with you."

Phyl smiled the smile that has melted more hearts than Bob Walker's.

"Yes," she said, "I'd like to, too!"

It was funny, fate maybe, coincidence



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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

surely, how the plays they drew were what they were, how their parts were always invariably in romantic apposition. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," then "Romeo and Juliet"—and what romantic theme could be more tender?

Phyl stayed at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, and it sort of seemed natural to stroll up Lexington Avenue to take her home after classes. Bob found himself taking a later and later express out to Long Island. When Dick and Walt would ask how come, he'd toss it off with, "Working," and they believed him. No one could doubt that Bob was wrapped up in his acting. They didn't know about Phyl, but when Bob began skipping the Sunday dinners at Aunt Tenny's house there were some raised brows and a few remarks. "What's her name, Bob?" Then he'd blush and cook up a story. Besides, Bob didn't think he was in love. Maybe he wasn't—then. When the term came to a close, Bob had other things on his mind, and so did Phyl. There were the "finals"—the plays before the faculty that were the payoff. If you clicked, you got invited back for next term.

The big day came and Bob went on in his exam play. He had never been nervous before, but this time he felt the cold eye of "Jelly" on him every time he walked on the stage. When it was over, "Jelly" Jehliger came backstage and took Bob apart in little pieces. He pointed out every fault in the performance, he told Bob he'd have to develop. "You haven't enough strength," he said, "you've got to get guts." Bob started out the door with a face down to his knees. He already knew the answer. He wasn't coming back next year. On the steps he met Phyl. She didn't have to ask what had happened.

They strolled aimlessly through the crowded sidewalks, getting bumped by hustling people, cursed by cruising cabbies. They headed for the Park and found a bench. Bob felt Phyl's warm hand take his. "Do you want to know something?" she said. "'Jelly' thinks you're one of the most talented students in the Academy. And so do I. Don't you know, silly, that the ones he murders most are the ones he likes best? He gave me the devil," she grinned. "What do you want to bet that we're both asked back?"

They took a long time to walk back to the Barbizon that evening.

"I'll see you next year," said Phyl.

"Is that a promise?"

"It's a promise."

Then she kissed him right in front of the doorman and ducked inside.

#### long range love . . .

She was right. The bid to return to the Academy was there for Bob Walker the next morning. He was tagged one of the best at school. He carried the good news home to his brothers and Aunt Tenny. He wrote it back to Ogden. He took Phyl to the train and kissed her goodbye. She would go back to Tulsa and travel with a tent show, doing stock plays to season her talent.

The days were already hot when Bob started pounding Broadway's stony lanes for his break into the big league. He couldn't miss. Sure enough, the first week the plum dropped right in his hand. "Where Do We Go From Here?" was a college story being prepped for an early summer debut. There was a comedy youth part, as there is in every college play. A skinny, gangling, awkward kid. Dwight Taylor was casting the show and when Bob walked in his office the welcome mat was out.

He couldn't keep the good news. He wrote his dad and mother. Aunt Tenny was thrilled. But it was the last time Bob Walker ever bragged about a part. It lasted five days before the show went into re-

hearsals. Then the roof fell in. Dwight Taylor called Bob into his office. He was sorry, but he'd have to call the deal off.

We've re-written the script," he explained. "Your part's been changed to a fat kid because a fat kid's funnier and—well—obviously that's not for you."

"Oh, sure," said Bob bravely. "I understand. I've got some other things lined up anyway that look swell," he lied.

#### long voyage home . . .

But when he'd tripped jauntily out of the office he leaned against the building with a heavy heart. How could he ever explain! He moseyed across town clear to the Hudson River docks, walking off the slug they'd handed him. But the docks and the steamers gave him an idea.

As usual, Bob went to Aunt Tenny. "I want to take two years off," said Bob, "before I return to acting, and work my way around the world."

That struck Aunt Tenny as a sensible and courageous idea. She nodded approval. "Fine," she agreed, "if you'll stick to it, and won't give up."

In a few days Bob was signed on board the S. S. Pastores as a cadet. The S. S. Pastores carried bananas as her main cargo. She stopped at all the Central American banana ports and loaded on the gargantuan green bunches, stowing them down in her refrigerated hold, then wallowing through the Gulf and on up the Atlantic Coast to New York. Besides all the drab and dirty jobs, such as wiping in the engine room, polishing brass, painting and helping in the galley, Bob drew some chores that were spooky enough to chill any sailor.

There were the times he had to descend into the inky hold and with a flashlight check on the temperature, and inspect the cargo to see that it was in good condition and riding easy. Not only was it freezing cold after the warm deck, which set his teeth to chattering, but droves of huge rats lived in the hold dying for fresh meat.

It wasn't all as grim as that, of course. Bob hauled along books, mostly on acting, and there were sunny, lazy days on deck when he could dream and read the letters postmarked Tulsa, Oklahoma. Because in one of the ports of call, there'd be that letter from Phyl. Bob had written her of the long voyage and he wasn't sure the idea had exactly clicked. "I'm coming back to New York in the fall," she wrote, "back to the Academy, and I'll miss you. I don't understand how you can keep up your dramatics on a banana boat."

Bob began to wonder. Two years of sailing the seven seas, he'd said. Had he seen much Life, with a capital "L?" Well—there was the time the two chefs chopped each other to pieces in the galley. There were those sin joints in Panama and—well, there were lots of things.

But still every time his tub slipped in through the Narrows and he saw the skyline looming up, he felt lonely and exiled and he had the disturbing feeling of a job undone. So the fourth time in port he lugged off his sea bags for keeps and signed off. Bob's spirits were high as he sprinted up the steps to Aunt Tenny's house.

"Another leave?" she smiled.

"Oh no," Bob grinned. "I'm through. I've signed off."

Something wasn't right. Aunt Tenny didn't fall under his spell.

"But you said you were going to work your way around the world. That you'd be gone two years and broaden yourself with travel. It's only been four months—you can't quit now!"

Bob still carried it on blithely. "I don't like it any more."

Aunt Tenny was not amused. "That shows weakness of character," she said. "I'm disappointed."

Then Bob got sore. He could do what



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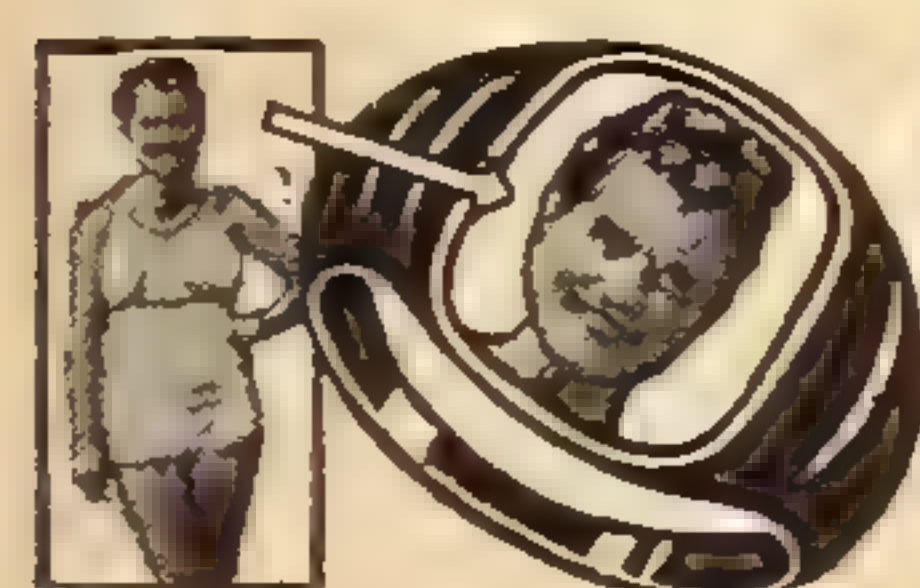
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he pleased. One word led to another and pretty soon Bob, for the first time in his life, found himself actually having a terrific word fight with his favorite aunt.

"Well," he shouted, "my mind's made up. I'm going back to the Academy."

"Oh no, you're not," decreed Aunt Tenny, her firm face never firmer. "At least you're not going with my help."

Bob slammed out the door. He was thoroughly mad, and so was the aunt who had lost faith in him. They wouldn't be speaking now, he knew, for months. At last he really was on his own. No more money from Aunt Tenny. None from home. How would he pay the tuition at the Academy? What was more pressing, how would he sleep and eat? "I'll get a job," muttered Bob fiercely. "Anyway, the only way to be an actor is to act."

But that was all in the future. What Bob needed now was a place to sleep. He headed for Beekman Place where Brother Walt had a new apartment. He pressed the buzzer. "Hello, Walt," said Baby Bob, a bit sheepishly, "suppose I can bunk here until I find a job?"

Bob Walker's Life Story will be concluded in the February issue of MODERN SCREEN.

## DATE DRESSES FOR TEEN AGERS

(Continued on page 53)

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## WATCH GUY MADISON!

(Continued from page 55)

of the verbal fencing that we both get a kick out of. Turning back, I found my luncheon companion eyeing me gravely. "You know all the answers, don't you?"

"Yes, and if not, I make them up—"

"That I believe," said Mr. Madison blandly.

Well, I whooped. Candor and humor and knowingness all rolled up in the body of a sun-kissed giant!

Of course I'd realized before meeting him, that this guy was something special. Here's a great part like Cliff in "They Dream of Home." Half the male stars in Hollywood are going around with their tongues hanging out for it. Along comes Madison and cops it from under their noses. And who's Madison? The sailor in "Since You Went Away." Remember the bowling alley scene? David Selznick wrote it in, specially for Madison.

hollywood fairy tale . . .

It's a real Hollywood fairy tale: Imagine yourself in Guy's place. You're a sailor on weekend pass from San Diego. A friend invites you to a Janet Gaynor broadcast. You walk into the place, your friend meets some people she knows, introduces you. Suddenly one of them says: "Look, do you have to see this broadcast?"

He seems to be talking to you and you can't figure it. "No, I don't have to, but I've never seen one—"

"I'm Henry Willson of Vanguard Films. I'd like to take you up to the studio to see David Selznick and Daniel O'Shea—"

What is this, a rib? Do you look that green? You've heard about Hollywood and these people who give you a line. Yet this man looks solid. Not the kind for a bum steer. You turn to the friend who brought you. She's wise to the town—

"You couldn't do better," she says.

Bob Mosely—that was his name when Henry Willson spotted him. Henry'd gone to the broadcast at Selznick's request—out of courtesy to Gaynor. But before joining Vanguard, he'd been a highly successful agent—discovered Lana Turner, Anne Shirley, Joan Fontaine and others—and his habit of checking faces persisted.

It's not very far from CBS to Vanguard, but Henry did a lot of fast talking on the way. "You know I'm not an actor," the kid kept insisting. "All I know about movies are the pinups—"

Henry told him that acting could be taught, but that no teacher could hand you a screen personality, you had to be born with it. "If you've got the kind of natural attractiveness that registers on the screen, the rest'll come later. I think you've got it, so don't be nervous about this—"

They pulled up across from the studio and got out. "Thanks," said the sailor. "You've made me feel a lot better—"

Selznick and O'Shea didn't make him feel any worse. A look was all those canny operators needed. To put him at ease, they asked a few simple questions, like where was he from and how long had he been in the Navy? Then David said: "I think Henry's right. I'd like to test you next time you come up on a pass. Meantime, I'll put you under option."

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have faith in myself. Mr. Selznick never even made the test. He just went ahead and wrote in the part of Hal Smith. And Henry!—I can't even begin to thank him. He arranged this and that, picked people for me to take lessons under, taught me how to dress, what to buy, showed me what the score was. We're—well, we're more or less buddies, you could call it."

But I started to tell you what Henry did that first night. He'd already discovered things about this youngster's background, and Henry felt responsible. It was up to him to show the kid the ropes.

"I'm taking Anne Shirley to a night club this evening. Care to come along?"

"Thanks," he said. "Only I'd like to ask a favor of you. Night clubs are out of my line. I might use the wrong fork—or not know how to pull out a chair. Will you keep an eye on me?"

"Sure," said Henry, casually. But he knew he'd picked a right guy.

Well, the evening went off fine. Bob didn't talk much, but then he never does. Certainly he wasn't awed into silence. Anne's such a friendly person that he felt right at home. And, like everyone else, she found his frank simplicity delightful.

"I'd like to dance with you," he said, "but I'm a horrible dancer—"

"Come on," she laughed, "there's nothing to it—"

he wasn't kidding . . .

Of course the twist on that story should be that he danced like a dream. But I told you the boy was a truth-teller, didn't I? He danced just the way he'd promised—horribly. And Henry made a mental note to send him to Arthur Murray's for lessons.

After that, he came up whenever he got a pass, to be coached in dramatics and diction. Meantime, Selznick had written the two Hal Smith scenes, and now Bob wanted his name changed—if only to keep the fellows at the base from getting wise and razzing the hide off him.

He and Henry were driving down Washington Boulevard and passed a huge ad for Dolly Madison cakes. "Madison, Madison—how's that for a name? No Madisons in the picture business yet—"

Bob thought it was swell. So did Selznick, who matched it with Guy. I like Guy's reason for liking his first name. "Knew a fella in grammar school called Guy. Pretty nice fella—"

They had to wait till he got a seven-day leave before shooting his scenes. He was nervous, but the only way it showed up was when he tried to smoke. He'd gone through the stage of cigarette-swiping and puffing behind the house and getting sick—but he hasn't used them since. Except for the smoking, however, John Cromwell had no trouble with him. And when they ran the first rushes—all medium shots—Cromwell and Selznick were two minds with but a single thought.

"Close-ups?" asked Cromwell.

"Big ones," said David.

Not till Selznick himself assured Guy that he wouldn't be left on the cutting-room floor, did he tell his family. Even then there was no hullabaloo. He didn't wire or phone. From San Diego he wrote them a plain letter, and they answered in the same way. Pleased, but with their feet very much on the ground.

He told me a little about his boyhood in Bakersfield—a good American boyhood. About his dad, a machinist in the railroad shops. About his three brothers and only sister. David's the eldest, Rosemary works for the Army in Sacramento, Wayne's in the Philippines with the Navy, and Harold's still at school.

Guy and the two younger boys had a lot in common—baseball and football,



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swimming and hunting and archery. He did all right at school when he was interested, only he wasn't interested in many subjects. At Bakersfield Junior College, he used to get up at 4 in the morning to do janitor work and earn money for clothes and extras. He'd been in the Navy eight months when Willson spotted him.

The minute they started sneaking "Since You Went Away," Selznick knew he had something. The reaction never varied. When Madison appeared, a buzz would go through the audience—"Who's that kid?"—"Never saw him before—" "Golly, he's cute—" Guy took Judy Garland to the preem, and people turned to stare.

mike fright . . .

Then I saw them stop him at the mike, and watched to see what would happen. He was obviously taken aback, but realized he'd have to go through with it. At first he followed the pattern which, heaven knows, was no worse than anybody else's. "I'm very happy to be here—I'm sure going to enjoy myself—" Then his voice steadied, and the words came loud and clear. "I'm also scared stiff—"

Everybody howled. With those three words he won the crowd, and I'm sure they had the same effect on tuners-in.

Finally the picture was released, and the fun started. They had to shovel themselves out from under the mail. Who's Hal? Who's the sailor? What's he done before? What's he going to do next? Guy spent crowded weekends autographing pictures—no secretaries for him—every last one that went out, he signed himself. "Gratefully yours, Guy Madison."

But there were no more pictures. Guy belonged to the Navy and didn't get out till last October. Except for an accident, he might still be in, and he's a little chagrined about the accident. Because he knows the surf like you know your own pocket, and for a Navy lifeguard to dive out of a rowboat and land on his head is something he can't get over. "What a laugh!" he snorts.

Anyway, he cracked a few vertebrae, pulled neck and shoulder muscles out of kilter, and spent weeks in the hospital where he lost a lot of weight. By that time the war was over and Guy was really in the dumps. Finally he turned the corner toward recovery. His case history was presented before the board and Seaman Bob Mosely was recommended for discharge. That was also the day when things began popping for Guy Madison.

On a 3-picture deal, Selznick had turned over to RKO "They Dream of Home," Doré Schary producing, Dorothy Maguire playing the girl. Cliff wasn't set. There were various possibilities, till Selznick heard that Madison was about to be discharged. Then the possibilities faded, leaving one certainty. The bowling alley sailor would be the Marine.

On his last day at the base, Guy checked out, headed the car for Hollywood, reported to Selznick and went on to see his folks. He worked fast—dumped his gear at the house, kissed his mother and grandmother, drove over to the shops to see his dad. They hadn't much time for talk, but his father sized the situation up. "Looks like you're a little nervous, son," he said. "Just take it easy."

Then it was time to go, and his mother's goodbye was characteristic. They both wished he could stay, but he couldn't, so why talk about it? "I'm so glad you could come," said his mother. "Now be careful driving back, like a good boy—"

It was only a few days later that I lunched with Guy and learned about his one-man clothes revolt. To appreciate it, remember that Henry's his trusted guide and mentor, the final word on all matters social and sartorial. Till Henry suggested

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a couple of bow ties . . .

Under his tan, Guy went pale. "Look," he said, "I don't want to be difficult. And I don't want to do anything against your judgment. But bow ties are out."

Henry laughed, but for Madison it had been a crisis. He was new at this game. For all he could tell, they might make you wear a bow tie. . . .

Yes, I asked him about girls, knowing you'd never read my stuff again if I didn't. No special girl yet, he plays the field. Ingrid Bergman's his ideal of natural beauty. He likes them fairly tall—say, five feet six or seven—and he can't stand a girl who chip-chip-chip-chips all the time. Being of his own generation, you'll know what that means. I didn't. "It means she's got nothing to say and never stops saying it," he explained with admirable lucidity.

—s are important, but so is intelligence. Only she mustn't think she's more intelligent than you are, even if she is. She should have brains enough not to show you up. It bothers him to be out with a girl who overdoes drinking. He loathes lots of makeup. He no longer dances horribly and thinks that's the nicest way to get acquainted with a girl. His favorite nightspot is Ciro's, because there's more room on the floor. In most places people keep bouncing into you, and what he's never been able to figure is why you should pay for being uncomfortable.

one at a time . . .

And remember this, girls. If Guy Madison ever takes you out, don't try playing games. Don't flirt with the fellow at the next table, and don't make eyes at somebody else's partner. If you're out with him, you're out with him—not two other guys.

He's got one expression that's all his own. "For sure," he says. For sure, he doesn't like to take girls to the beach. In fact, he can't see taking them out for sports of any kind, they're just in the way. If you're round with a bunch of fellows, they don't fit in. If you want to swim, they don't feel like it or they'll muss their hair. Don't get him wrong, though. A girl-less beach wouldn't suit him, either. But it's fine when they walk around and give you an eyeful of female pulchritude.

Guy has no illusions that he's landed a soft snap. He knows he'll have to work like the devil against fierce competition. He knows you can be the fair-haired boy today and a has-been tomorrow. But that won't stop him. "It's like in sports," he says. "You develop a competitive spirit. The tougher it is, the more determination you work up and the harder you fight—"

On the other hand, he won't slit his throat if the breaks go against him. There are plenty of good things in life outside the movies. He's lucky in his heritage, which gave him a sense of proportion. His mother once wrote the studio a note of appreciation for their kindness to him. But I think her real heart must have been in these two wistful lines: "He's always been such a good boy. I hope acting in motion pictures won't change him—"

Apropos of which, Guy was spending one recent weekend at Henry Willson's. "What're you doing this morning?" he asked Henry on Sunday.

"Going to church—"

"Mind if I go along?"

I don't know why Henry should have looked a little startled. He was going to church himself. But startled he looked.

"Does it surprise you that I'm a church-goer?" asked Guy. "In my family, we always have been—"

No, for sure I don't think that acting in motion pictures is going to change Mrs. Mosely's boy.

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## What's the other thing we ought to do this Christmas?

FOR the last four years, the Christmas phrase "Peace on earth, good will to man" has had a pretty hollow, bitter ring.

This year, it won't.

And surely, one thing each of us will want to do this Christmas is to give thanks that peace has finally come to us—both peace and victory.

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## ORCHIDS FROM UNCLE LOUIS

(Continued from page 23)

ful he was for four years of unremitting friendship and guidance. We knew that Van wasn't alone in that feeling. For over two decades Mr. Mayer's been steering Leo the Lion to peak after rising peak of screen achievement. For the same period he's been listening to the hopes and problems of M-G-M's boys and girls—encouraging, advising, censuring when necessary, but always helping. He's been their boss, but he's been Papa Louis as well.

Four years ago Van's option was dropped by Warner Brothers, and he was set to clear out. His tickets were bought, his bag was packed. Feeling low as an Eskimo's thermometer, he decided to cheer himself up by eating his first and last dinner at Chasen's. There he bumped into Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

"You're not either going back to New York," said the forthright Lucille. "Hey, Billy—" Luckily for all concerned, Bill Grady, M-G-M's casting director, was also dining at Chasen's that evening. "You're not going to let this boy scam out of town, are you?"

a career is born . . .

Grady told Van to come around next morning. A test was arranged. Mr. Mayer saw it, as he sees all tests of young people. Next thing Van knew, he was sitting across the desk from Louis B.

"Which didn't mean," Mr. Mayer said, "that the test was sensational. I'm interested in everyone who works for me, and I like them to know that I'm interested. Also I like to form a direct impression. The impression I got that day was of a warm personality in an athlete's body, topped by an all-American face—red hair, freckles and a frank, friendly smile. Though I didn't get the effect full force till he was leaving. Before that, it was kind of a scared and bashful grin."

As for Van, he went grinning all over the lot that day. "Mr. Mayer knows you're alive," Van marveled. "He even seems to care—"

We mentioned that, and Mr. Mayer smiled. "Of course we cared, or we wouldn't have put him under contract in the first place. But as I said before, we put lots of people under contract. What happens next depends largely on the individual. I began to hear stories about him. How eager he was to learn, how nothing was too much, how he hung around the lot when he wasn't working—watching other people work. He was still the movie fan and made no bones about it—and people liked him for that, because it was young and unaffected. Spencer Tracy was his great idol. They told me he'd sit by the hour, motionless, absorbed, watching Tracy do a dozen closeups and longshots of the same scene. But that was only 1 per cent hero-worship. The rest was Johnson, learning his job—"

It was during the making of "Mrs. Hadley" that they began to realize Van's possibilities. When they put him into "A Guy Named Joe" with Tracy and Dunne, he almost lost his mind. But there was plenty of worry mixed in with his exultation. Here was his big chance, sure, but was he equal to it?

"That marks the difference," Mr. Mayer explained, "between Van and some others who do not attain stardom. He didn't think, now I'm set. He thought, now they're taking a chance on me and I can't disappoint them. And he knocked himself out to meet that responsibility—"

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You all know about the smashup in the middle of "A Guy Named Joe." You've heard how Van lay there, his life's blood literally draining away, conscious of just one thought—"The picture, the picture—" But perhaps you don't know that it was Mr. Mayer who went to the hospital, who leaned over the bandage-swathed head and said: "Don't worry about the picture, Van. We'll hold it for you, no matter how long it takes—" Van couldn't speak, he couldn't even smile, but his eyes that had been tormented turned quiet. Which was answer enough for the man beside the bed.

"Yes, it was a gamble holding up production," Mr. Mayer agrees, "and a gamble we wouldn't have taken for everyone. It's true I felt Van would be good for the picture, but—let's face it—we could have found another boy. But, granting his recovery, I felt he'd earned the right to that picture—and Fleming, Tracy, Dunne, everyone connected with it felt the same way. The part was his because he'd served it with all his heart and strength. You don't take from a man what belongs to him," said L. B.

By the same token, we're not giving Van MODERN SCREEN'S award—he's earned it. And while we're on the subject, Mr. Mayer's earned something from Van—a special glow in his wide smile, a special feeling of trust. Not because he's head man of the studio where Van earned stardom. Not even because he saved the picture for Van that made him a star. But because he took time out four years ago to talk to a kid whose name meant nothing, and sent him away with his head and heart higher, with renewed hope and courage and faith in himself.

## THAT MAN OF MINE

(Continued from page 51)

will spend on the other, and let's stick to it."

"Okay with me," grinned Mary. She'd been saving a dollar or a dime, a few pennies or a quarter out of the household fund for months, with Dana's gift in mind.

"Well, I've thought that five bucks was a little too small—it's hard to get something, well . . . that I'd want to give you, for that amount. Yet, ten bucks is getting up there into the"—he chuckled—"motion picture bracket. So how about our compromising on a gift to set us each back not more than nine bucks?"

On Christmas morning, Dana proudly presented his wife with a large oblong box. "I sure hope you like it," he said.

Mary loved it. The box contained a magnificent quilted cotton housecoat. She modeled it, and they decided that it did very flattering things for a girl who was going to have a baby in the spring.

Then she brought forth her gift for Dana. "A traveling bag!" he exclaimed. And, after tearing off the wrappings, he amplified, "A top-grain cowhide traveling bag! You didn't get this for nine bucks."

"No. For thirty," grinned Mary, and she told Dana how long she had saved for it, how eagerly she had shopped, what fun it had been to make the final decision, to count out the stubbornly hoarded dimes and quarters, to bring the bag home and to hide it until Christmas.

Dana couldn't speak. He gritted his teeth, took Mary in his arms and pressed his eyes against her soft blonde hair.

Mary was as happy about her robe as Dana was about his gift. She wore it every morning, and sometimes in the evening, too. It began to fade, and grow threadbare. Said Dana one morning, "I



Betty Grable

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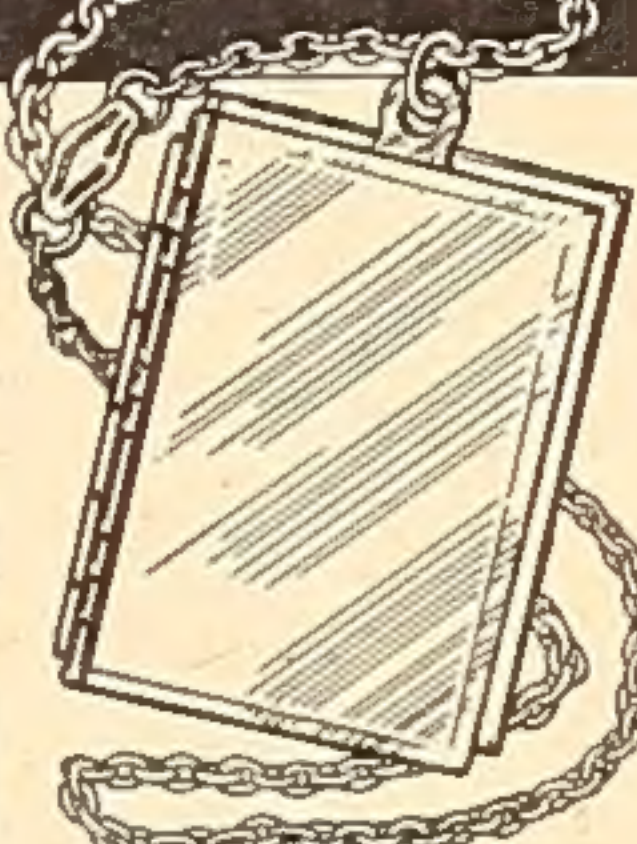
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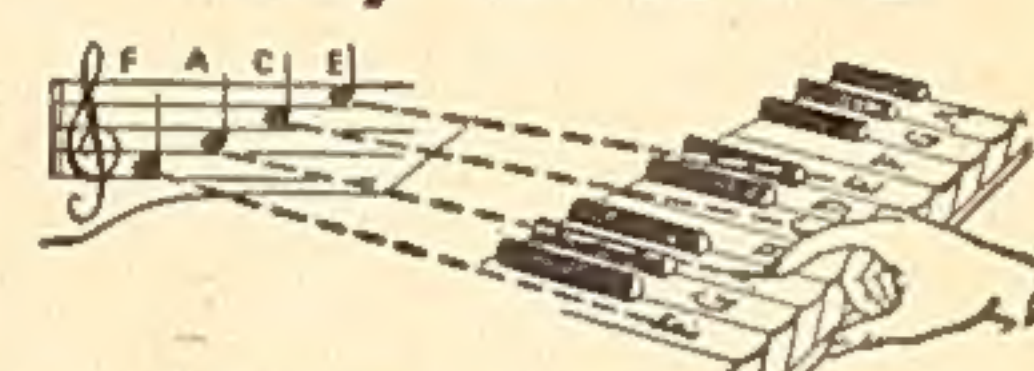
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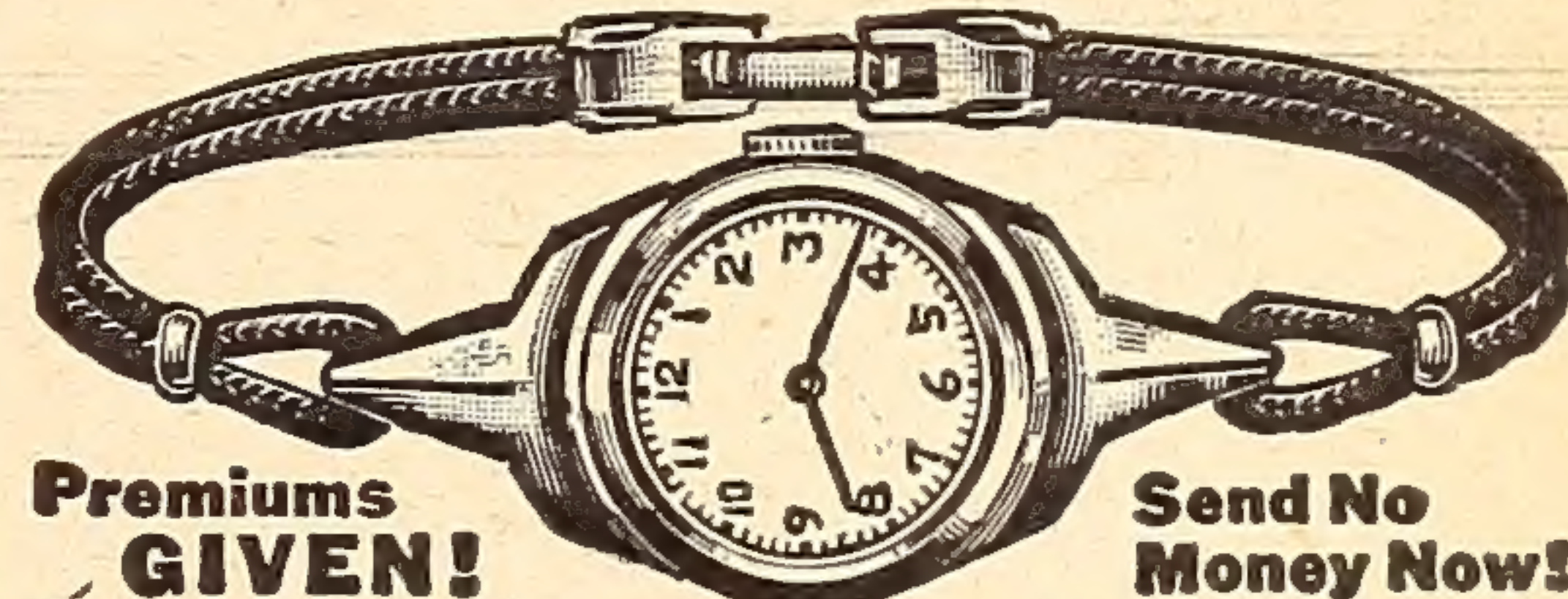
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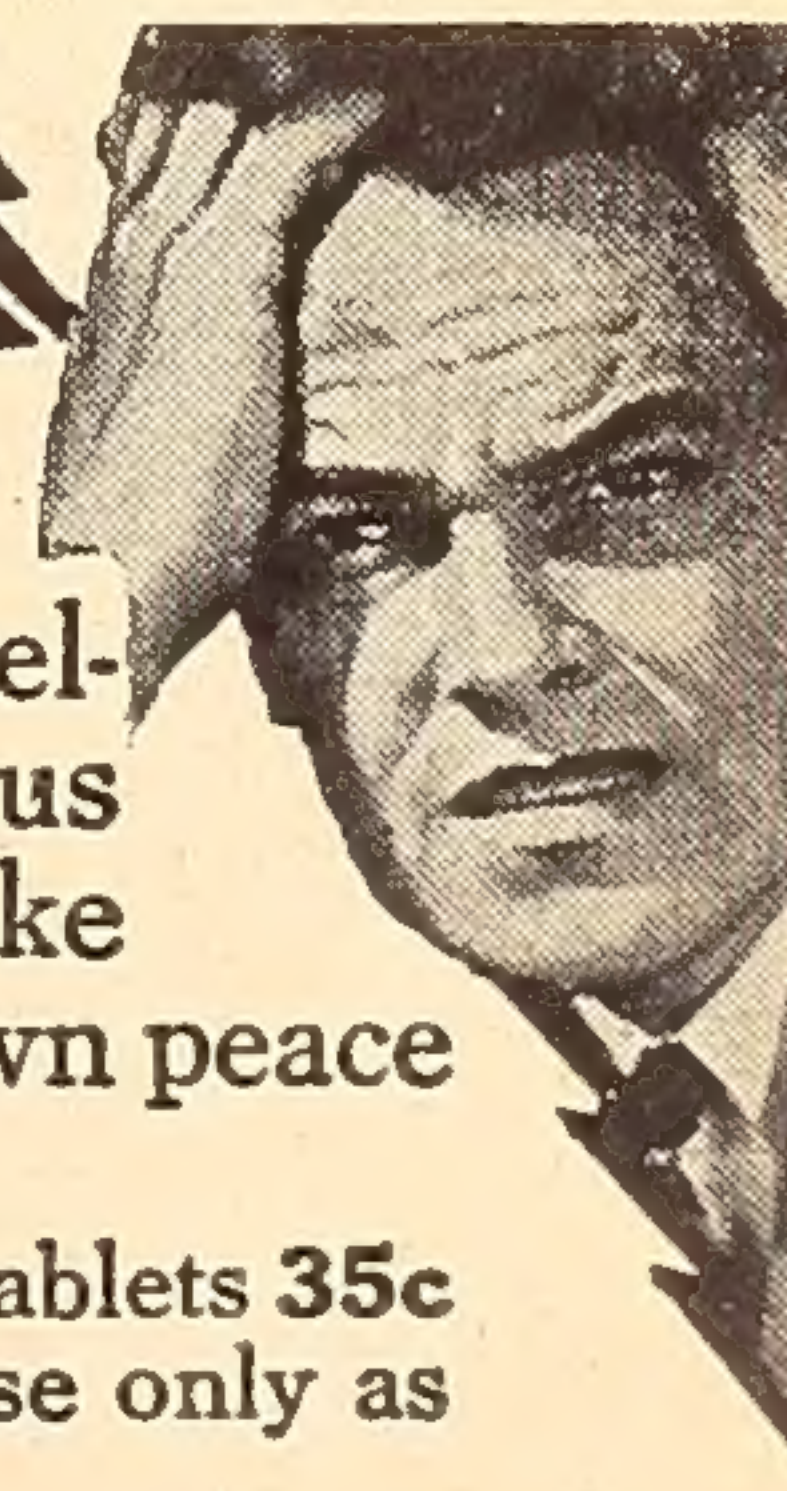
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wish you'd throw away that weary wrap, Mary. Look, just because I gave it to you for Christmas doesn't mean it must become a family heirloom."

"It's comfortable, and I like it," said Mary cheerfully.

Three days later one of the swankiest stores in Los Angeles delivered a large package for Mrs. Dana Andrews. Eagerly she cut the string and investigated the tissue folds: Dana had sent her a satin robe, hand-blocked, hand-quilted, and bound with velvet. She didn't model the robe, she didn't even touch it. She simply circled it, as it hung on the hanger.

Finally she said, "The first time I'd hold the baby on my lap, and she spilled some breakfast egg, I'd want to cut my throat. The sight of any mess on that creation would destroy me—but utterly."

So she bundled up the gift and returned it to the store. In exchange she selected a slim sports dress with dreamy lines, and a pair of wool gabardine slacks.

"It's okay with me," Dana said, "only I'm getting darn tired of that old robe."

When Mary was shopping, perhaps a month later, she saw a pair of dramatic hostess pajamas. When the salesgirl wasn't looking, Mary turned over the price tag. Then she walked swiftly away.

That night she said to Dana, "Don't ever let anyone tell you that I'm not the diamond tiara type; the way I select clothing is positively Rockefeller." And laughingly, she described the pajamas, topping the tale by whispering the price.

A week later, the hostess pajamas were delivered. Inside the box was a brief note: "I have instructed the store to refuse to exchange these. I want to see you wearing them. With all my love, Dana."

Not only is Dana a husband to have and to hold, but he is a pater par excellence, despite the fact that the stork has given Dana the run around whenever possible. At the approximate time when Kathy was due, Dana was working in "The Ox Bow Incident." This was one of Dana's first really good roles and he was doing his level best to bring every ounce of ability in his system to the part.

Mary became hep to the fact that something was wrong after the picture had been going a month. "Don't you like the part, honey?" she asked her husband.

"Sure, I like it," Dana answered abstractedly. "Swell role; smooth script."

"Then what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

Mary thought, he really has something on his mind, but because the baby is due, he won't tell me. And in the manner of all women she imagined things—all bad.

Finally, Dana came home so dejected one night, that he simply couldn't hide the fact. "I've got to talk something over with you," he sighed. "But let's eat first."

They had dinner. That is, each seated himself before a heaped plate, and each plied a knife and fork; one of the mysteries of nature is how two people can spend an hour at table, chatting about this and that, and arise—saying they are stuffed—leaving full plates.

"I think I'll lie down," Mary ventured. "I'm sort of . . . tired, I guess." She couldn't say she was frantic with worry. She wanted to say, tell me everything. Tell me now. But Mary is reticent.

So now, when she wanted to be frank and fair and fearless, she cringed. And Dana, having decided that it would be wrong to worry her further when she didn't feel well, took a long walk.

When he returned, Mary was still awake. "I guess I shouldn't postpone this confession any longer," he muttered. "Look, honey, I'm desperately sorry about this, and I'm so ashamed I could die. You see,

I've wanted to be one of the gang on the picture, I've wanted to mix. So when a game of gin rummy got started, I joined in. Well, I've been losing consistently. At first, I kept telling myself that I'd recoup the next day, but the next day I simply went deeper into debt. Now I owe one hundred and forty dollars."

To the Andrews', at that time, it was a princely sum. It was rent and clothing and insurance payments. Mary could be excused for breaking into tears.

Instead she chuckled; the chuckle grew to a giggle, and the giggle expanded into laughter that, in turn, bordered on tears.

Dana, thinking that she was having hysterics, said breathlessly, "Steady, darling. I'll get the doctor."

"Don't be silly," said his wife. "I'm fine. I'm laughing, and crying a few drops, because I'm so relieved. Why, Dana, we'll be able to pay that back. I was afraid that you were sick, or that things were going horribly at the studio, or you didn't love me anymore. . . ."

Toward four that morning, Mary said to her husband, "Honey, I think we'd better go to the hospital."

So Dana hopped into some clothes, and turned around to find his wife combing her hair in an elaborate upsweep. She had put on makeup, a pretty dress, and she gave every evidence of being on her way to a luncheon instead of the delivery room.

Bug-eyed, Dana said, "Hey, you didn't have to do all that. Look at me—pants pulled over pajamas, top coat over paja-

#### SWEET TOOTH FOR FRANKIE?

Frankie has a sweet tooth, too—for Nancy's home-made desserts. Want to try her secret recipe for Swoony Pie Crust or Sigh-Guy Gingerbread? See Super Coupon on page 14.

ma jacket, house slippers over bare feet! Come on, woman, let's go."

The nurse took Mary's history and ushered her into a small room with the blithe sentence, "It will be several hours yet, Mrs. Andrews." So Mary ordered Dana to drive the car beneath her window, lie down on the car cushions and try to sleep.

He tried, but every time Mary moaned or moved, he could hear her. He would call, "Mary, do you want me?" She would say, "Go to sleep, you! I'm all right. If you don't rest, you won't be able to give a good performance tomorrow." Said Dana, "Damn the picture. Do you need me?" Said Mary, "I'll make a fuss the instant I need you."

But it was the doctor who, after having given Mary an injection, came down to Dana. "If you want to see your youngster ushered into the world, come with me." So Dana was outfitted with a surgical mask, a sterile gown and rubber gloves, and had the precious experience of personally welcoming his daughter.

Afterward, he sat patiently at Mary's bedside until the effect of the anesthetic wore off. When Mary opened her eyes, Dana was grinning at her. "Well, darling, we've got the girl we wanted," he said.

"Poor Dana—you're going to be so tired today," Mary whispered.

The stork created even more excitement when Stephen Todd Andrews was born. At the time, Dana was working in "A Walk In The Sun" and had been out on location. On this particular night, the instant Dana reached a local telephone, he

called Mary. She said she was fine, the doctor had said that junior wouldn't arrive for ten days or so.

Two hours later, Dana called a second time, and again an hour later. Each time he told Mary where he was and where he would be. Each time Mary laughed lightly, "Ten days, dear—remember?"

Around one o'clock, Mary phoned him, told him her suspicions, and had scarcely put down the telephone and slid into a coat before he was running up the driveway.

This time Mary hadn't stopped to do makeup, nor to comb her hair—it was falling free on her shoulders. And she was wearing a coat over her nightie; her feet thrust into wooly house slippers.

Dana, after a swift glance at Mary's face, tried to be helpful. "Last time you got all dressed up to go to the hospital, and I was a refugee from Minsky's; this time you're the burlesque queen and I'm the formal character."

"Let's hurry," said Mary.

"MODERN SCREEN just sent me this color picture of Kathy and me—isn't this something for the album!" chatted Mr. Andrews, in an attempt to divert her.

"Get me to the hospital," said Mary.

Dana was watching his own time. He drove as fast as possible, considering the fog and the state of the highways. Cold as it was, he could feel little trickles of perspiration dribbling into his collar.

They reached the hospital; this time, Dana was told to wait in the paternal pacing room. Dana had just decided to slip out for a pack of cigarettes when the nurse put in a cheerful head to say, "You have a son, Mr. Andrews."

Dana's jaw dropped. "But we've only been here twenty minutes," he protested.

"Yes—arent you lucky!" said the nurse. "You may come visit for a few minutes."

Dana walked swiftly to her bedside and took one of Mary's hands. "Baby, you're terrific!" he said.

After she had gone to sleep, he went out into the dawn and scrutinized his car. The right front tire had a flat. Dana broke into a new frenzy of perspiration when he thought of the possibilities.

This was just the first instance of Dana's being flabbergasted by his children. Like not long ago he promised to take Miss Kathy to the zoo on Sunday. "What's a zoo?" demanded Kathy.

Dana explained: At the zoo one saw elephants and monkeys and bears.

Kathy was enchanted. She checked Dana every day for two weeks as to the time of their visit. When at last they arrived, she asked, "Where's the zoo, Daddy?"

"Right here," said Daddy. "Now that animal is an elephant. Look at his long trunk; notice his big, floppy ears."

They moved on to the monkeys' cage. "But where are the zoos?" said Kathy.

Leading her to the bear cage, Dana said triumphantly, "And here, darling, is a zoo." So Kathy Andrews is currently under the impression that a bear is a zoo; she is quite happy about the whole thing.

One Sunday a few months ago, Dana had taken the youngsters down to the beach; he, David (his son by his first marriage), and Kathy were riding the merry-go-round when he was noticed by a bobby-soxer. "Look," she ordered her girl friend "there's Dana Andrews."

The girl friend favored Dana with a haughty stare, then added, "Are you crazy? That isn't Dana Andrews. What movie star would spend Sunday at the beach with a couple of little kids?"

The fact that it was Dana, and that he was having the time of his life, tells a great deal about the man: His family is the most important thing in his life and he is calmly proud to admit it.



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